McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. MAY, 1900. No. 1.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN WATSON, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON.

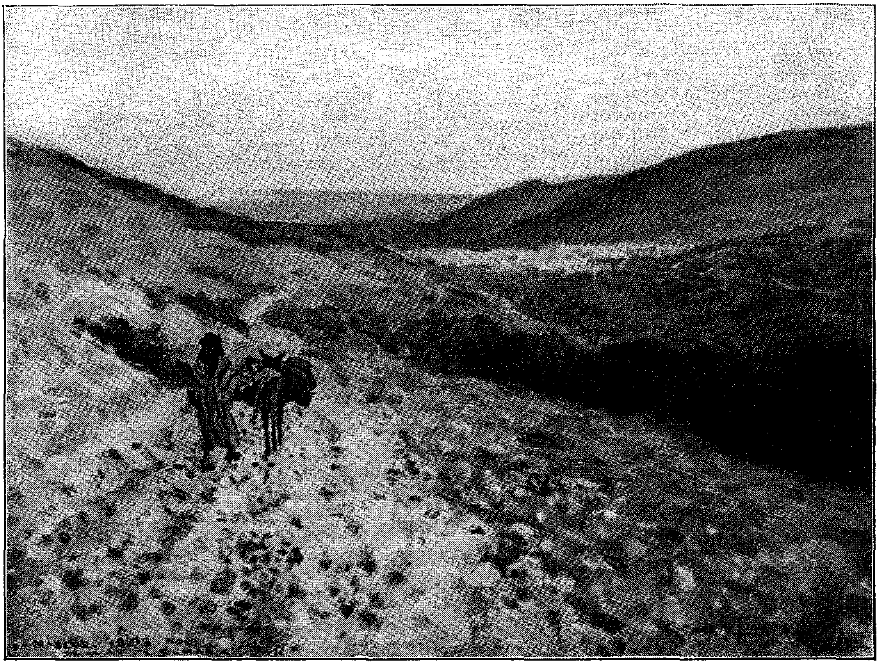
PART V.—THE RELATIONS OF JESUS WITH THE SAMARITANS AND THE PHARISEES.

IT could not be said with any truthfulness that the attitude of a Jew toward a Gentile was cordial, but it was friendly and affectionate compared with his feelings toward a Samaritan, whom he regarded with persistent and virulent hatred. As often as the Jews met for worship in the former times they cursed the Samaritans, so that they also had their creed in which uncharitableness was raised to a virtue, and a hereditary enmity was inflamed. No Samaritan was allowed to give evidence in a Jewish court of justice, and his position as a man was the position of a slave, and worse—that of a criminal. When a Jew desired to express his dislike of any man with whose theology he did not agree, he called him a Samaritan—just as religious people of our day are apt to call any teacher a Unitarian who does not hold their theory of the atonement—by which the Jews did not mean to say that the teacher had been born in Samaria, but only that he was a heretic, which was quite as bad. This nickname was the handiest (and sharpest) road metal with which to strike him; it was the most opportune name with which to bring him into contempt, and it is a supreme illustration of the principle of religious abuse, as well as a very pathetic circumstance, that our Master, who was of pure Jewish blood, and who was filled with the noblest spirit of Jewish religion, was called a Samaritan by the Jewish persecutors and was said to have a devil.

This passion of hatred on the part of the Jew against the Samaritan had two reasons; and the first, which, indeed, can only by courtesy be called a reason, appears to have been that the Samaritan was extremely like a Jew, and there is no person whom the average man so intensely dislikes as the person who is of other blood and yet claims kinship. A stranger he may regard with suspicion; this impudent neighbor he will denounce as an impostor. According to their own account of themselves, the Samaritans were the representatives of the Ten Tribes, the descendants of the few Jews who may have been left in the northern kingdom when their brethren were expatriated, and of those who found their way back from exile. Perhaps a Samaritan might not contend that his blood was absolutely pure, without any foreign admixture, but he prided himself on a strain of Jewish blood so undoubted and decided that he was entitled to call himself a Jew, and to include himself in the Mosaic covenant. According to the Jewish account, every one of his brethren of the Ten Tribes had been deported into heathendom and had disappeared, and the places of the exiles had been taken by a pack of Gentiles brought from the East; and therefore the later inhabitants of Samaria lay under this double stigma, that they had not a single drop of blood which was not base and alien, and that

Copyright, 1900, by the S. S. McCLURE Co. All rights reserved.

they were usurpers in the place of the seed of Abraham.

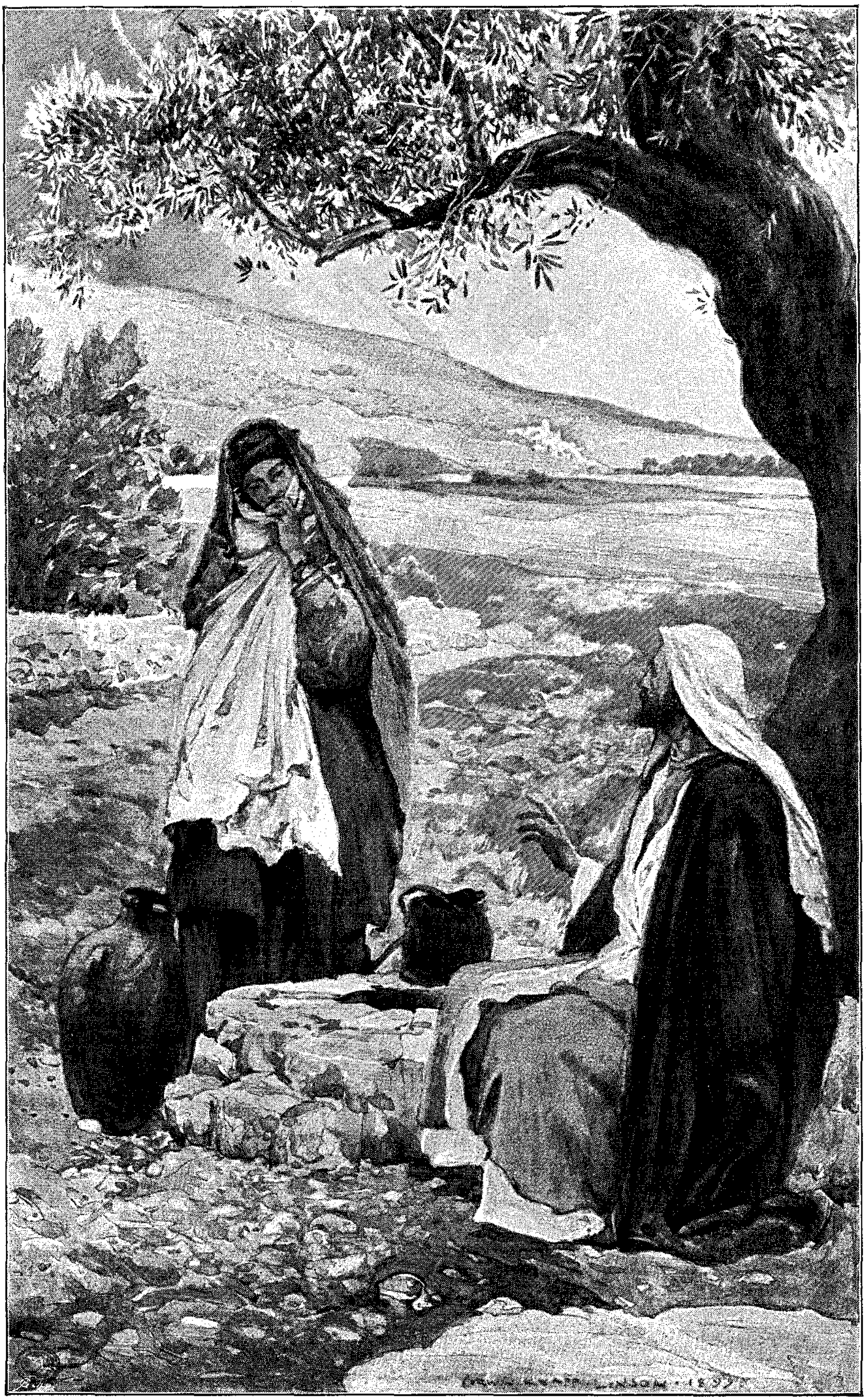


THE VILLAGE OF SAMARIA FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO SAMARIA FROM SHECHEM.

There was another and more tangible reason for enmity, and that was not racial but geographical. The Samaritans had set themselves down in the very center of the Holy Land, and in a rich and picturesque province, so that the country was split as with a wedge by these alien intruders, and its continuity was broken. The Galilean coming up to worship at Jerusalem on the great feasts must needs go through Samaria, or make a long detour by the Jordan. As a matter of fact, the Galileans took the nearest road, and, as may be imagined, there was much friction between the Jewish pilgrims and the heretic inhabitants. The Samaritans had the power to make it pleasant or unpleasant for travelers, and it was perhaps human that they were apt to make the journey anything but pleasant for Jews. So strained indeed were the relations that the paramount Eastern law of hospitality was disregarded, and the stranger was left without food or water. One has a vivid illustration of the state of feeling when Jesus and His disciples were refused meat by a Samaritan villager, and His two hottest disciples, realizing that a good opportunity for paying back old scores had come at last, wished to call down fire from heaven on the churlish people. The sin of a strong man is tyranny, and the sin of a little man is spite; and the Samaritans did certain mean and vexatious injuries to the Jews. It was the patriotic custom of the home Jews to light a fire on a hill near Jerusalem at Passover time, and other Jews passed the signal from hill to hill, till the beacon flashed on distant cities; and distant Jews, eating out their hearts in exile, knew that the feast of deliverance was being kept in the capital and that the Dispersion had been remembered. The bitterest enemy might well have sympathized with

JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN WOMAN (opposite page).—*Jesus . . . being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water.*—JOHN iv. 6, 7. He had traveled ten or twelve miles on foot that morning, supposing Him to have rested over night at the inn at Lebonah. It was rough walking. He reached the well, and sat on its low curb to rest. He did not intend entering the town, and sent His disciples instead to buy bread. In their absence, a woman of the Samaritans (not of the city of Samaria, distant eight miles, but of the sect so despised of the Jews) comes to draw water. Her first words reveal the division and her astonishment at being addressed by a Jew, for the difference between the Mohammedan and the Christian to-day is not more marked than was that between the orthodox Jew and the Samaritan. I had the good fortune to meet the counterpart of this woman at the same spot. When my dragoman attempted some conversation with her, she drew her veil across her face, and answered warily, with the customary caution of a woman of the land in dealing with a stranger. The woman came from Sychar, a half mile from Jacob's Well.

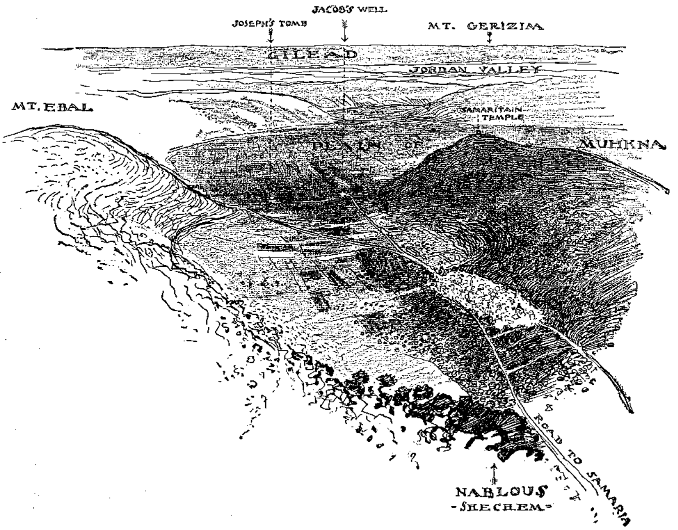
In the picture the village is seen lying at the foot of Mt. Ebal. It was noon, if the sixth hour is calculated as usual; not the time to go for water, as the late afternoon or evening hours are most used. But it was December, when the mid-day sun was kinder, and that it was noon seems to be evidenced by the fact that she was alone with Jesus until the return of His disciples, while later in the day there would be many coming and going if the well were much used.—ARTIST'S NOTE.



JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.

this touching act and allowed it to pass, but it was the cause of just indignation among the Jews that the Samaritans would, out of pure wickedness, light false fires on their hills and throw the anxious exiles into hopeless confusion. And so the Jew hated the Samaritan, and the Samaritan returned the hatred with interest.

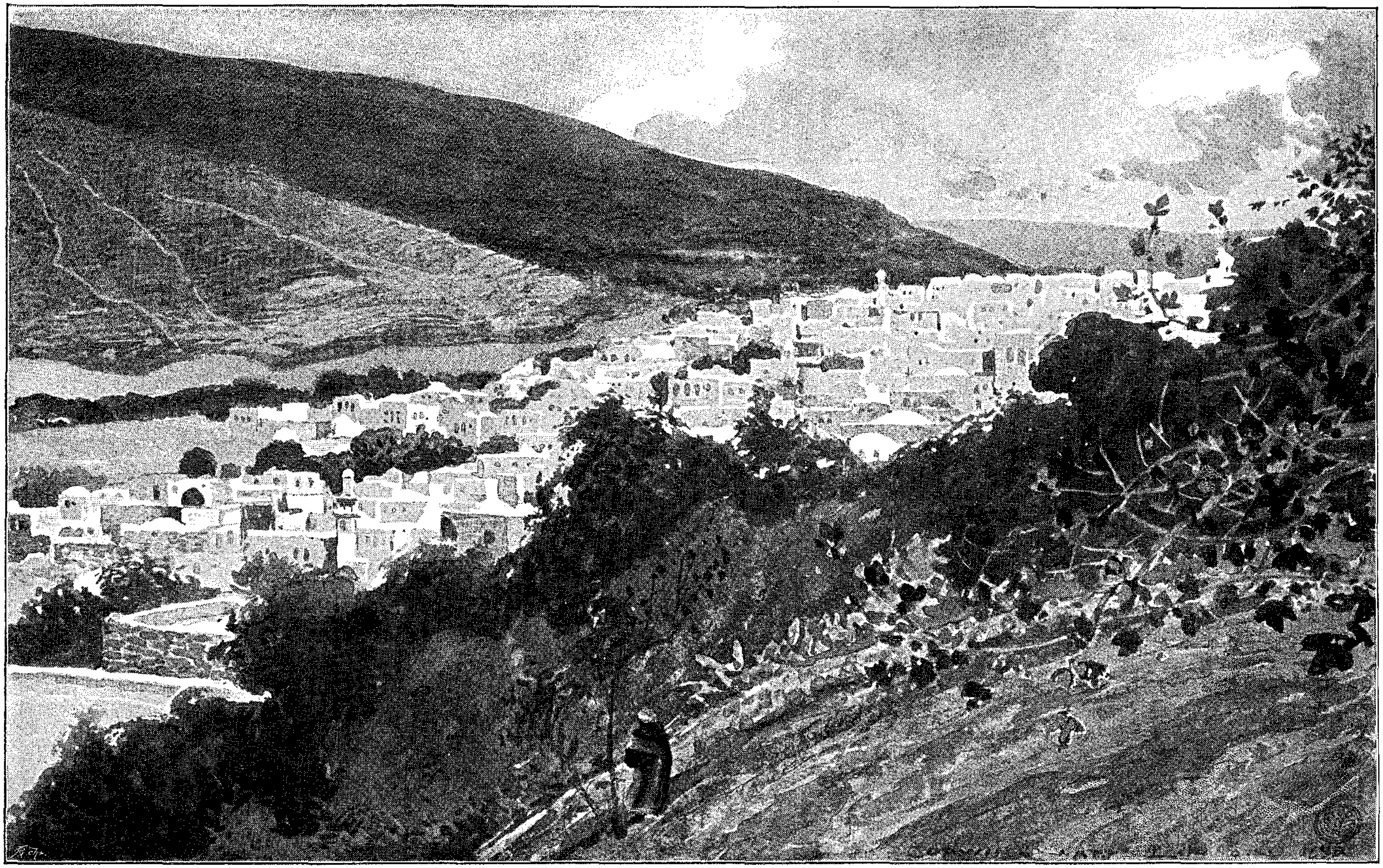
When Jesus began His mission, the Samaritans were one of the problems He had to face, and His solution is an example to the Christian Church in every age. It was impossible for Jesus to ignore the Samaritans—they were too much in evidence and too insistent; it was not expedient for Him to include Samaria in His work—He must confine Himself to Israel, but it was possible and almost imperative that as a Prophet He should state His mind on Samaria, and as the Founder of the Church should declare the relation of His Church to heretics, for Samaria is ever with us. His attitude to the individual Samaritan was one of characteristic kindness; and it is to be remembered that friendliness to the heretic of your own community is, of all forms of charity, the most difficult and hazardous. Yet Jesus goes out of His way to say a good word for this detested people, and to place them higher even than the Jews; for in one of His most persuasive parables it is the priest and the Levite—classical types of Jewish orthodoxy—who pass the wounded traveler by, and a Samaritan who saves his life; and so the word Samaritan, which in the mouth of a Jew was synonymous with Devil, has by this single touch of Jesus become, through the modern world, another name for Philanthropist. So keenly did Jesus feel the scorn and contempt cast on these unfortunates that He was ever on the outlook to vindicate their character and give them credit; and so when He points out that, of ten lepers whom He healed, one only gave thanks, He is careful to add, "And he was a Samaritan." Between these national and ecclesiastical outcasts and Jesus there was indeed a pathetic kinship, for He was called by their name, and suffered more than their curse.



PICTORIAL MAP OF THE COUNTRY NORTHEASTWARD FROM SHECHEM.

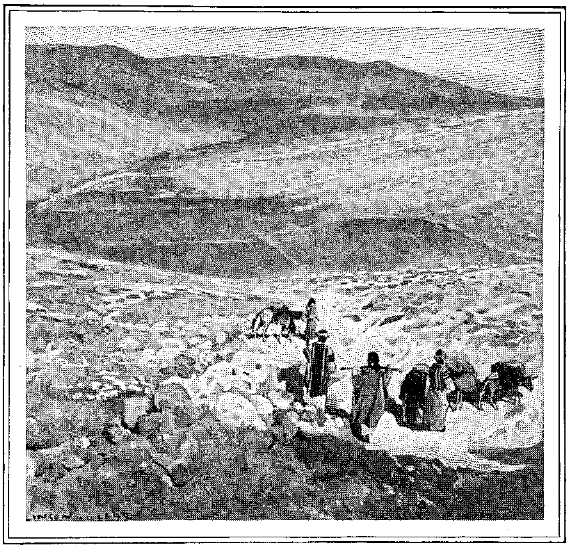
Shechem (Nablus) lies in a rich and beautiful valley, with Mt. Ebal on the north and Mt. Gerizim on the south. The latter, dignified, stately, embracing the clusters of houses and their vineyards, suggests an old man with children upon his knees. For the town falls away from Ebal and huddles near to Gerizim, its gardens climbing the slopes and its people spending leisure hours about the fine spring. The vale of Shechem is rich in groves and orchards of mulberries, figs, almonds, olives. While this opulence of green climbs high up Gerizim, the sides of Ebal are bare, rocky, or overgrown with cactus. I found the people of the town none too friendly to a stranger.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

After His fashion of Divine simplicity the deliverance of our Master on the heretics of Samaria was given, as it were by accident, to a woman on whose kindness Jesus cast Himself at the Well of Sychar. He began by asking water of her from Jacob's Well, and He ended by offering her to drink of the water of life; but before they parted He had laid down two positions, which are ever to be kept in mind because they are full of light and charity. The first is this: that the Samaritans as well as the Jews are also the children of the one Father. So many of His



THE TOWN OF SHECHEM, ONCE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE OF SAMARIA.

children worshiped at Jerusalem, and so many at Mount Gerizim; those at Jerusalem had a fuller Bible and richer privileges; but the fact that the Samaritans had not been so favored as the Jews was no reason to suppose that God was indifferent to them, and no ground on which to ill-treat them. Jesus did not despise the Samaritans because He was born a Jew—far less would He have persecuted them. His attitude was pity and help. If one has eyes to see, let him thank God. Why, in the name of God and Reason, should he rail at his poor brother who is blind? and why should he wish to push him over the precipice? After all, beneath all diversities of race and creed lies the deeper unity of the human brotherhood and the Divine Fatherhood. Very soon the slight distinctions between Samaria and Jerusalem would pass away and be forgotten in the wider faith and more spiritual worship of which Jesus was the Teacher. Jesus' own spirit was to dissolve all barriers by raising the children of His Heavenly Father to that level where men forget racial and theological feuds in spiritual fellowship with God. Like other schismatics, the Samaritans were the witnesses to some unrecognized truth, and in their case it was the comprehensive breadth of the Family and Church of God.



THE VALLEY OF MUHKNAH.

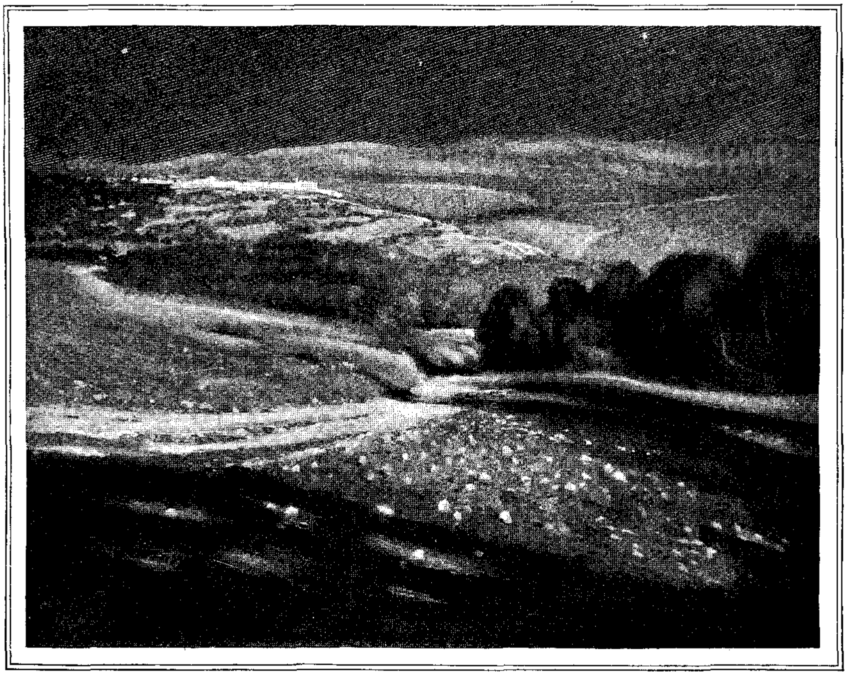
The large plain that leads into the Shechem valley is reached after crossing an elevation between it and the valley of Lebonah. From the ridge one gets the first sight of Gerizim, over the intervening treeless, rocky hills. The sketch was made on one of those white, cloudless days that make the landscape almost unbearably dazzling.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

At the same time Jesus distinctly laid it down that the Samaritans had suffered great loss in being separated from the Jews. They had the Law, and therein they were rich; but they had not the Prophets, and therein they were poor. They worshiped the true God, but they knew not what they worshiped. God the Lawgiver was theirs—the Jehovah of Moses—not God the Redeemer, the God of Isaiah. That poor unfortunate with whom Jesus spoke knew enough law to be condemned and ashamed. She knew not the Divine grace of the first and fifty-third chapters of Isaiah to be comforted and saved. In this way of it salvation was of the Jews, and it is also of the Church Catholic. This is that body of people which holds the Fatherhood of God, and the Deity of His Son Jesus Christ, and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, the victory over sin by the Cross and the Life everlasting; and the only heretics worth the name are those who somehow or other have lost the heart of this Faith. Is it not the case that the Catholic Church has had a strength of faith, a fire of zeal, and a gladness of hope not given to the others? The Jews had Mount Zion, the Samaritans had only Mount Sinai, and yet the Samaritans, without any Prophets, were waiting for the Messiah. "When He cometh," said this outcast of Samaria, "He will tell us all things;" and to her He revealed Himself as He would not to the rulers of the Jews, for He said, without veil or parable, "I am He." Truly, as the woman said, the "well is deep," and buckets of human creeds and theologies bring up little water, and often much earth, but He is at hand who giveth unto every simple soul the water of Everlasting Life.

It is among the surprises which give a relish to history that one age not only reverses the verdict of another, but that the by-word of one generation becomes the glory of the centuries which follow. The opportunist statesmen of his day despised Isaiah of Jerusalem for his Utopian dreams, but the ideal righteousness of the Hebrew Prophet has taken hold of the modern conscience. The Apostles of Jesus were considered in their own time dangerous men and disturbers of the peace, but it is now evident that they were the saviors of society and the builders of civilization. The English ruling class looked on the early Puritans as impious and rebellious persons, but now every one will admit that they laid the foundations of political and religious liberty; and while these noble men who contended for the abolition of slavery have won a high place in the roll of Christian service, they were counted by their contemporaries little better than anarchists. Our Master is another instance of the reversal of judgment on an appeal to posterity. Jesus was, no doubt, persecuted in His public life for various reasons, because He was indifferent to dogma, because He despised ritual, because He would not come to terms with religious society, because He did not keep the Sabbath after the Jewish way. Perhaps, however, the chief offense of Jesus was a habit and friendship which His critics could neither understand nor endure. He not only received unfortunate and disreputable people and gave them welcome, but He seemed to go out of His way to seek those miserables, and what has been His attraction since was Jesus' reproach then—that He was the Friend of sinners.

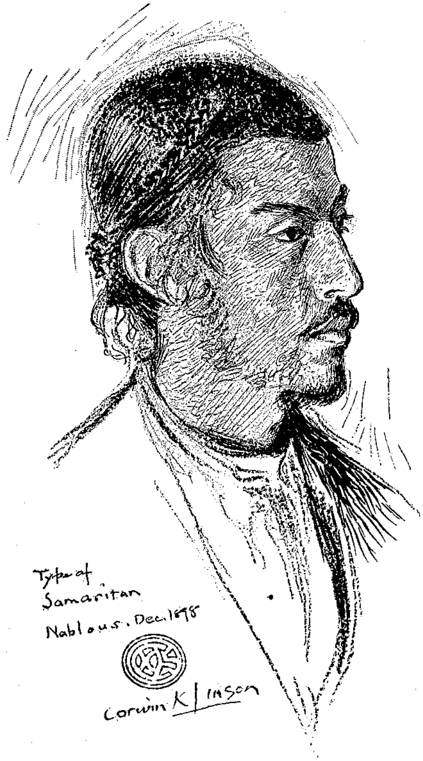
Society is not more intolerant and uncharitable than the individual, but it has always retained the right of exclusion, and, according to the idea of the day, has created its outcasts. Sometimes they are saints who are sent into the wilderness for their goodness, sometimes they are heretics who are ostracized for their error, sometimes they are politicians who are driven out for their lawlessness. About the year 30 society in Judea was intensely ecclesiastical and patriotic, and the experience of offenders reflected its spirit. If any one had openly broken the law and especially the seventh commandment, or if any one had taken sides with the foreigner, these two people were put under the ban. It was therefore to be expected that if a woman flouted morality openly by making vice a profession, or a man insulted his nation by collecting Roman taxes, the indignation of society should break on their heads. This woman has ever been as one blasted for the sins of humanity; and though it be not always the tax-gatherer, there is ever some trade to whom no mercy is shown, and in the Gospels the pariahs are the publicans and the harlots.

Between the attitude of Jesus and that of the Pharisees toward those social lepers there is a contrast so sharp that Jesus' conduct must have excited criticism, and may very



THE VILLAGE OF SAMARIA.

Samaria occupied the summit of the hill of Shemer, which Omri bought for a site for his capital. This hill, placed in the midst of a depression among surrounding heights, is like an inverted cup in a large basin. There is a tradition that John the Baptist was beheaded here, and his tomb is shown by the Mohammedans. The town is now a collection of mud hovels, sliding down the hill, instead of crowning its top. The natives sit in the sun, yawning, dirty, indolent. The very atmosphere is that of degeneration; the ancient streets are made into vineyards, and Herod's columns protrude from the fields. "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard.—MICAH, i. 6.—ARTIST'S NOTE.



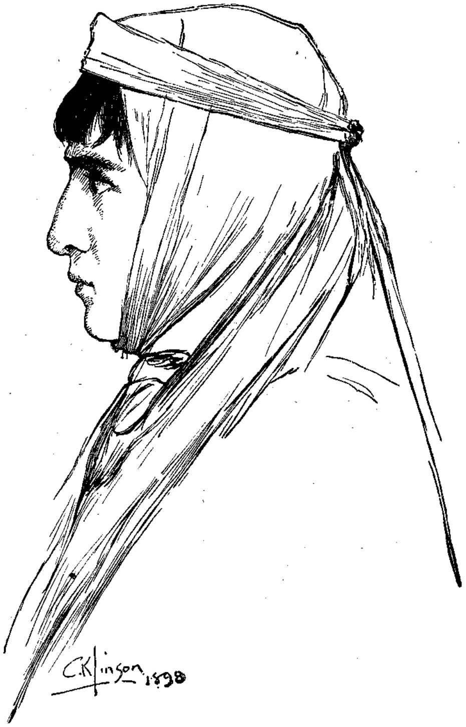
A SAMARITAN.

well have been misunderstood. He was on such friendly terms with Levi (or Matthew), the officer in charge of the Capernaum custom-house, that He called upon him to leave his business and become one of His followers. And when Matthew, in the joy of his heart at this admittance into new associations, gave a feast to his poorer colleagues, Jesus attended and shared the gladness. If He happened to pass through Jericho and needed hospitality, He passed by the houses of respectables, where he could have been a guest, and by deliberate choice passed the night beneath the roof of Zaccheus, a chief publican. A woman who was a sinner had been so touched by His Evangel that she had crept into a Pharisee's house where He was dining and sought mercy at His feet, and He who was expected to order her forth sent her into peace. In a fit of morality or hypocrisy a gang of Pharisees brought to Jesus a miserable taken in her shame, and they covered the Master also with shame, but it was her merciless accusers who slunk out of His presence, and it was to the woman Jesus spake kindly. When He made up His College of Apostles, He chose one from the publican class, and among His dearest friends was St. Mary Magdalene.

One need not wonder that good people were perplexed and found it hard to do justice to Jesus; if they seem to us censorious, they could make a good case for themselves. A man, and much more a prophet, could be known, it would be argued, by his company, and it was Jesus' habit to avoid the Pharisees and to consort with the sinners. He was so determined, indeed, in His way, and unabashed, that He would jest on the subject, saying to His indignant censors: "How could you expect Me to associate with you? I am a physician, and a physician goes to the sick, not to the whole. You are perfectly well, as you are always telling the world: I can do you no good. Am I a prophet? Then, of course, I need not speak with you; you are wise and good; you are everything which could be desired, and you know everything: I must work with those abjects which are out of the way, to do something for them, to teach them something." With such lambent humor Jesus used to play round those dull, pompous Pharisees, and they still more disliked Him. He might be a Teacher from God, but it was strange in that case that He did not associate with God's people; He might be a good man; but why was He so much with sinners?

Sometimes His critics were so irritated that they lost all control of their tongues, and allowed themselves the luxury of sheer slander. "He is a glutton and a wine-bibber," they said in a fit of spleen, not because Jesus went to feasts, but because He dined with Levi as well as with Simon, and was more at home with the publican than with the Pharisee. Jesus felt these charges, for it is from His lips we hear them, but He did not condescend to defend Himself. There are slanders which refute themselves, and one gathers that His enemies were the angrier with Jesus because they knew, as everybody knew, that He was stainless. He could stoop so low because His soul was so high; He could risk so much because He was so strong. It is a fallacy to think that the man who has most compassion on a sinner is nearest to his sin, and that he who arraigns the sinner most mercilessly has the cleanest heart. None ever gave such gracious welcome to sinners as Jesus, and He changed them into saints; none made men into irreconcilable sinners like a Pharisee, and his heart was a sepulcher full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

When Jesus thought fit to defend, not His character but His mission, the Master at once lifted the debate to the highest level



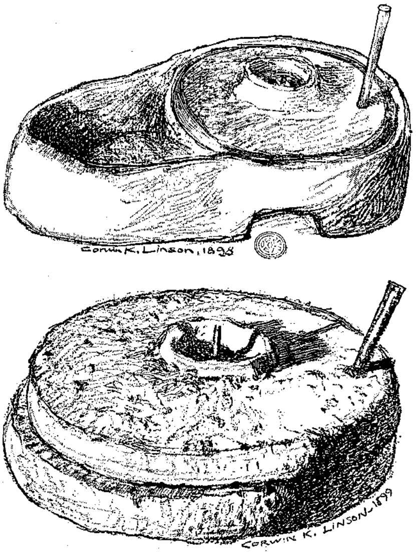
TYPE OF WOMAN OF SHECHEM.

of reason and pathos, and offered to the Pharisees the most convincing remonstrance ever addressed to an opponent. It was not His nature to think any one who opposed Him must be dishonest or mad; He supposed that he was simply mistaken, and it was Jesus' business to correct his mistake. "You have censured and slandered Me," He said in effect to the Pharisees: "you think that My life is a huge mistake and little short of a sin. This is not because you are bad or because you desire to do Me injustice: it is simply because you and I have different standpoints. If you saw these sinners with My eyes, you would act toward them as I do, for God has given you a reason and a heart." One day, when His critics had been especially severe, Jesus seized the occasion and made His great apologia in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. "This man," they murmured in genuine horror, "receiveth sinners and eateth with them." "Yes," Jesus said, "and if you understood, so would you. What man among you?"

The controversy went far deeper than any question of expediency—whether a prophet should have social relations with sinners—it turned on two different views of God and man, and on the scheme of Divine government. According to the fancy of the Pharisees in all ages the Divine purpose is to select from the bloom on the human tree a few buds and bring them to perfection, while the rest is left to perish. It is to produce from the raw material a web of beautiful pattern and color, which means that there must be much human waste. As regards the world, one nation, the Jews, were the chosen flower, and the Gentiles were the blossom trodden under foot. As regards the Jewish nation itself, the Pharisees were God's finished work and the publicans were the waste. Within the synagogues, as in a safe storehouse, were gathered the favorites of God; outside lay the huge unsightly waste-heaps. Nothing can be done with the refuse; no one wishes to have anything to do with it. Better for the Church and for society to ignore the sinners, and if it were possible, to put them out of sight. It were a good thing for religion if they could be collected together and sunk in the depths of the sea.

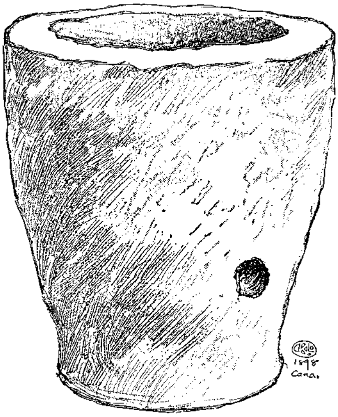
According to Jesus the sinners were certainly waste and very dangerous stuff—for He never belittled or condoned sin—but it was culpable waste, the result of imperfect religious processes. Had the elder brother done his duty, the younger would not have remained so long in the far country or grown so desperate. Mary Magdalene was an offense to the community, but she had not been so helpless or degraded if Simon had not despaired of her and cast her forth. What Jesus implicitly denied at every turn—by His teaching and His death—was that there should or will be any necessary or final waste in humanity. Just as the progress of science is marked by the recovery or utilization of what was thought to be worthless stuff, so that out of what is most unsightly is now brought fair colors, so Jesus proposed to make lovely saints out of these forsaken sinners. As a great spiritual inventor, Jesus moved among the residuum of His day, with quick eye and hopeful heart, touching and handling it with deftness and understanding. Nothing of God's human work must be counted worthless; in the end, nothing of it will be flung away. Lost is a word with two meanings: with the Pharisees it was a description—cast away; with Jesus it was a prophecy—going to be found.

As usual, the Master made His appeal to reason, and asked men's suffrages because His view was the most fitting. Round Him gathered a crowd—hearing the Pharisees' criticisms, waiting for His defense—and He was willing to abide by their decision. First, He addressed a farmer standing in the second row—strong, sensible, prejudiced. Last



Types of native mills.

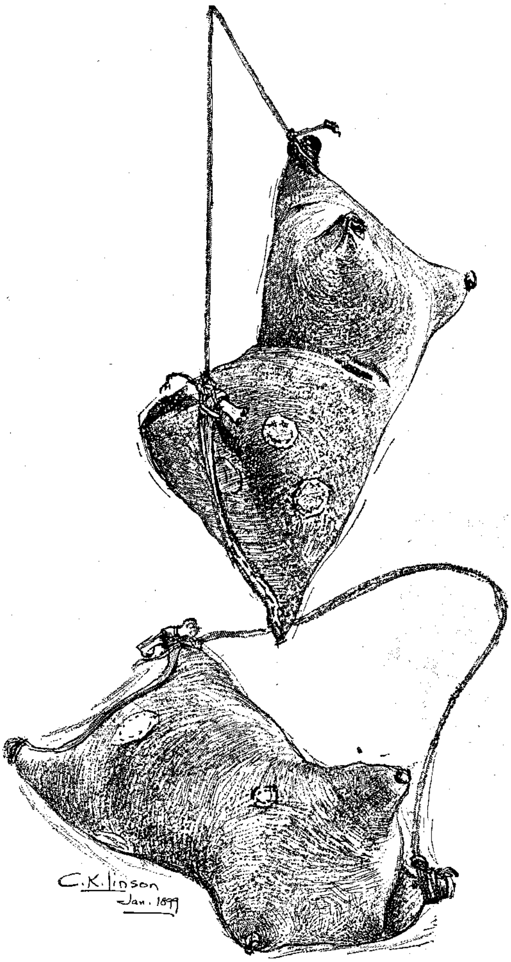
week his flock of sheep came home one short in the evening—only one lost, and ninety and nine in the fold—yet this matter-of-fact and unemotional man scoured the country-side, nor rested till his tale of sheep was complete. No one laughed at him; no one censured him. Why should they? It was his property; and was the Creator of all more careless or more foolish than a Galilean farmer? Did He not care about His creatures also, who were not sheep but human beings? Behind the farmer was a young housewife, and yesterday there had been a little tragedy of domestic life in her home. As she was handling her necklace of silver coins, one slipped from her fingers and rolled out of sight. A poor little coin, and not worth a thought. Yet it had its associations, for it had been her mother's, and had been a part of her dowry. So she rested not till it was found, and her neighbors, instead of finding fault with her, shared her joy. And were not His human pieces of silver as precious to God? While He was speaking, His eye already rested with sympathy on a prominent figure standing out from among His audience, round whom a very pleasant interest had gathered. He was a man of substance, a country squire and magistrate, respected and beloved, and some years ago he had suffered the keenest of human afflictions, which is not the loss of a son, but his disgrace. His younger son, a headstrong lad, yet lovable, had given him trouble at home—too much with the gay company at Tiberias—and then one day he departed to a distant Gentile city, where he played the fool so shamelessly that the tidings came to his Galilean home, and his father aged visibly. Fellow Pharisees, like Simon, with whom he used to feast before he lost heart for feasting, said he was well rid of the wastrel, and that it would be a good thing if he never returned. His father may have also passed careless judgment after that fashion on other prodigals, but circumstances had changed, and he was silent at Simon's advice. He could not be quite indifferent to the fate of one of his two sons; and when the young man came back an honest, humble penitent, and his father, sitting lonely and sad on the housetop, saw him coming down the familiar road, he forgot the counsel of Simon and all the other Pharisees, and not only gave him public joyful welcome, but celebrated his return with the feast of a king. As Jesus touched on this happy romance of love, the faces of hard, suspicious Pharisees softened; for they had kinder hearts, if it came to their own flesh and blood, than they allowed to God, and would not on any account have done the things they imputed to Him without scruple. It was as when the sun shines on gray rock after a shower and softens the face. Had not God also a father's heart as much as they? and would not they give Him also the liberty of joy when such a one as Mary of Magdala or Matthew the Publican came home? And the Pharisees did not wish to answer Jesus, because they were with Him for once mind and heart.



AN ANCIENT WATER-JAR PRESERVED AT CANA.

In the Greek Church at Cana, two immense stone jars, the lower halves only remaining, are shown as the authentic survivors of the six mentioned in the account of the miracle of turning water into wine. They are like nothing seen to-day, and are certainly very old. They measure twenty-nine inches in diameter, are about thirty inches in height, and are four and a half inches thick. The water was drawn from a hole near the base.

As the Master revealed the idea of God, in whom is gathered and perfected beyond imagination everything which is reasonable and beautiful in man, He gave at the same time to the Pharisees the idea of a sinner, and it was something which never could have entered into these prosaic, frigid minds. For the Master was persuaded that a sinner was *miserable*, and the very idea was strange and almost diverting to a Pharisee. It seemed to him that the sinners were entirely happy after their kind, because they were often rich, and had a certain power, and gave feasts and lived riotously. Perhaps there were days when the saints regarded the sinners with envy because of "the roses and raptures of vice." Jesus, who knew all men, and had ever His hand on their pulse, saw beneath the poor show of gaiety and the mask of bravado. He knew the self-reproach and sated disgust, the bitter remorse and wistful regrets of the sinner. According to the Master the sinners were hungry and thirsty, laboring and heavy-laden, vagrants of the highways and hedges, a set of despairing miserables. They were as a sheep which, either through wilfulness or foolishness, has wandered from the flock, and has lost its way, and is far from the fold, rushing hither and thither, torn and bleeding, palpitating and terrified.



OLD WINE-SKINS.

"Neither do men put new wine into old bottles."—MATT. IX. 17. *By bottles are meant skins, which are of all sizes. The animal is skinned whole, save the feet and head, the holes made by these being sewed up. The skin is cured with tannin, and then soaked in water, or left filled for saturation. It is also rubbed with olive oil, and when water-tight is ready for use. The old wine-skins become spotted with patches, and finally become useless for anything as valuable as "new wine."*

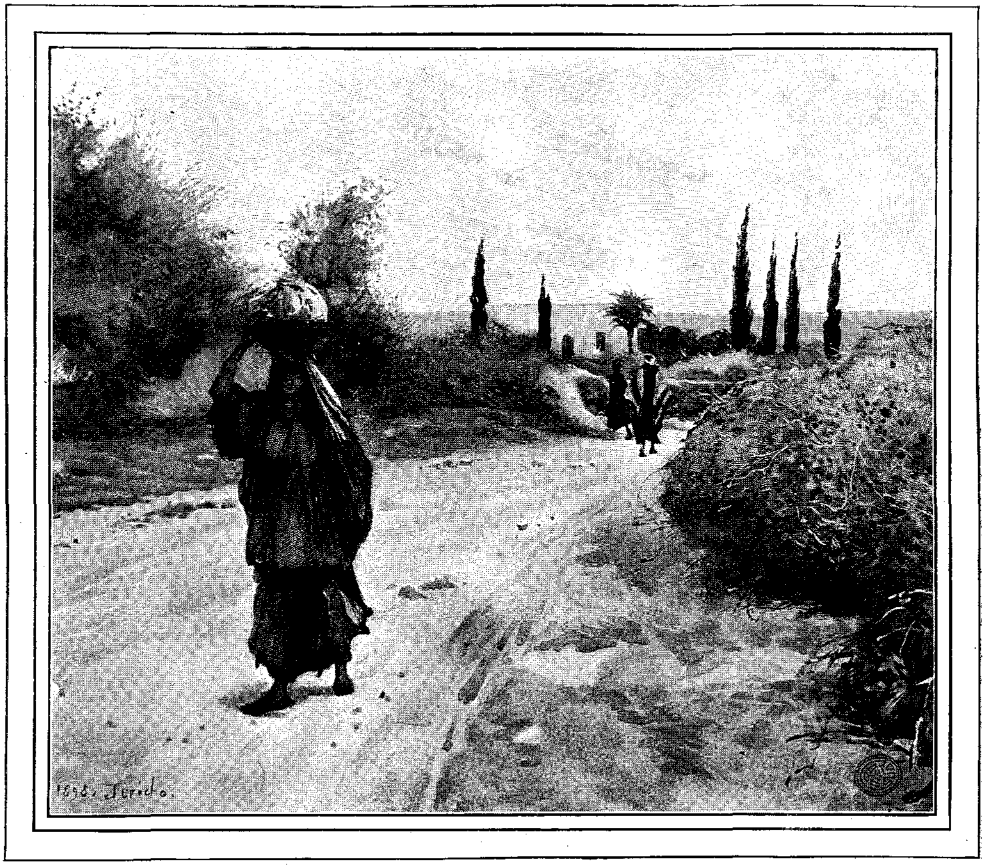
The Master also believed firmly that the sinner was *precious;* and neither had this occurred to a Pharisee. The value of such a woman as washed Jesus' feet seemed less than nothing: she was a disgrace and a snare, an ulcer eating into the very vitals of society. She was a sad tragedy, with her degraded beauty and gay attire—a woman ruined, a woman ruining. Was she not also a soul made in the Divine image and intended for high ends—a coin which had passed through many unholy hands, and now lay in the mire? She was still silver, and had on her the traces of her origin. What a wealth of passionate love and unreserved devotion was running to waste in this life! Now this piece of good money shall be laid out to usury, when the eyes wherewith she tempted men's hearts to destruction shall shed tears on the Master's feet, and the hair wherewith she ensnared men's lives shall wipe them dry.

And the Master dared to think that every sinner who had gone astray was *missed* of God. It might seem that amid the multitude of His creatures one less counted for nothing; but if any Pharisee thought so, he did not know the minuteness and the breadth of the Divine Love. It had no forgetfulness: it made no omissions. As a bookman will discover in the dark the absence of a tiny volume, as a gardener will mark the empty place where a plant has been once, as a workman looks in vain for the tool among many his hand desires, so does the Divine Love have in constant remembrance him who is lost, and will not rest till he be restored.

The Pharisees made their great mistake because they did not know God, and Jesus threw Himself in the way of sinners because He knew the Father. He was indeed the true Elder Brother, who saw the sorrow on the Father's face as He mourned for His lost younger son and could not remain in the Home; who went Himself into the far country, nor ceased from His search till by His Grace and Passion He had found His brother and brought him Home rejoicing. This was the meaning of His strange friendships: this was the secret of His unconquerable hope.

(*To be continued.*)

On the road from Jericho to Jerusalem.


1898. Jericho.

THE TURNING OF THE WAYS.

By Clinton Ross.

A STORY OF TO-DAY IN NEW YORK.

HERE another subject entered into the talk, suggested by the arch that had been part of yesterday's pageant. "War and conquest," said Captain Trevor. "It's the same old world——"

"As Cæsar's," the older man put in with an amused smile—at himself, at circumstances, at the world. His was the face of the diplomatist; Carl's that of the soldier.

Carl too smiled, he did not know exactly why. "I believe in Cæsar," he said, "to the extent of 'The White Man's Burden.'"

"Oh, yes, it's true, and Cæsar now is spelt trade. But in regard to voting those shares—it's 'yes,' Captain Trevor."

"Why of course 'yes'? Your interest is mine, my advisers say. I am going to defer my own investigation of my affairs some weeks

—a fortnight, anyway. It's very good of you to come here to explain, however. I know how valuable your time is, sir."

"Ah, Captain Trevor, I wanted to see what kind of man your uncle's heir might be, and I am pleased to know you. You are absolutely free—to have your interests not give you a moment's trouble, if you so elect; or——"

"I know, sir, I know; but I am responsible to the family now. I am going at it—after a fortnight."

"That is your uncle's nephew, Captain Trevor. Well, I must be on my way."

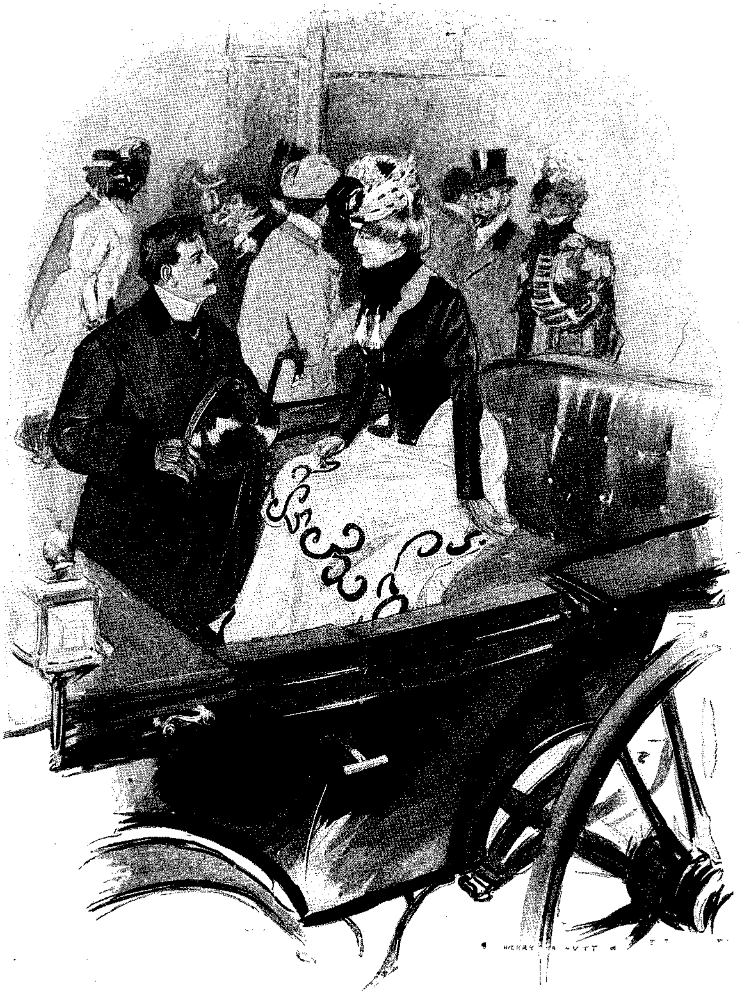
The great banker went out, debonair and smiling, and presently Carl saw his brougham draw into the avenue.

"He represents all the combinations, then," Carl said to himself, in a brown study for the moment. "And he wants me—for his puppet."

Yes, in this autumn, 1899, this man represented a power that, founded on trade and the combination of trading interests into a few hands, aspired to secure and to hold in the hollow of one mighty hand the whole world, making and unmaking public opinion, shaping the policy of governments, subduing all to its own ends. And as for Carl, his interest lay with that power. At twenty-seven he was at the turning of the ways, like his nation. To be rich was to be perplexed; to be free—an end some few of the moderately well-to-do and the unincumbered rich may reach—was to be liable to an abuse of freedom; to be powerful was to be a subject. In the Square he saw the passing throng. "They envy me, I suppose. I don't envy myself," Carl said.

But what of questions? At least he had a fortnight—yes, a fortnight—to think; to get out into the country—over the hills and far away—before he should turn to affairs. He would have none of the artificialities of the city to disturb him. He would try to see clearly. Here in America, and everywhere, all was changing. We were mightier and more involved. He would decide whether the life of a simple gentleman and officer should cease for something that had in it servitude.

The death of his uncle, followed closely by that of his cousin Philip, had left Trevor the head of one of the very powerful families; and now he held voting strength in railroads and other corporations, that made him sought by those at the seat of power. Turning from



"'YOU MUST GIVE ME A LIFT.'"

this brown study, he went down into the Square and up the crowded avenue. It was the season's height, and a great many people knew him.

"That is Carl Trevor," he could almost hear them say. "Used to be in the army, and then resigned and went everywhere. Now he is the head of the family."

People nodded to him, and some stopped and shook hands with this broad-shouldered young man in deep black. Twice carriages drew to the curb, and women spoke to him, and he smiled cynically; for he knew how great a catch he was. The men in the club windows buzzed about him.

And so, nodding right and left, he passed on—a man with the might of a king—and few kings were so mighty. But what business ability had he? He had played at soldiering, and at knocking about, and at society in five capitals. For he had been free. And now he was no longer free. He paused for a moment, looking at the town house of the Trevors—his house. Its shuttered front chilled him in some way. His apartment at the hotel was more comfortable. And then he heard a voice, and, turning, he saw somebody in a landau.

She was fair to look at after all the women he had known, and she brought back his boyhood and his earlier youth. "Why, Helen!" he said.

"I could not resist speaking to you, Carl," she said. "I am so glad to see you again."

"If you are, you must give me a lift."

"I will take you about the Park," she said; and presently they were whirling on, and she never had looked fairer to him than now.

"Yes, now it's all over—the funeral and all that—I am wondering at myself," he said.

"The world is wondering about you, Carl."

"But you, little cousin? What have you been doing all these years?"

She was a far-removed cousin, but still near enough for the head of the family to feel it permissible to "cousin" her. He remembered that he never had liked Danvers, the man she was engaged to. She was about the nicest girl he ever had known, and Danvers was far from being a "good sort" in a man's estimation. "But women are queer—even the best of them," is the man's thought over such an occurrence.

"Oh," Helen answered, "some shopping, some riding and golfing and yachting and dining—oh, you know. Did you know New York yesterday? I never saw so many people—did you? But I hate the town in a crowd."

"So do I," Trevor assented. "But you know we should remember that the people's gladness over the country's might and splendor is more than our comfort," he added, with a laugh.

"Comfort," said Helen. "Why, it would be so uncomfortable to be anything but an American. But, Carl, I have often wondered why, after serving in Cuba, you did not go to the Philippines."

"I think I should, if Uncle Jack had not asked me not to."

"Poor Uncle Jack," Helen said soberly. "He was splendid, wasn't he?"

"Yes," Trevor answered; "and I don't see how he held up under the weight of all his responsibilities."

"Your responsibilities now."

"No, not yet. I am going to take a fortnight—and then——"

"Poor Carl," the girl cried, "how people envy you!"

"They don't know. But to turn to yourself. You haven't told me about the wedding."

"What wedding?"

"Yours, of course."

"Oh, mine—mine, why—" She looked at him, and seeing something in his face, laughed. "That's put off."

"Put off? You believe in long engagements?"

"That depends," said the girl. "Now, you mustn't question me too closely. A woman never will tell certain things."

"Oh, I know," Carl retorted.

"I should think you did know. And you must tell me about your affairs—after dinner; for you must break every engagement you have, and dine with us. Perkins"—to the coachman—"home!"

"And for this evening it will be my home," Trevor said, "despite every engagement you have or I have;" at which Miss Helen Thurston caught herself blushing, and began to talk rather rapidly about the parade of yesterday and to retail gossip and many matters, which brought them quite to Mrs. Thurston's house.

The avenue at this point was thronged, and the girl suddenly grew very white. "Stop, Perkins!" she cried.

Perkins stopped, and she was out on the curb before the man on the box could reach her. Then Carl, who had been too much absorbed in his companion to notice any other object, saw that a woman had been run down, and that she was being carried to the walk.

"Bring her in here—carefully," Helen, who had pushed her way through, was crying.

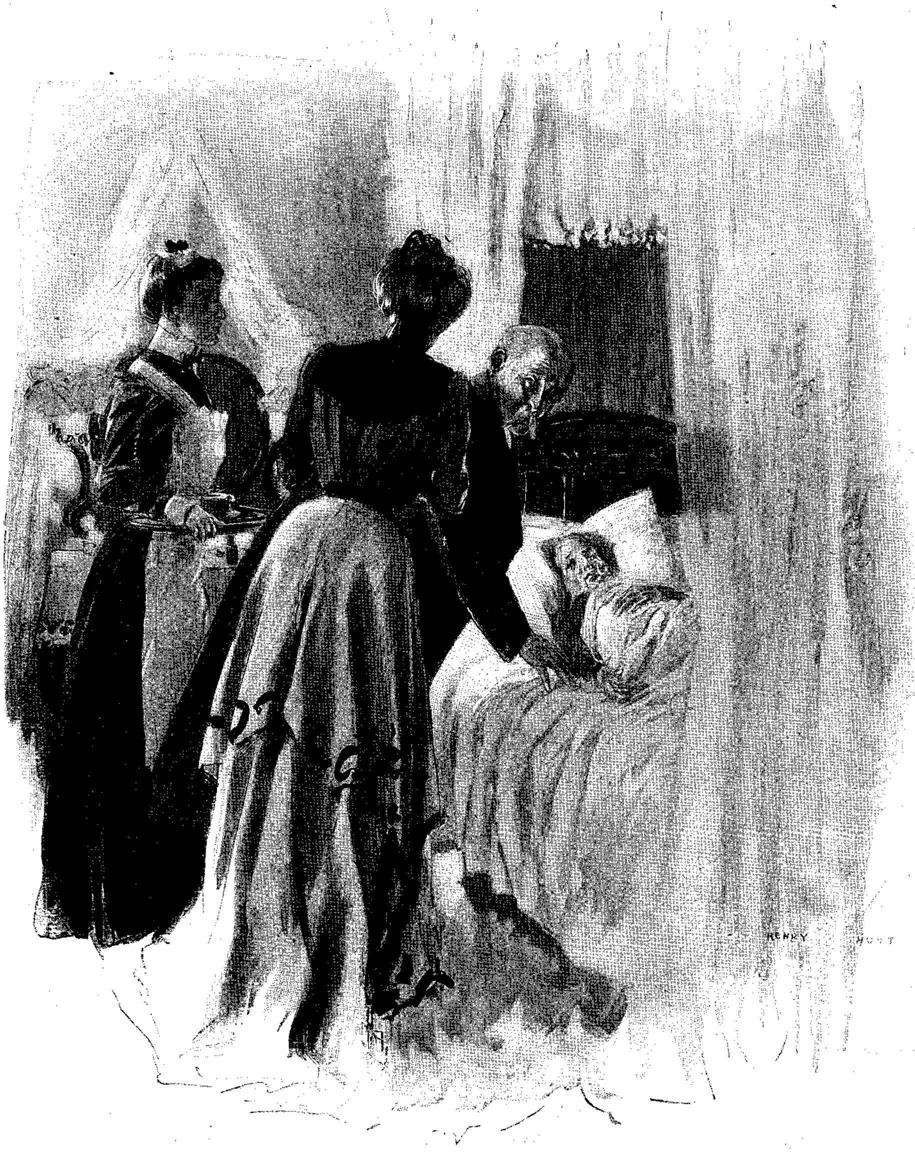
Then Trevor was by her side. "Yes, take her in to Miss Thurston's," he ordered.

"Thank you, Carl. Help them," Helen said. "Perkins, get Dr. Benton, and then Dr. Ranford, and, if he is not in, Dr. Bronson, and—have them get a nurse." She gave her orders with a military preciseness that made Trevor remember her on an occasion at Meadowbrook when a man had a nasty fall.

When the ambulance surgeon arrived, he found a faded old woman installed in a bed in a front apartment at Mrs. Thurston's, and Miss Thurston and a maid busied about her. The old woman was staring at her surroundings.

"It's a bad fracture," the surgeon said. "We will take her, Miss Thurston."

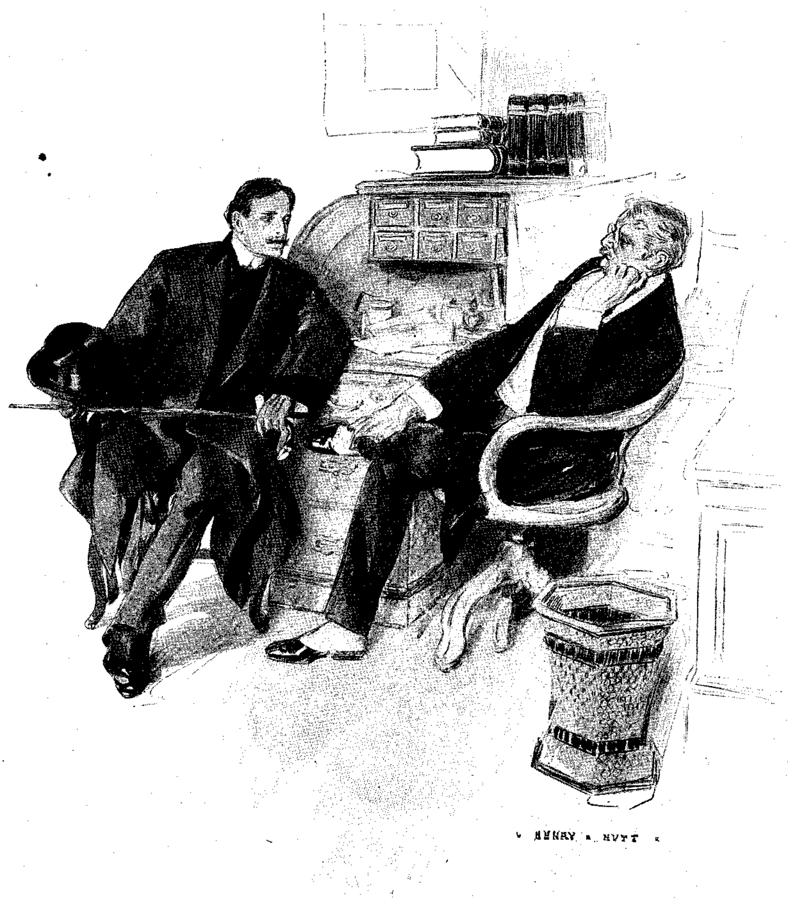
"No, she is to remain here," Helen said decidedly. "I know it's dangerous to remove her."



"THE AMBULANCE SURGEON . . . FOUND A FADED OLD WOMAN INSTALLED IN A BED IN A FRONT APARTMENT . . . AND MISS THURSTON AND A MAID BUSIED ABOUT HER."

"Yes, I will say I think it is," the young surgeon confessed, thinking this young lady the most beautiful in the world.

The dinner was late at Mrs. Thurston's that night. When, at eight o'clock, Carl returned from his hotel, it was still waiting, and, in fact, he and Mrs. Thurston went in by themselves. "Did you ever know such an impulsive girl?" that lady remarked. "She is always taking trouble on herself. She has Dr. Benton, the best surgeon in New York, there, and a nurse, and all over a woman we don't know a word about."



"'I AM TIRED OUT, BUT—AT YOUR AGE I WAS LIKE YOU. AT MINE, YOU TOO WILL BE TIRED OUT.'"

"She would make an admirable officer," he answered. "I never knew a better head in an emergency."

"I am not sure that it's a good head that will put a woman picked up from the streets into one's best chamber," Mrs. Thurston answered.

Helen, entering, overheard. "I don't care," she cried. "I feel wicked—wicked! I never knew such poverty. She has been suffering for the necessaries of life, and she is not an impostor. There was five cents in her pocket-book; and that, she says, is all she has—an old woman, born a lady, left all alone. She expected to be turned out; she told me this."

"And you believed her, of course," Mrs. Thurston said. "But how is she?"

"Dr. Benton says she may live a week—not much longer. If she had had proper food she might have a better chance. Oh, Carl," she went on, "you must look to your affairs—your responsibilities—yourself—to-night—not to-morrow. Think of the thousands dependent on you—the thousands and thousands."

After dinner Carl was alone with her, and he said, "I will begin to-night, Helen—to-night—not after a fortnight."

The girl crossed to him. "I could love you for that."

And he said, "I love you, Helen, for all of Danvers."

She looked at him, and then turned as if to run; but he caught her. "For all of Danvers," he repeated.

"There is no Danvers—now," she said softly. "Oh, let me go."

"I never will, dear," the man answered.

That night he wrote Barton that he must withdraw his promise about voting his shares in the Industrial until he should see him. When he had finished, he walked to a window and looked out on the still city. How much was there—life; and life was work, or else it was death. For the nation new responsibilities; for every man new responsibilities; for himself an endless vista of business details, of demands for charity, for loans, and the importunities of poor relatives on the head of the family.

The next morning he entered Barton's office. The great man rose to meet him. "Ah, I had your note. You want to know more about it. Well, you shall—everything. But you are making yourself more trouble than your uncle ever gave himself."

"Oh, I know—I know—it's not necessary for my interest—but I want to put my brain to bear on the things themselves, because they mean so many other interests—so much."

The older man looked at him out of world-weary eyes. "I wish you were a son of mine. I don't know whether you are right or wrong. I am tired out, but—at your age I was like you. At mine, you too will be tired out. Yet I am glad you have chosen as you have."

For it has been written that for king or rich man who is a true man there shall be no rest.

GENERAL LAWTON'S WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By Dean C. Worcester,

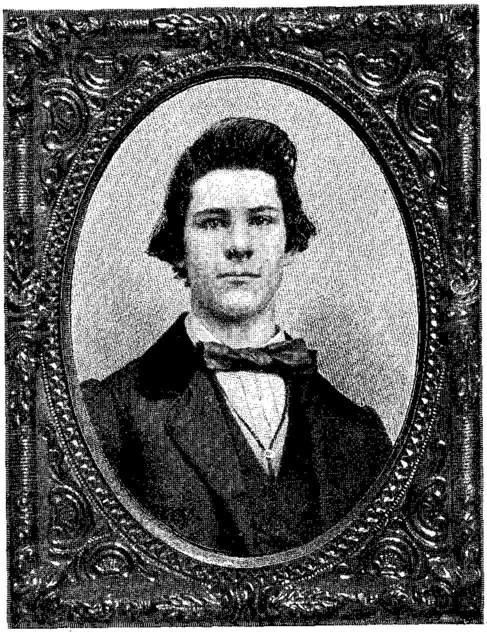
Member of the United States Philippines Commission 1898-1899; author of "The Philippine Islands and Their People."

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON'S military career began when he was but eighteen years of age. Its earlier chapters have recently become so familiar to the public that I shall content myself with the briefest outline of them. Within three days after President Lincoln's first call for men he had enlisted as a private in the Ninth Indiana Volunteers. He served with this regiment through the Civil War, and at its close was mustered out a lieutenant-colonel, after being brevetted colonel "for gallant and meritorious services" and awarded a medal of honor for "distinguished service." He entered the regular army as a second lieutenant in 1866, serving in the infantry until 1869, and then in the cavalry until 1888. From that time until the outbreak of the war with Spain he was an inspector-general. His remarkable work in Indian campaigns on the frontier culminated in that wonderful pursuit of Geronimo, which he pushed to a successful conclusion in the face of seemingly insuperable obstacles. During this period of his service he was repeatedly commended for "vigilance and zeal; rapidity and persistence of pursuit," and "for great skill, perseverance, and gallantry."

Shortly after the declaration of war with Spain, he was made a brigadier-general of volunteers, and on the 8th of July, 1898, was raised to the rank of major-general of volunteers. It will not soon be forgotten who asked that the order to fall back at El Caney be put in writing, and improved the time thus gained to hurl his battalions against the heights and plant his country's flag upon their bloody crest.

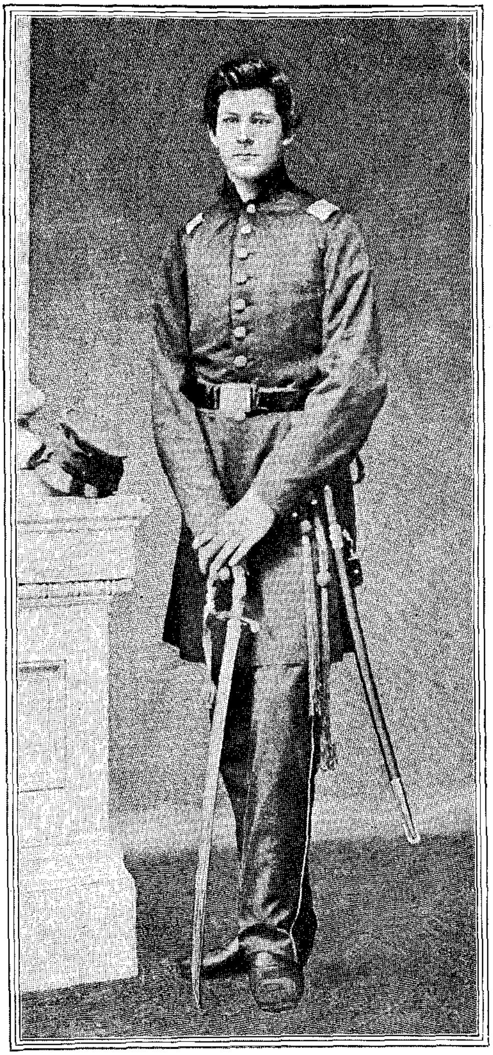
Unfortunately the civil work which General Lawton promptly inaugurated as Governor of the Province of Santiago is less well known than are his services in the field, and his reputation in the Philippines before his arrival there was that of "a fighter" pure and simple. Certainly no one can deny that he was a fighter; a splendidly prepared, determined, persistent, dauntless, and invariably successful fighter—quick to detect his enemy's weakest point, and to reach it with a blow so well directed and so crushing as to insure prompt and decisive victory. But those who think that he was *only* a fighter are in grievous error. He was an organizer and administrator of the first order.

My acquaintance with him began at Manila, on the morning of March 13, 1899, when I clambered up the side of the transport "Grant," which had brought him and his family into the Bay three days before. Five minutes later I was doing my best to answer keen and exhaustive questions about the islands, their people, the causes of the existing insurrection, and the means best calculated to terminate it. I saw at once that General Lawton was an extremely well-informed man, who had availed himself to the full of exist-

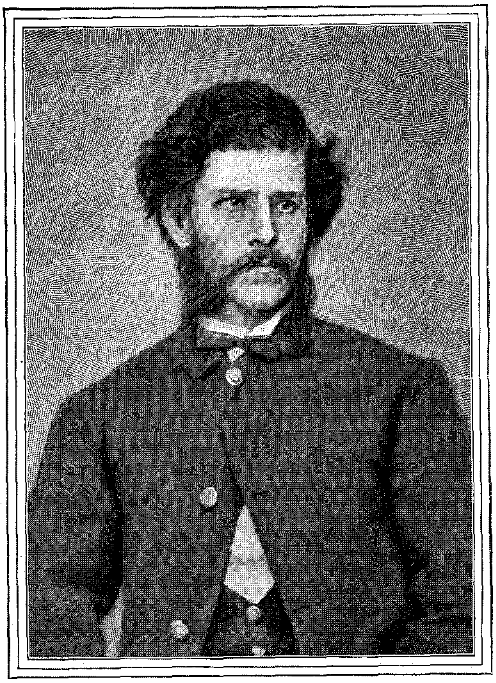


HENRY W. LAWTON IN 1860. AGE 17.

From a daguerreotype now in the possession of Mrs. Lawton.

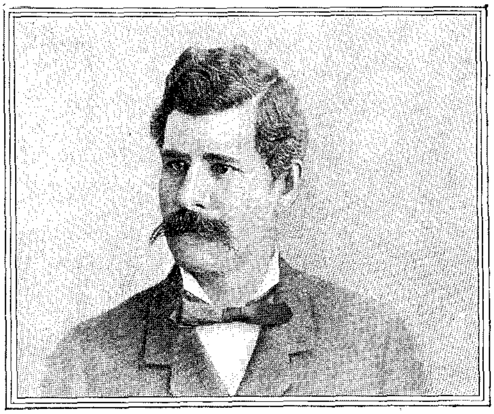


FIRST LIEUTENANT IN THE THIRTIETH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS. AGE 20.



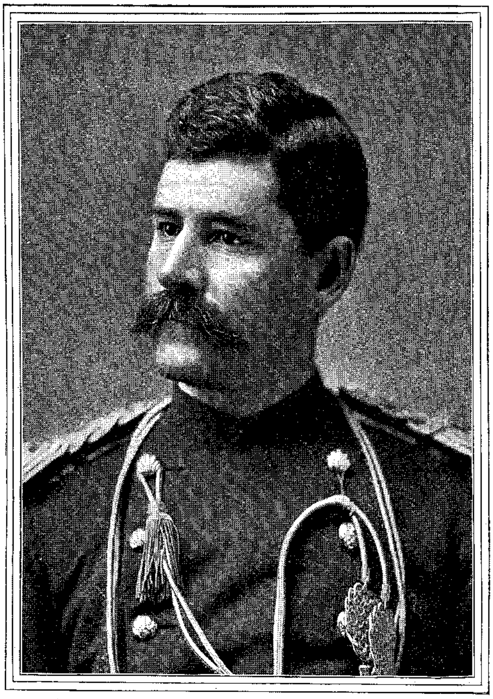
FIRST LIEUTENANT IN THE TWENTY-FOURTH U. S. INFANTRY. AGE 27.

From a photograph taken at Piedras Negras, Mexico, January 27, 1870, now in the possession of Major George E. Albee.



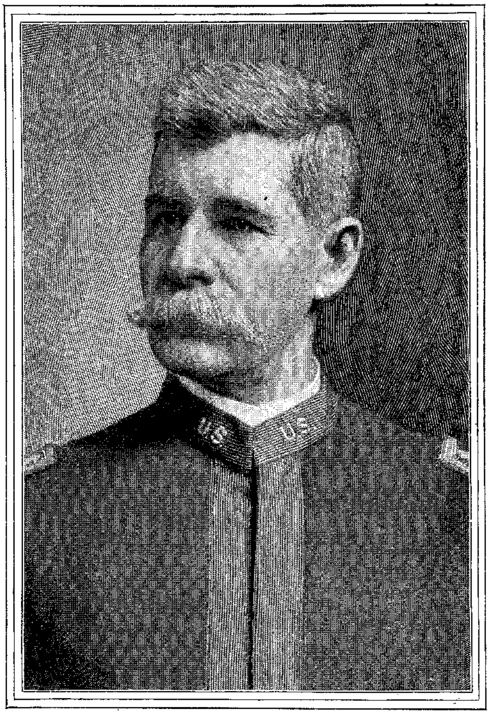
CAPTAIN IN THE FOURTH U. S. CAVALRY. AGE 37.

HENRY W. LAWTON.



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL. AGE 45.

From a photograph loaned by Major G. E. Albee.



MAJOR-GENERAL OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS. AGE 55.

ing sources of information concerning his new field of operations, and who would take up his difficult task, not only with a clear comprehension of the fact that something more than bullets and bayonets was necessary in order to bring honorable and lasting peace, but with a determination to avail himself of every legitimate means to promote that end.

Instead of the impetuous military commander, firm in his conviction of the sufficiency of brute force and eager to crush all opposition by the exercise of it, which, I confess, popular rumor had prepared me to expect, I found a modest, quiet, moderate gentleman, who, in spite of his well-deserved reputation for striking quick and hard when he found it necessary to strike, nevertheless at once made it evident that he preferred to employ gentler methods where they would suffice. This attitude he steadfastly maintained to the day of his death. How much the country owes to him for his splendid services in the field during his Philippine campaigns can never be generally known until the detailed history of those campaigns has been written and read. In my judgment, it owes him a still heavier debt of gratitude for the admirable tact, the even-handed and prompt justice, and the open-hearted frankness and cordiality which characterized him in all his dealings with the natives. No other officer learned to know them so well, and the confidence which he inspired in the friendly and peaceable Filipinos was, and will remain, no less an honor to him and a potent factor in the restoration of peace than was the fear which he soon aroused in all who attempted to oppose him in battle.

In the course of our first interview General Lawton told me frankly that, in spite of the opportunity which active service brought him, he detested war. He added that he doubted the justice of the struggle in which we were then engaged; in fact, I remember distinctly that he characterized it as "unholy." I did not at that time attempt to discuss the point with him, feeling sure that the first-hand acquaintance with facts which he was certain to gain would suffice to set him right. This belief was fully justified. He sought, and obtained, the truth from every available source. How completely he changed his mind as the result is a matter of common knowledge. I can only echo his wish, made solemn by the fact that he had given up his life ere the letter in which it was expressed had reached its destination, that those of his countrymen whose misguided efforts have so long fed the flame of revolt in the Philippines might learn to understand the situation as well as he understood it.[*]

General Lawton's civilian friends saw little of him for many weeks after he landed. On March 18th, he assumed command of the first division of the Eighth Army Corps. He was at first fully occupied in familiarizing himself with his new command and with local conditions in general, and very soon entered upon active operations in the field.

On April 10th, he attacked and captured Santa Cruz, an important insurgent stronghold at the eastern end of the Laguna de Bay. This movement was admirably planned, and was carried out under his personal direction. Lawton was not a man who believed in fighting battles in an unknown country at the far end of a telegraph wire. The attack was completely successful. During its progress he displayed that conspicuous personal gallantry for which he is famous, and at its close he risked his own life in emphasizing the fact that he would not allow the firing of a needless shot, a principle which guided him in every engagement he went into. A heavy loss was inflicted on the insurgents at Santa Cruz, and all of their steam transportation on the lake was captured. Hardly had the city been taken when it was put under guard. There was no burning nor looting. Friendly natives who had remained in their homes were granted the fullest protection, and the conduct of our troops was such that those who had fled in fear soon began to return. They were quick to note and appreciate the difference between the treatment accorded them by the Americans and that which they had received at the hands of their own armed forces.

The abandonment of this important place, which was ordered a few days later from headquarters, and the resultant leaving of natives who had shown their friendliness toward us to the mercy of our enemies, was a sore trial to General Lawton. Without presuming to express an opinion as to the military necessity of this step, I cannot forbear to add that to my certain personal knowledge the effect of it was most unfortunate throughout the entire lake region.

No sooner had General Lawton returned to Manila than he was ordered to begin the formation of a force of approximately 4,000 men, with which he was to operate on the right flank of the insurgent troops opposing General MacArthur at the north. It should be borne in mind that in no one of his important movements did he have anything like an organized brigade placed at his disposal. He had to pick up a company here, a battalion or possibly a regiment there, in order to make up a command, which was sure to be broken up and scattered again as soon as the work assigned to it had been completed, a fresh force, differently composed, being brought together for each new undertaking.

With characteristic energy and promptness, Lawton concentrated and organized his command, and on April 22d began his northward march. The territory through which he moved was known only from maps which proved utterly unreliable, showing roads where no roads existed. He was soon compelled to haul his guns, ammunition, and supplies over steep hills, and through dense and pathless thickets, muddy swamps, and unbridged streams, without so much as a trail to guide him. No obstacle could stop him. He inspired his men with his own indomitable energy. When the intense heat killed the draft animals, officers and soldiers bent to the yoke in their places, and the expedition moved on. In one instance a terrible day's work resulted in a gain of but three miles.

The enemy was promptly encountered, and persistently opposed his advance. Engagements varying from mere skirmishes to severe fights were of constant occurrence. Lawton continually outflanked the opposing forces, thus inflicting heavy losses on them with a minimum of casualties among his own men. The insurgents were driven in quick succession from one strong position to another, and were eventually thrown into confusion by the rapidity and persistency of his pursuit. With so small a force, no line of communications could be maintained. He buried his dead at the nearest town or village, and carried his wounded forward.

At first the insurgents annoyed his outposts. Always ready for each new contingency, he organized scouts, taking five picked men, including a non-commissioned officer, from each company, and giving the command of the body thus formed to a civilian named Young, whom he personally selected for this important and dangerous honor. From that time on the enemy ceased to molest our outposts. They had work nearer home. Young eventually died of wounds received in battle, but the system thus inaugurated was continued with excellent results.

---

[*] The letter from General Lawton to the Hon. John Barrett, former United States Minister to Siam, referred to above, contains the following:

"I would to God that the whole truth of this whole Philippine situation could be known by everyone in America as I know it. If the real history, inspiration, and conditions of this insurrection, and the influences local and external, as well as the actual possibilities of these islands and peoples and their relations to this great East, could be understood at home, we would hear of no more talk of unjust 'shooting of goverment' into the Filipinos or hauling down the flag in the Philippines. If the so-called anti-Imperialists could honestly ascertain the truth on the ground, and not in distant America, they, whom I believe to be honest men misinformed, would be convinced of the error of their statements and conclusions, and of the unfortunate effects of their publications here. If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it may as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observation, confirmed by captured prisoners, that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America."—ED. MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Novaliches, San José, Norzagaray, Angat, San Rafael, and Bustos fell in quick succession. At Baliuag the insurgents had made preparations for a strong stand, but Lawton, through his tact and skill in dealing with the natives, had kept himself fully informed of their operations. He never lacked for spies or couriers who would serve him faithfully.

Strong lines of intrenchments protected the town from attack in the direction of Bustos on the one side, and the railroad track on the other. By a quick movement Lawton passed around and attacked the position unexpectedly from the rear. The fight, which opened at a range of 2,000 yards, had hardly begun when a flag of truce was shown. Captain Case and an orderly were sent forward to meet it. When they had approached to within 250 yards of it, a heavy volley was fired at them. Throwing themselves from their horses to the ground, they worked their way back toward our line, which of course instantly reopened on the enemy. The town was promptly captured.

In spite of the shameful and irritating misuse of the white flag, perfect order was maintained, and when it was found that the command was to remain there for a short time, General Lawton, true to his belief that civil affairs should always be in the hands of civilians when practicable, promptly held an election and organized a municipal government with native officials. A similar course was followed at Angat, and, in fact, wherever conditions made it at all practicable. The effect of this action was far-reaching, and news of it was received at Manila, from native sources, with almost miraculous promptness.

The advance to the northward was soon resumed by way of San Ildefonso, Maasin, and San Miguel de Mayumo, and it ended in the capture of San Isidro, the new insurgent capital. The enemy had long since found that, to use Lawton's own expression, he could "go to bed with them at night and get up with them in the morning," and they

GENERAL LAWTON IN FIELD UNIFORM. THE WHITE HELMET WAS WORN BY GENERAL LAWTON IN ALL OF HIS CUBAN AND PHILIPPINE ENGAGEMENTS.

rapidly wearied of his constant companionship. Not only did his resistless and rapid advance utterly demoralize them, but his splendid personal bravery, and his protection of the lives and property of non-combatants, no less than the considerate kindness which he showed in all his dealings with them, won for him a unique place in the hearts of the common people—a place which he never lost.

Meanwhile General MacArthur was pressing forward along the line of the railway, and as a result of the combined movement, which threatened the complete destruction of the insurgent army, commissions were being sent to Manila in rapid succession. Unfortunately they were not empowered to do anything practical, but came only to inquire as to our intentions and to beg for time.

After San Isidro fell, Lawton was eager to press on to Tarlac. On May 17th, he wired headquarters that his provisions could be made to hold out until the 30th. He was well supplied with ammunition. Nevertheless he was ordered to fall back, and there began a retrograde movement, dispiriting to our men and full of encouragement to the enemy. Commissions ceased to arrive at Manila, and the scattered insurgent forces reassembled and attacked our columns as they withdrew through Cabiao, Arayat, and Candaba. A permanent garrison was left at Baliuag. The proximity of the rainy season has been assigned as a reason for the abandonment of the forward movement. Lawton always contended that he could operate in the rain better than could the insurgents, and later in the year he proved it.

Of this expedition it may be said, in general, that it inflicted heavy losses on the enemy, demoralizing them, and thereby aiding General MacArthur's advance, and that it destroyed or distributed among the common people immense quantities of insurgent stores; that its effect on the peaceable inhabitants was admirable, convincing them as it did of the falsity of the vile slanders which had been diligently circulated in regard to our troops; and, finally, that its moral influence on the insurgent army, up to the time of the withdrawal from San Isidro, can hardly be overstated. For that withdrawal General Lawton certainly cannot be held responsible. His position, with the rainy season at hand, may not have been strong, but he desired to strengthen it by *advancing*, not by retiring.

GENERAL LAWTON'S ONLY SON, MANLEY LAWTON.

No sooner had he returned to Manila than he was directed to gather a force and drive off the insurgents under Pio del Pilar, who were committing indescribable crimes against the inhabitants of Morong and the neighboring towns. On June 3d he attacked this force from three directions. Not only did the movement succeed in its object, but had not General Hall's column been unexpectedly delayed, it would have resulted in the capture of Pilar's entire command.

For many weeks there had been a tacit truce along the south line, and negotiations had been in progress which at one time promised to end in the peaceable submission of the hostile forces in Cavite province. Unfortunately this fact became known to the insurgent leaders. General Trias, who was in command south of the Pasig River and Laguna de Bay, was accordingly removed from his post, and Baldomero Aguinaldo, a cousin of the dictator, was appointed in his stead. As a result of this change, the insurgents in Cavite province again became aggressive. On June 7th, Lawton was instructed to concentrate a force of approximately 4,000 men, and begin active operations against them.

An attack was made on the morning of the 10th. It had been planned that parallel columns under Generals Wheaton and Ovenshine should pierce the insurgent line near San Pedro Macati. Wheaton was then to swing toward the lake, and Ovenshine toward the bay, taking the strong insurgent works at Parañaque and Las Piñas in reverse. The day proved to be the hottest of the year. No drinking water was found along the line of march, and a considerable number of the troops were fresh from the United States, and had not become acclimated. The number of heat prostrations resulting was so great that it became necessary to abandon the original plan of operations and concentrate the two columns. This was done under the personal direction of General Lawton, and the movement toward Las Piñas was then continued in the face of determined opposition. The command camped for the night close to the town. Under cover of darkness the enemy withdrew, retreating to a strong position along the southern bank of the Zapote River.

GENERAL LAWTON'S DAUGHTERS, FRANCES, CATHERINE, AND LOUISE, AGED, RESPECTIVELY, ELEVEN, NINE, AND SEVEN YEARS.

At this very place a small insurgent force had inflicted a severe defeat on a vastly superior body of Spanish troops during the revolt of '96, and they therefore considered it sacred ground. Before leaving Las Piñas they went before the native priest of that town and took a solemn oath to hold the Zapote River or die in their trenches. On the afternoon of June 12th, General Lawton reconnoitered their position from the fighting-top of the gunboat "Helena," and later, after landing, went forward with a small detachment, endeavoring to exactly locate their left. During this reconnoissance several Mauser volleys, as well as a number of shrapnel shells, were fired at his little party at short range from across the river.

On the following day occurred the famous battle of the Zapote River. Before it opened General Lawton took two companies, and moving along the beach, forded the stream at its mouth, passing around the left of the enemy's line, and, under the direction of a native guide, reaching a position well in his rear. One company was left behind as a support, in order to prevent the advance from being cut off, and the other pushed on until within less than 200 yards of the only road along which the insurgents could retreat, when a determined Remington fire was encountered, to which the pop of the Mauser was soon added, showing that the small American force had compelled a vastly superior body of the enemy to hurry up reënforcements. A single company was opposed by at least a thousand men, and it is difficult to see why it was not annihilated. The enemy closed in until the range was but little more than a hundred yards. As it seemed desirable to hold the position, and thus permanently weaken the insurgent force along the river, the reserve company was brought up, and a slightly sheltered spot was found for our troops, which they determinedly held. During all this time General Lawton was exposed to a fearful fire at short range. Conspicuous as he was, not only on account of his commanding stature, but because of the light uniform and white helmet which he invariably wore in battle, it is little less than a miracle that he escaped alive. The effect of his splendid example on the men can hardly be overestimated. At one time Captain Sage, in command of the advanced company, was left with nine men to face the enemy, the remainder of his force having fallen back through misunderstanding an order. Under a very hot fire, delivered at a range of but forty yards, Sage held his position, picking up the rifle of a wounded man, and himself dropping five insurgents with it.

Having stationed these companies as above indicated, General Lawton then returned to the river to direct the general attack, which was promptly delivered and completely successful. An attempt to rush the bridge developed the fact that the wooden planking with which a broken stone arch had been repaired was burned out, so that it was impossible to cross. Our end of this bridge was but thirty-four yards from the insurgent trenches; nevertheless, the guns of a battery took position on it and opened, while our troops occupied the bank, and coolly picked off every man on the opposite side who showed his head. So deadly was the fire that it was impossible for the insurgents to serve their artillery. I afterward found four bullet marks on the muzzle of one of their guns.

Meanwhile our men had crossed the river between the bridge and the bay, and outflanked the trenches, which were then rushed, the enemy retreating in great disorder, closely pressed by our troops. Just beyond Bacoor they made a final stand, but were again routed within twenty minutes, and fled in confusion toward Imus.

In his official report of the engagement General Lawton said, "The bearing of officers and men throughout this battle was magnificent. The conduct of officers whose names are mentioned . . . should be entitled and characterized distinguished gallantry in the presence of the enemy at the battle of the Zapote River. . . . This is probably the first time in history that a battery has been advanced and fought without cover, within thirty yards of strongly manned trenches." He forgets to mention the fact that this gallant advance was made under his own eye, and that he stood calm and impassive beside the guns while they were being served. How much of the splendid intrepidity displayed by his officers and men on this and other occasions was due to the magnificent example of their dauntless leader?

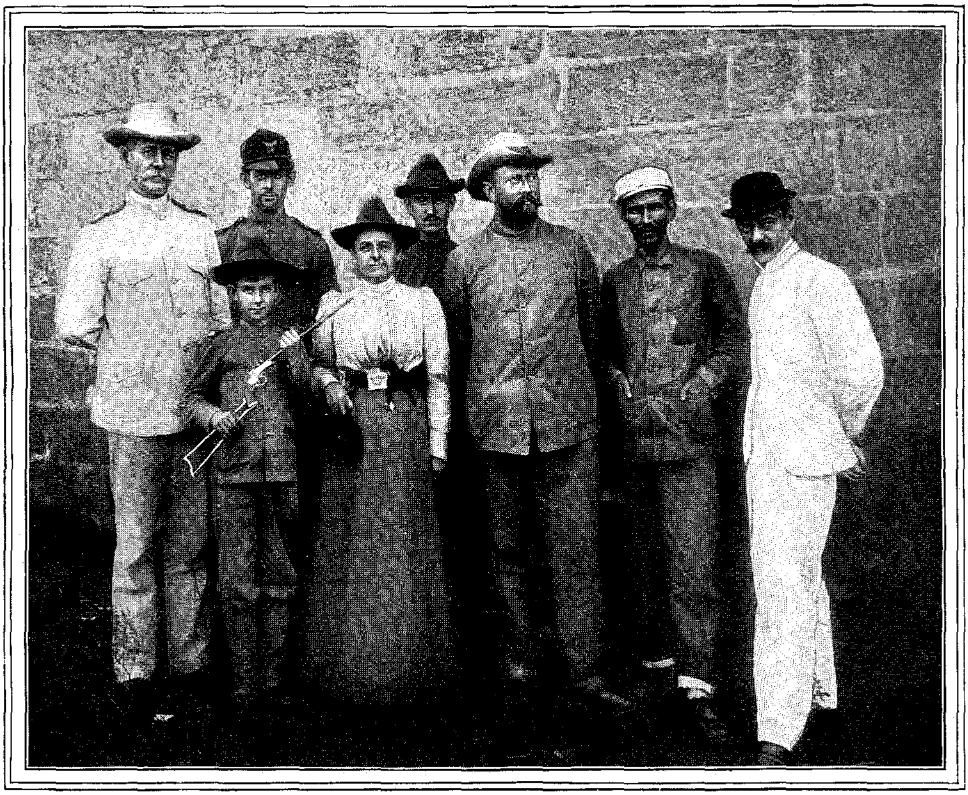
He was the most modest of men, and would never talk of himself or his exploits, but he kept a keen eye on those who served with him, and gave them the fullest credit for all that they did. Even when exposed to hot fire, he would dictate to his aide memoranda of the brave acts of others, in order that he might forget nothing. Although he spared neither his men nor himself when duty called, he was nevertheless most considerate of those who served under him, and he was loved and implicitly trusted by his troops. No matter how difficult or dangerous the task, his men never shrank from it, for they felt that under his leadership success was certain.

The moral effect of the victory at the Zapote was tremendous. The insurgents knew that, having failed to hold this river, there was no position in Cavite which they could hope to maintain.

On the morning after the fight, the General and his staff rode into Bacoor. The insurgent troops had conducted themselves shamefully before abandoning the town. One family of women and girls had suffered especially. After shooting into their house, the native troops had broken in and plundered it, even going so far as to search the persons of the unfortunate occupants for concealed jewelry. The latter had passed the remainder of the night on their knees, in constant fear of their lives, and they welcomed the General as a deliverer. They were so demonstrative in their joy that, in speaking of the occurrence afterward, he dryly remarked that only his height had saved him from having them literally fall on his neck.

On the following day, the *presidente* of

General Lawton. Captain King. Garvin Denby. Felipe Calderon.



Manley Lawton. Mrs. Lawton. Dean C. Worcester. Benito Legarda.

GENERAL LAWTON AND PARTY AT CALAMBA. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE MORNING AFTER THE CITY WAS CAPTURED.

Imus came in to announce the voluntary surrender of his town, and to invite the Americans to garrison it, which was done.

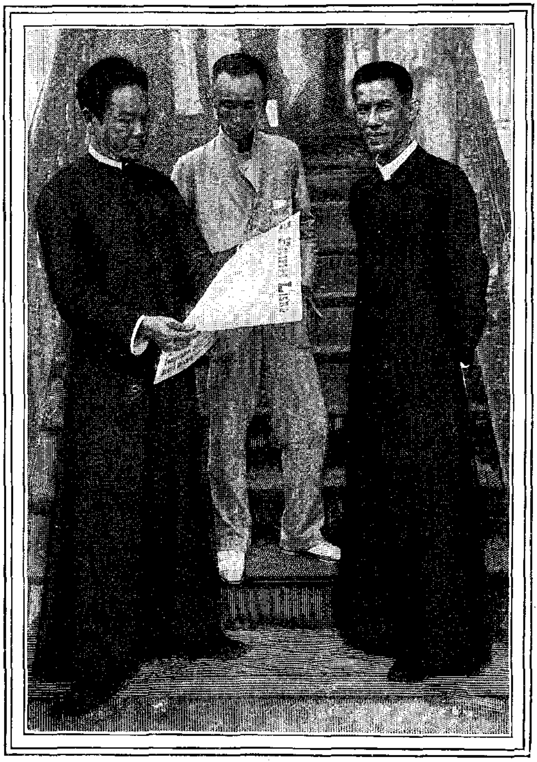
General Lawton's attention was immediately turned to bettering the condition of the inhabitants who remained in the captured cities. They had been plundered of their belongings by their own troops, and were in a pitiable condition from lack of food. At Lawton's request, they were supplied with meat and rice from Manila until again able to provide for themselves. As a result of this kind and humane course, those who had fled soon began to return to their homes.

At this time I made a tour of inspection through Parañaque, Las Piñas, Bacoor, and Imus, with a view to ascertaining the feeling of the natives toward us and their needs in general. I found everywhere the heartiest appreciation of the kindly treatment which they had received, and a willingness to co-operate with us against what they were learning to consider a common enemy; but without organization they were helpless to act, and there was a universal and strong desire for the establishment of some form of municipal government.

Having first consulted General Lawton, and found him most heartily in sympathy with my views as to the desirability of attempting such organization, I then laid the facts before General Otis, who promptly instructed Lawton to attend to the matter. At the latter's request, I had a simple form of municipal government prepared in outline by a good Filipino lawyer. This was submitted to Señor Arrellano, president of the Manila Supreme Court, and after being slightly amended by him, was translated and given to Lawton. He made an order of it, without changing a word, and invited me to accompany him to the various towns within his jurisdiction and aid in putting that order into effect. On the morning of July 1st, we started on our mission in an army ambulance, protected by a cavalry escort, and accompanied by Señor Felipe Calderon, a Filipino who understood both Spanish and Tagalog, and who had a wide acquaintanceship among the people of Cavite province.

Parañaque was the first town visited. The *principalia*, or "headmen," had assembled, and when we entered the house where they were awaiting us, I saw at once that they were literally quaking with fear. I asked them the reason, and was informed that when a Spanish general called the headmen of a town together, under such conditions, some of them usually got shot. I explained the situation to General Lawton, and he was on his feet in an instant. He spoke straight from the heart, simply, earnestly, and to the point, showing an understanding of native character and methods of thought which many men would not have gained in years. I translated his words literally into Spanish, and Calderon repeated them in Tagalog. Their effect was wonderful. We held a successful election on the spot. Before leaving, Lawton shook hands cordially with each of the newly chosen officials, and gave him a kindly word of congratulation and advice. When we took our departure there was a perfectly spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm, and the natives cheered him to the echo.

Bacoor, Imus, and Las Piñas were then organized in the order named, two days being consumed in the work. Wherever we went, the General made the people his friends. He returned the humble salute of every poor native whom we passed by the wayside. He accepted the friendly hospitality of the people in the towns that we visited, breaking bread with them, and sleeping in their homes. There was full and instant justice for all who came to him with reasonable ground for complaint.



THE PRESIDENTE OF IMUS AND NATIVE PRIESTS.

This Presidente came in and surrendered his town to General Lawton, thus preventing bloodshed. The priest on the right rendered important service in the restoration and maintenance of public order.

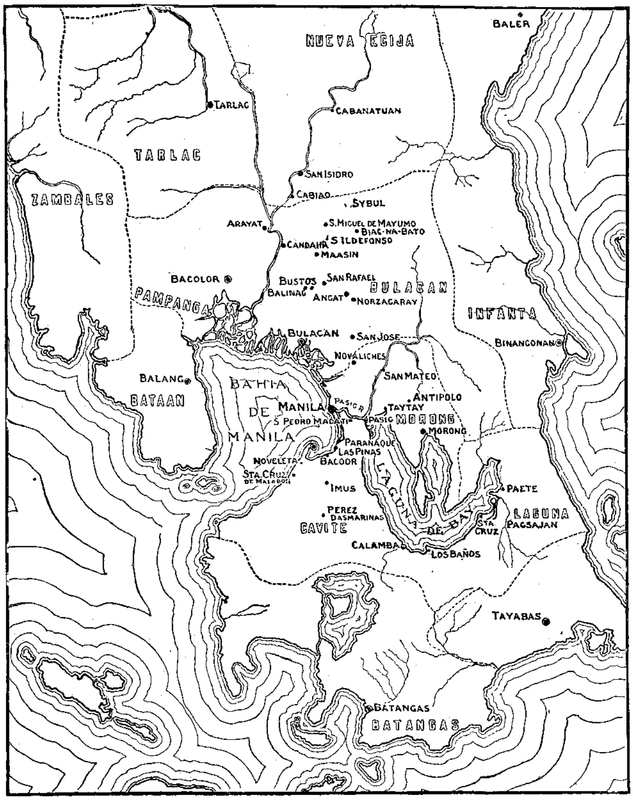
Although not himself a Catholic, he accepted the invitation of the native priest at Imus to attend mass on Sunday morning, and I accompanied him. The week before, when on my preliminary tour of investigation, the fine native band at Imus had turned out in my honor, and thinking that it would promote good feeling between the people and our soldiers if they would learn to play the Star Spangled Banner, I had taught their leader the air. We were surprised and touched when that beautiful hymn was feelingly rendered as a part of the sacred music during the service. Afterward the priest told us that on account of the course which the Americans had followed in his town, our national air would continue to form a part of the sacred music in that church so long as he remained in charge of it.

The system of civil government thus established proved so successful that we soon extended it to Pandacan, Santa Ana, San Felipe Nery, and Malibay, the General personally conducting the work in every case. To be sure, our native officials were, as Señor Calderon remarked, "like children with new shoes on." They were either incapable of applying simple general principles or unwilling to assume the responsibility of doing so, and constantly flocked to Manila for instructions, occupying much of the time of Calderon, the General, and myself. Lawton always gave them a kindly welcome. His patience in dealing with them seemed endless, and I know that they soon learned, not only to respect and admire him, but to love him. He inspired an almost incredible amount of loyalty among them. We had expected dishonesty and treachery, but up to the time of my departure only one man had proved unworthy of the trust imposed in him.

On the whole, the troops which garrisoned our new municipalities behaved extremely well. Lawton's orders as to the maintenance of public order were severe, and he enforced them to the letter whenever occasion arose. It was of course inevitable that there should be some clashes between the soldiers and the natives, and my relations with the latter were such that abuses were almost certain to be brought to my attention. I went straight to the General with them, and I speak from personal knowledge when I say that he was tireless in his efforts to bring evil-doers to justice.

One instance I recall with especial clearness. A poor native was assaulted near Mariquina by a couple of drunken soldiers, who wounded him in the arm and robbed him of a large sum of money. Two women witnessed the occurrence, but were at first afraid to testify against white men. At Lawton's request I sent messages to them again and again, in order to persuade them to come in and bear witness. We were at last successful in getting their evidence, which proved sufficient to convict. The plaintiff went his way rejoicing, after receiving a sum equivalent to the one he had lost, the necessary amount having been deducted from the pay of his assailants. The latter were sentenced to long terms in Bilibid, while the witnesses, to their utter amazement, received proper compensation for their services. A few days later I heard all about this case from natives away to the northward in the province of Bulacan, and I know both that the fame of it spread far and wide, and that the people marveled. They had never heard of such a thing, and could not understand it.

Lawton was a thorough believer in the natives, and was very anxious to utilize them as soldiers, by forming a mixed body of scouts composed of Americans and Tagalogs. After much difficulty he succeeded in obtaining authorization to do this. He then told me that he wanted half a dozen of the worst men in Cavite province, by preference leaders of the bands of *tulisanes*, or professional bandits, which have infested that district from time immemorial. With the aid of Calderon, I got them. The General said that he would make good citizens of them, and he did. Other men were secured for him by Captain Lara of the native police force, and about this little nucleus yet others soon gathered. The force as finally organized numbered some forty white men and fifty-two natives. It was commanded by Captain Castner. I am indebted to Captain King, of General Lawton's staff, for information as to the result of this interesting experiment. He tells me that it was a complete success. The native scouts were brave, efficient, and loyal. Not a gun was lost, nor did a man desert.


BALER
NUEVA ECIJA
TARLAC
CABANATUAN
TARLAC
SAN ISIDRO
CABIAO
SYBUL
ZAMBALES
ARAYAT
S. MIGUEL DE MAYUMO
BIAC-NA-BATO
S. ILDEFONSO
CANDABA
MAASIN
BACOLOR
BUSTOS
SAN RAFAEL
BALINAG
ANGAT
NORZAGARAY
BULACAN
PAMPANGA
INFANTA
BULACAN
SAN JOSE
BINANGONAN
NOVALICHES
SAN MATEO
BALANG
BAHIA
DE
MANILA
BATAAN
ANTIPOLO
MANILA
PASIG R.
TAYTAY
S. PEDRO MACATI
PASIG
MORONG
MORONG
PARAÑAQUE
LAS PIÑAS
NOVELETA
BACOOR
STA. CRUZ DE MALABON
IMUS
LAGUNA DE BAY
PAETE
PEREZ DASMARIÑAS
CAVITE
LAGUNA
STA. CRUZ
PAGSAJAN
CALAMBA
LOS BAÑOS
TAYABAS
BATANGAS
BATANGAS

MAP OF THE SECTION OF LUZON IN WHICH GENERAL LAWTON CARRIED ON HIS OPERATIONS.

When the final campaign opened in the north, they accompanied Lawton's advance, sometimes even going a full day's march ahead of it. On one occasion sixteen natives and two white men were given insurgent uniforms, and armed with captured Remington and Mauser rifles. Thus equipped they were sent into a village garrisoned by three riflemen and fifty bolo men, which force they captured entire, after first gathering valuable information. The white men of this command soon learned to regard their dark-skinned comrades with the respect which one brave man feels toward another.

The General was also keenly interested in the enlistment of a strong force from among the Macabebes, who were eager for an opportunity to fight their enemies, the Tagalog insurgents. I remember well his satisfaction when he could at last inform me that the organization of three companies had been authorized. Captain King tells me that this number was eventually increased to five. The Macabebes were armed with cavalry carbines and put into the field at once. They did magnificent work, fighting bravely and moving very rapidly. They sometimes even kept up with the cavalry on quick marches. It should be remembered that they served under the most trying conditions. Rushed into service immediately, as they were, there was little opportunity for the establishment of discipline. The companies had but one white officer each. They were in the country of their mortal enemies, and rations were short, yet they did not loot. They proved very loyal. On two occasions they wanted to kill men whose taking off could hardly have been justified, but their officers restrained them without difficulty.

They yielded to the fatigues of that terrible campaign more quickly than did the white troops, however, and as they sickened they were left behind at different towns, thirty or forty in a place. Under these trying conditions a few of them gave evidence of their lack of discipline and attempted to commit abuses, but they were promptly and vigorously punished. General Lawton considered the experiment a pronounced success, and he was in a position to know.

It is not my purpose to attempt to describe even in outline Lawton's last campaign, which, as the Secretary of War has well said, "was the chief factor in the destruction of the insurgent power, and was the crowning achievement of his arduous life." He conclusively demonstrated the fact that American troops, under such a leader, can operate successfully against native forces in the Philippines in spite of the most trying climatic conditions. Floods of rain and seas of mud were powerless to check his impetuous advance. He kept the enemy so busy running that they had little time to fight. When he could no longer move his transportation, he abandoned it, living off the country, but never forgetting to pay for what he took. Toward the end of the campaign his hungry and war-worn soldiers lay down night after night on the water-soaked ground, without protection of any sort, only to rise in the morning and push on again. His presence and example inspired them to deeds of bravery and endurance which will make one of the brightest pages in the history of the American army. His reputation had preceded him, and the common people welcomed him, but the insurgents complained that his troops seemed to rise out of the very ground.

In spite of the exhaustion which he must have felt after such arduous duty, he remained in Manila but a day on his return from the north, and then took the field again, riding all night through the rain in order to personally direct the ill-fated operations against San Mateo, arriving before that town in the early morning of December 18th.

Always thoughtful of his officers and men, and forgetful of himself, it is characteristic of him that he should have given up his life while trying to aid another. The fight had hardly opened when Lieutenant Breckinridge of his staff was severely wounded. The General, aided by Captain King, Lieutenant Fuller, and Major Rogers, carried him to a ditch grown full of bushes, which seemed to promise shelter, but it was found that the insurgent fire came directly down it. The General set out to search for a safer place. He had found one, and was returning when met by Captain King. At that instant he raised his hand and brushed his coat over the left breast, uttering a low exclamation. King said, "What is it, General?" He replied, "I am hit." King asked, "Where, General?" "Through the lung," came the answer. Those were his last words. He wavered, made a desperate effort to recover himself, and sank into the arms of King and Fuller. A surgeon was at hand, but in less than a moment from the time he was struck life had flown. So he died, as I know he would have preferred to die, quickly, painlessly, at the post of duty, his face toward the enemies of his country and his flag.

There are those who say that he was reckless. This is far from the truth. He was too brave a man to expose himself needlessly; but if he felt that a thing ought to be done, he would do it, no matter how thick the bullets flew. In order that he might the better perform his whole duty, he took the best possible care of his physical well-being. I know that during his entire stay in the Philippines he never allowed a drop of alcoholic stimulant to pass his lips under any circumstances whatsoever. He did not use tobacco in any form, nor would he touch coffee or tea.

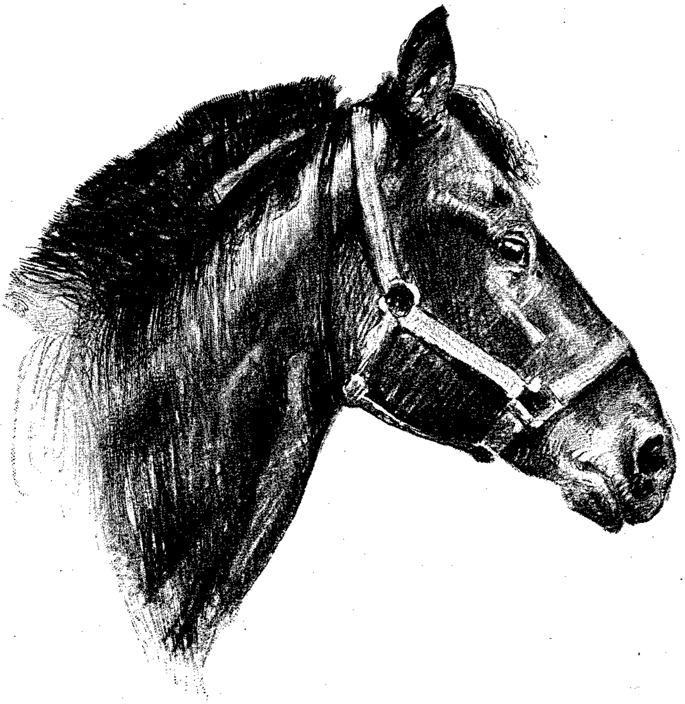
It is true that he often exposed himself. He told me that the Zapote River fight was the twenty-seventh occasion on which he had been under hot fire in the Philippines, and he added that he knew his turn would come sooner or later, if the war continued, on the mere law of chances. When he sat on his great horse where the bullets were thickest, it was not because he was reckless, but because his was that higher courage which can look death in the face without blenching. He felt that, with the force at his disposal and the work which he was called upon to do, his personal presence on the firing line was often a necessity. He was unwilling to take the chance of a little delay, or of a mistake on the part of a subordinate, which might lead to a reverse. The distinctive costume which he always wore in the field was intended to make his presence known to his own men. He believed that when they knew he was with them, sharing their hardships and their dangers, they would never fail him, and he was right.

On the night that I bade him good-by, he told me that his one anxious thought was for the devoted wife who had followed him to the Far East to make a home for him, and for the children that gladdened it. His friends take untold comfort in the fact that the only fear which ever touched the heart of Henry W. Lawton has been forever banished by the generosity of his countrymen.

Who can fittingly sum up, in a few words, the character of such a man? Simple in all his ways; true as steel; a born leader of men; ever successful, yet modest as a girl; always seeking to give credit to others and forgetful of self; loyal to his superiors; patient under hostile criticism and unjust suspicion; loved not alone by his comrades and friends, but by the natives with whom he came in contact—one cannot put it all in words. He was Lawton, and "only a regular."

It is needless to say that his death brought deepest sorrow to his countrymen. But they were not the only ones to mourn his loss. Native women came to mingle their tears with those of the wife and mother who was left desolate. The spokesman who tried to say a few words in behalf of the officials of the towns which he had organized broke down completely and cried like a child.

As I stood the other day beside his bier in the National Cemetery, and saw lying on it the wreaths that dusky hands had placed there in far-off Manila, I felt that I had lived to see the first-fruits of the great work which America has undertaken in the Far East—a work which General Lawton prosecuted with all his boundless energy, ennobled by his example, and consecrated with his life's blood. Surely it cannot be said that he has died in vain.



HEAD OF "OLD JIM." DRAWN FROM LIFE BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.

THE OLD JIM HORSE.

BY J. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

THE Superintendent of Horses in the New York Fire Department sent a substitute to Thirty-three engine one day a year or two ago, and took away a big roan horse which had served there for eighteen years and nine months. "Horse registered No. 60, unfit," is the way this act was reported officially. But the men, passing the news around the house, and thence from company to company all over town, said:

"They've taken the old Jim horse. They're going to sell Thirty-three's old Jim."

Now the firemen all knew that the old Jim horse was unfit for duty. Captain Nash, the foreman of Thirty-three, had been watching secretly for two or three years the growth of a film over the animal's big, intelligent eyes. No expert superintendent of fire horses was needed to see that Jim was going blind. But what of that? There wasn't a horse in the service that knew the business so well as Jim. There wasn't a fireman who loved a big fire more than the roan that ran in the middle of Thirty-three's team of three.

"He learned what he had to do in five minutes after he was bought and delivered here," said Captain Nash. "He caught on the first time they showed him. We never locked him in a stall. It wasn't necessary; for he never left it without permission, except to get a drink or to respond to an alarm of fire. At the first tap of the gong, he sprang forward to his place. Sometimes he came so fast that he had to slide to stop himself under the harness; and when we let him out in the street to wander around, he'd run at the call of the gong, stop on the sidewalk, turn about, and back into his place at the pole. Why, we used to put boxes and chairs in his way from the stall, but he jumped over them and would still be first in the collar. They oughtn't to have condemned Jim. He never cost the city a cent for doctor's bills. Once he fell down on the way to a fire and was dragged a block over the Broadway cobbles; but he got up without our stopping, and though he was pretty sore, we never reported him, and he got over it. Sometimes a hose would burst, but Jim didn't care if only he could turn his head out of the way. Many a shower of falling glass he has stood without flinching, as the scars on his back show, but he was never laid off a day. Half a dozen horses that were mated to him have lived their day and died, trying to pull up even with old Jim. It isn't so long ago they sent us up a spare horse to take the place of one of Jim's mates that was off being shod. There was one run, and Jim chewed the young horse's neck to make him keep up his end, afraid we'd lose first water. He was a great fire horse, was Jim. The only trouble he gave was at meal times, which he knew like a clock; and if his feed wasn't set down before him on the minute, he made a fuss, pawing at the side of his stall and starting all the other horses to kicking."

Possibly Captain Nash was prejudiced. He and Jim had served together in the same house for eleven years. But if there was anything so very wrong in concealing Jim's aging weaknesses, the captain was not the only one to blame. Hugh Bonner, the Chief of the Department, had his down-town quarters in Thirty-three's house, and he knew all about Jim, and all about Captain Nash, too, for that matter. Yet he kept mum. Then there was the Superintendent of Horses: why didn't he do something before? It is true he had condemned Jim five years ago. This, however, is the way he did it. After inspecting the horse, he walked up to the captain and said:

"Nash, the old Jim horse is getting unfit. I guess I'll have to send you a substitute."

Captain Nash did not say anything. The substitute came, and he accepted the new horse, but he didn't send Jim away. He handed over another horse. Now the stableman did not know the difference, perhaps, but the Superintendent did. He must have found that he had been fooled; and the captain, liable to punishment for disobeying orders, worried for a week. But nothing came of it. Possibly the Superintendent reported the case to the Chief. If he did, it is curious the Chief never mentioned the matter to Captain Nash. At any rate, the Chief must have known that the Jim horse had been condemned, and he certainly saw the Jim horse afterwards first at many a fire.

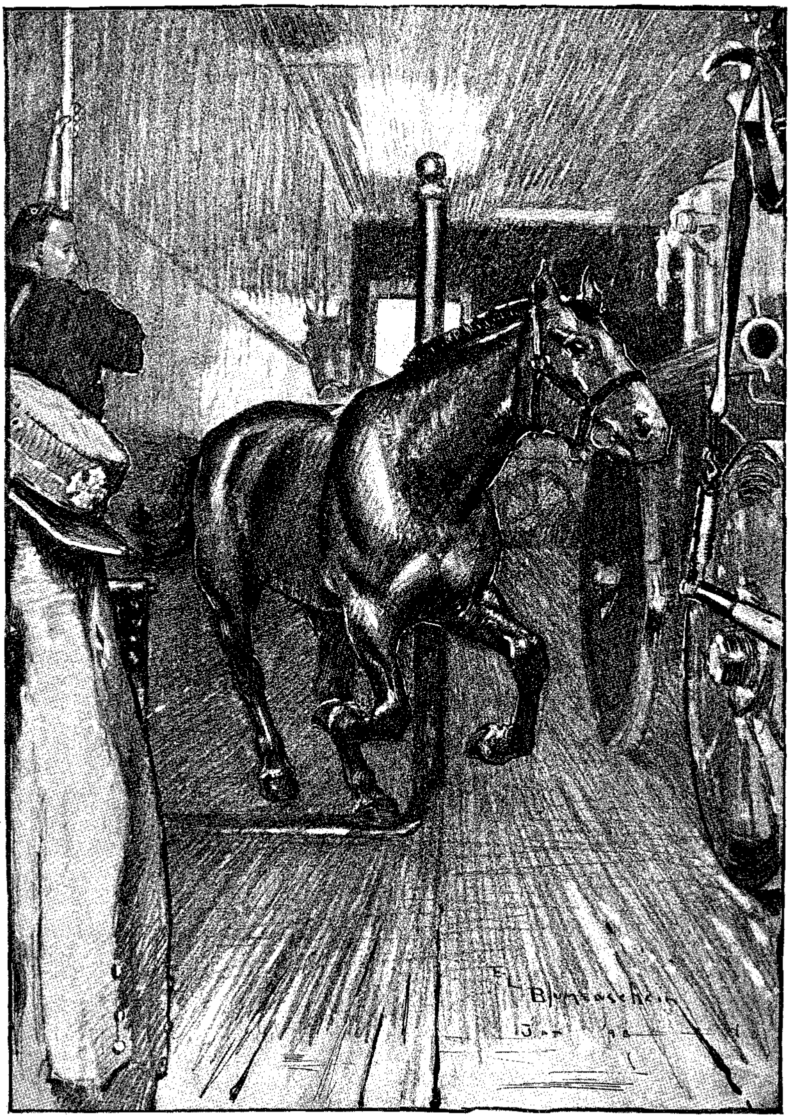
A year or two later, the Superintendent condemned Jim again, and he did it rather sharply this time. He did not say, "Nash, the old Jim horse," and so on. He commanded Captain Nash to deliver "registered horse No. 60;" but after he was out of the door, he paused, turned half around, and said:

"He isn't fit to run to fires, Nash. You better trade him off to me for a good, strong, young horse. Anyhow, I'm going to do my duty, and if you want——"

The rest was nothing but a grumble which no one could be expected to understand. The new horse arrived. The captain hesitated, till at last he thumped on his desk, and shouted down to the man on watch to transfer to the training stables the worst horse in the house. The fireman who received the order grinned, and delivered the next to the oldest horse, an animal that "never was no good, nohow." And when the trampling of the departing hoofs had died away, the men up-stairs who heard the order stopped the game of cards while one of them went below. He walked around the engine to Jim's stall, told him to get back, though the horse was not more than half a foot over the line, then returned to the game. He did not report anything verbally, but the others looked in his face, and resumed the play in great good humor. Just as they were forgetting the incident, the captain came out of his room and passed downstairs. He had to get something out of the feed-room, which is back of the horses. Old Jim tried to attract the captain's attention, but the captain wouldn't notice him.

The third time the Superintendent acted, he did not give the captain a chance for any of his tricky horse-trading. He had "registered horse No. 60" removed without talking about it, and Captain Nash was at a loss.

"I knew what it meant," said the captain afterwards. "We had a horse here once, the Buck horse. He was a good fire horse, too; nothing like Jim, but he served faithful for years, and then went lame in his off hind leg. We did what we could for him till the inspector got onto it and took him away and sold him at auction. About a year after that, when we were all standing out in front of the house one day, an old, broken-down, lame horse came along the street, pulling one of those carts that go around collecting clam-shells. He balked right opposite the door. We thought at first he was tired, and I guess he was. Maybe some of



"AT THE FIRST TAP OF THE GONG, HE SPRANG FORWARD TO HIS PLACE."

the younger firemen laughed when the crazy old driver licked his horse. But all of a sudden we took notice of the horse's sore leg, and somebody said:

"'It's the old Buck horse, boys.'

"And it was. He had stopped because he wanted to come in home, the old Buck horse did. And his leg was worse."

So Captain Nash remembered the Buck horse when they took away the Jim horse. He waited till the Chief came to the house.

Then he told him. "Chief," he said, "they've come and got the old Jim horse at last."

The Chief did not answer.

"I'd just as lief keep him, Chief," the captain continued. "He's the best horse I had. A little film over his eyes, and pretty old, but he's—he's the old Jim horse, Chief."

Another pause.

"They'll sell him into some old ash-cart or to a Polish peddler. And Jim's served long enough to have a pension."

Then the Chief answered:

"Why don't you write his record up to the Board? I'll endorse it."

"I ain't much on the write," said Nash, "but I'll try it, if you say so."

That was on a Saturday. Captain Nash

took Sunday for the job, and here is his formal report to the Board of Fire Commissioners:

> "I respectfully forward a brief history of the roan team of horses formerly used in the engine of this company. Of the original Jack horse I have not much to write, he being killed while responding to an alarm for fire at station 236 on May 30, 1881, by colliding with the shaft of Engine 13 tender. The point of the shaft entered his breast. . . . As to the horse Jim, who was received at these quarters on January 14, 1879, and performed duty therein until November 4, 1897, a period of eighteen years and nine months, the first eleven years of which Jim and his mate had to draw a heavy first-class engine, when the runs were more frequent and much longer than those of the present day, when the same identical engine is drawn by three horses. The Jim horse, in the opinion of all the officers and members ever connected with this company, and the many distinguished persons who visited these quarters, was such that they expressed the belief that there never was a horse that showed more intelligence than the Jim horse."

Here followed a recital of Jim's distinguishing traits in much the same language as that already quoted from Captain Nash.

Chief Bonner wrote something, too:

> "I take great pleasure in transmitting for your consideration the history of the Jim horse of Engine 33, for a period of nearly twenty years. . . . He was about seven years old when purchased, which would make him nearly twenty-seven years of age. I appeal to the Board in behalf of this faithful animal, that he be retained in the service of the department, and assigned to some company where the duties will be light, and that the Superintendent of Horses be directed to not include in his sale registered No. 60, which is the number assigned to this faithful animal."

"This worked," said the captain. When these communications were read at the Board meeting, the commissioners were silent a moment. Then the president said that he thought Jim had earned his pension and should be retired. No one objected; so the Superintendent of Horses was directed to keep Jim for such light work as might turn up, if there was any such. At any rate, he was not to be sold. This was the first time in the history of the department that a horse was retired like a fireman; but it paid. For example, it put a stop to Captain Nash's grumbling about the new middle horse that runs now with Thirty-three engine.

THE PASHA'S PRISONER.

By Robert Barr,

Author of "Within an Ace of the End of the World," "The Gift of Abner Grice," and other stories.

A STORY OF MODERN TURKEY.

FEW objects on this earth are more beautiful than a consular kawass. His wages may be small, but that is more than compensated for by the gorgeousness of his clothes. His outer garment unites the merits of an Inverness coat, a lady's cloak, an Arab aba, and an ulster. Sometimes it is short and comes only to his waist; often it is long, reaching down to his heels. It is wonderfully embroidered with threads of silver and of gold, and also threads of silk colored green, crimson, yellow, blue, and purple. There are wings attached to this garment at the shoulders, which give the kawass the appearance of a huge bird of tropical climes as he hurries down a Turkish street. And as if this were not enough glory, there is worked on his back the coat-of-arms of the country he represents. The emblems of some countries suit the back of a kawass better than the devices of others. There is Austria, for instance, whose double-headed black eagle stands out strongly in contrast with the rainbow splendor of the coat, and an eagle's head standing out on each shoulder blade makes the balance perfect.

When the consul drives abroad in his carriage, the kawass mounts upon the seat with the coachman, and has his hands crossed over the hilt of a broad semi-circular scimitar—that new-moon-shaped sword which we see the executioner in Eastern pictures wiping on the tail of his coat after he has rolled off a few heads on the pavement. As the kawass usually has great, sweeping black mustaches, the addition of the sword gives him an appearance of great blood-thirstiness, which is most impressive. As a matter of fact, however, he is a harmless individual who runs errands for the consul and conducts tourists to mosques and places of that sort, accepting with thankfulness a small gift in recognition of his services.

Mr. Turner's kawass knocked at the door of the consular room, and, on being told to enter, displayed to the consul a face laboring under some powerful agitation.

"Well, what is it?" asked Consul Turner.

"Excellency, the man who disappeared has come back."

"What man who disappeared, Selim?"

"The cold-water man, Excellency."

"Oh, McSimmins. He didn't disappear; he went home, you remember. He sent his papers to me about a month ago, with a request for a permit to leave the country, which was quite unnecessary. You brought me the papers, and I gave them back to you."

"Yes, Excellency," said the kawass nervously.

"So he has returned, has he? What does he want?"

"Yes, Excellency, and he demands to see you; but I thought it better not to let him in."

"Why, Selim?"

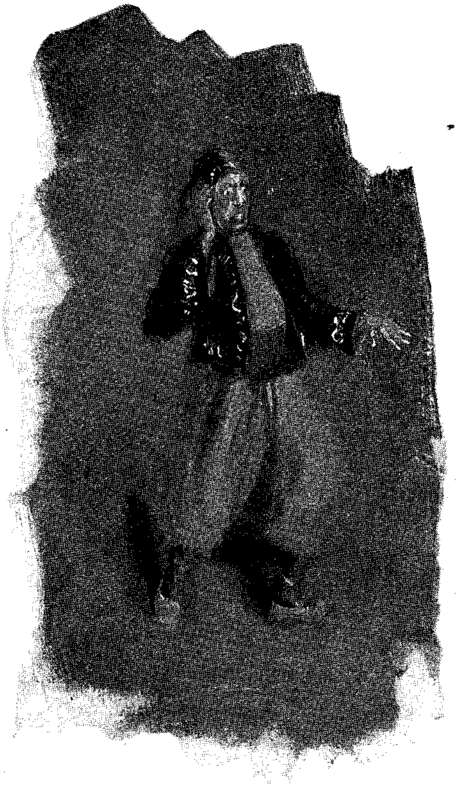
"I think he is insane, Excellency."

"Oh, that is nothing new; I thought it from the first."

"He is here, Excellency, in a Turkish pasha's uniform, and he will not go away. Then he acted very strangely, and it may not be safe to let him in."

"Oh, nonsense. Let him come in. McSimmins wouldn't hurt anybody."

The kawass departed with evident reluctance, and shortly after, an extraordinary figure presented itself to the consul's view. He wore the costume of a Turkish pasha, and had stuck on his head a red fez with a long silken tassel. He came in stepping with caution, as if walking on thin ice. He held his open hand tremblingly before him, as if anticipating a fall, and his head bobbed about in an erratic manner that threatened to dislodge the fez, and kept the silken tassel swaying to and fro.


"He held his open hand tremblingly before him."

"I—I—I—I'm afraid," he said, with a stammer, "that you don't recognize me, Mr. Turner."

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the consul; "you are Mr. McSimmins, who came over here to convert the Turk by means of a daily bath, quite ignoring my suggestion that the Turk already performed his ablutions five times a day."

"Ah, yes, Consul, quite true, quite true; but only his hands and feet; and I still hold that, if you submerged the Turk once a day, he would prove a different man."

"Well," said the consul, "I have often thought that if the whole country were submerged for twenty minutes, it would be, on the whole, an improvement; still that is an opinion that must not be mentioned outside the consular residence. But, as I suggested to you before, if cleanliness were your object, the Turkish bath is not altogether unknown even in our own country, and is supposed to be reasonably efficient."

"It is warm and enervating," said McSimmins, speaking with stuttering hesitation, which seemed to show that his theory was not perfectly grounded. "I advocate cold water, you know."

"Yes, I remember you did," began the consul; but he was interrupted by McSimmins suddenly precipitating himself on the floor and clutching wildly at the carpet. The consul sprang to his feet with an exclamation of dismay.

"It's all right," cried McSimmins; "don't be alarmed. The room is spinning round, but it will steady down in a minute; then I'll get up. Just wait till things come to a stand-still again."

Presently the groveling man rose to his

knees, and then tremulously to his feet. "You will excuse me if I sit down?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the consul, also seating himself. "What is the trouble; Saint Vitus's dance or anything of that kind?"

"Something of that kind," echoed the visitor. "I don't really know what the trouble is, but I'll tell you what it feels like. It feels as if my brain had become loosened from the inside of my skull, like a ripe kernel in a nut; then, if I walk hurriedly, it turns over, and the whole world turns with it, and I have to get down on my hands and knees and shake my head till my brain gets right side up again. Do I make myself clear?"

"Oh, perfectly clear," said the consul, edging his chair back a little. "Will you excuse me, Mr. McSimmins, while I call in my kawass? I have some business for him to do, and you can tell your story with perfect freedom in his presence, for I make a confidant of him anyhow," and the consul reached his hand toward the bell.

McSimmins smiled grimly. "You needn't be afraid, Consul; I am not going to touch you. Of course no man makes a confidant of his kawass, and you think now that I am crazy. I don't blame you at all; and if you are really afraid of me, draw your chair near the door, and I'll stay over in the remotest corner of the room. But I should like you to listen to what I have to say; officially, that is what you are here for, you know."

"Oh, I am not afraid at all," replied the consul, thinking it, however, worth while to add, "I never think myself in danger, because I keep my loaded revolver in the drawer here before me." Saying which, he took the weapon out, and placed it on his table.

"A most sensible precaution," rejoined McSimmins, nodding his head. The nodding seemed to be unfortunate, for he paused breathlessly, put his two open palms up to the side of his face, gave his head a few jerks this way and that, and then murmured, with a sigh of contentment, "That's all right."

The consul thought it well to ignore the re-turning of the brain which was evidently taking place under McSimmins's manipulation, and so he said, as if nothing extraordinary had happened: "When did you return, Mr. McSimmins?"

"Return; from where?"

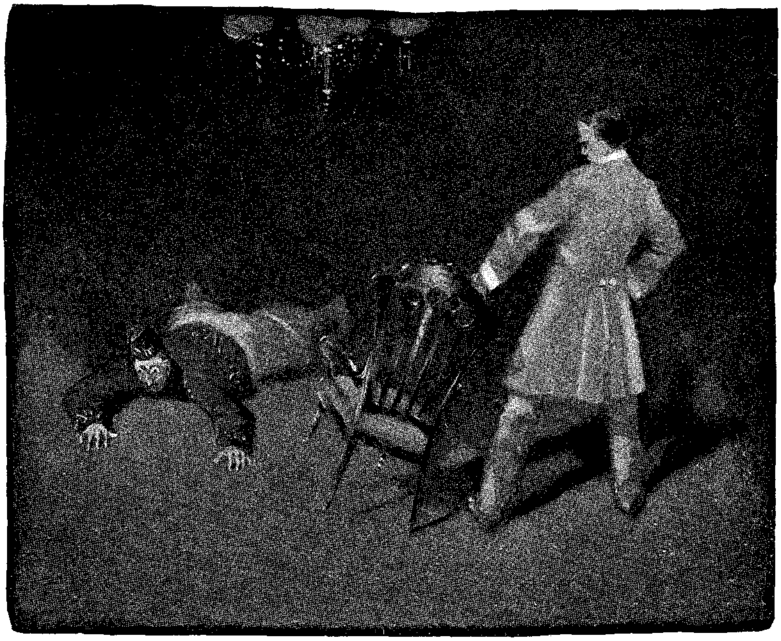
"You sailed for home about a month ago."

"Oh, no, I didn't," corrected the visitor.

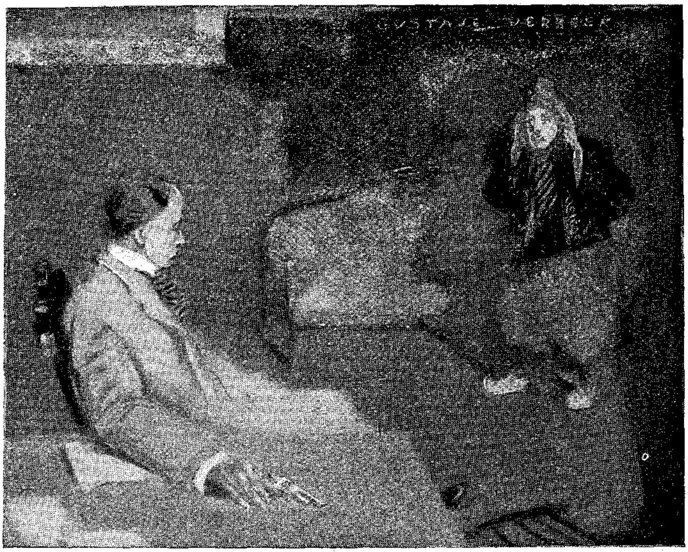
"Well, you sent your papers here, and asked for a permit to leave the country, and I wrote a note to you saying that a permit was not necessary, and not hearing from you again, I took it for granted that you had sailed."

"Ah, I see," mused McSimmins, about to nod again, which motion he suddenly stopped by putting his hand to his forehead. "I have never left Turkey; in truth, I have been the guest of Zimri Pasha for the last month."

"Really," said the consul. "Well, the pasha is a most excellent man, and I wish there were more officials like him. He told me he took a great interest in your cold-water scheme and was doing his best to help you, and seemed surprised to hear that I didn't take much interest in it myself."



"The consul sprang to his feet."



"He took the weapon out, and placed it on his table."

"Yes, I think I converted him," said McSimmins; "but only this afternoon. About a month ago he sent a messenger to me asking me to bring my papers to him, and added that he would be glad to learn something further of the scheme I had in hand, as he was inclined to believe in it and wished for more information."

"That's what he told me," remarked the consul, "and he expressed his regret at your early departure."

"Very well. I called on him at the hour named, which was after dark. You know the pasha's house perhaps, Consul?"

"Yes; I have visited him somewhat frequently. He is, as I have said, the most intelligent Turkish official I have yet met, and seems to have a sincere desire to elevate the people."

"That describes him exactly," agreed McSimmins. "He delights in the elevation of the people, and is very successful at it too."

"I shouldn't go so far as to say that," demurred the consul. "I have never observed any practical results from his endeavors in that line."

"Ah, there you do him wrong," pleaded McSimmins earnestly. "You see I know the pasha better than you do, for I have been his guest for a month. But to go on with my story. On entering I was led past the semi-public room in which the pasha transacts his business, taken across the first court, in which the palm trees grow, into a smaller room beyond, a room along the three sides of which were divans covered with rich Oriental rugs, and here, asking me to be seated, the attendant disappeared between the heavy curtains which hung over the doorway. Presently that obsequious secretary of the pasha came in, followed by a servant bearing a tray on which were two tiny cups of coffee. The secretary saluted me with that groveling deference of which he is the cringing master, and asked me to be good enough to give him all my papers, so that the pasha might scrutinize them. The pasha, he added, would have pleasure in meeting me socially after the business was transacted. I had my passport and other papers in a blue envelope, reposing in my inside pocket, and this envelope I handed to the secretary. He then bade me, in his master's name, regale myself with the coffee, which I did. I imagine the coffee was drugged, for shortly after taking it I became sleepy, and remembered no more until I found myself securely pinioned in the Court of the Great Fountain. Have you seen the Court of the Great Fountain?"

"No," replied the consul, "I have never been admitted further into the residence of the pasha than the Court of the Palms."

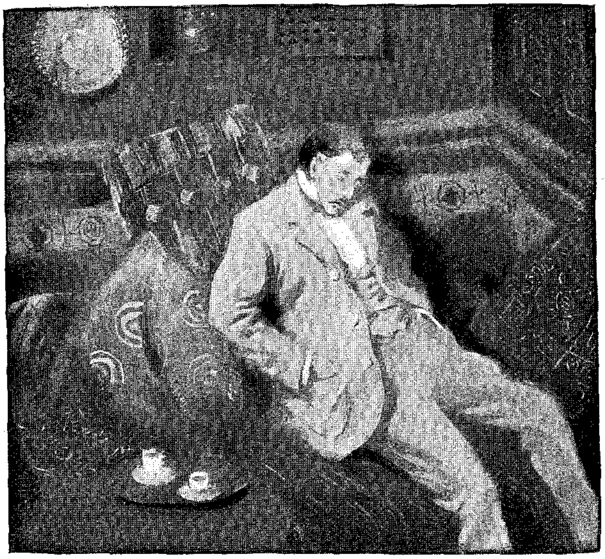
"The pasha's house is an enormous conglomeration of buildings, somewhat resembling a stone-walled city. Beautiful as the Court of Palms is, it does not compare with the magnificence of the Court of the Great Fountain. The pavement is a mosaic of various colored marbles, all the rest is of the purest white. Arabic arches are supported by slender glistening pillars, which seemed to me to be made of onyx, or some rare white stone. The arches themselves are of marble, looking like carved virgin snow; these form a broad, cool veranda that completely surrounds the court. The floor of the veranda is elevated perhaps six inches above the tesselated pavement, and is almost covered with rich Persian rugs. But the striking feature of the court is the fountain. The water, I imagine, is obtained from some stream or lake in the neighboring mountains, and the fountain consists of one huge jet as thick as a man's thigh, which shoots straight up into the air like a liquid palm tree. It falls back musically into a deep, broad pond, which is bordered by a heavy coping of marble. The convolutions of this coping form a margin to this pond that is amazingly irregular, and which, the pasha told me, spells out in Arabic his favorite text from the Koran."

"What an excellent idea," interrupted the consul.

"Isn't it?" agreed his visitor. "Perhaps I didn't appreciate it at the moment as much as I should have done, for I found myself in a most cramped and uncomfortable position. A stout stick had been thrust under my knees, and my arms had been drawn under the projecting ends of this stick until my knees struck against my breast. My wrists were strapped together, and the straps fastened in some way behind my back. My ankles were united by fetters, and I lay thus in a helpless heap like a trussed fowl. The pasha sat cross-legged on a pile of rugs and pillows under the veranda, peacefully smoking a water-pipe, of which the hubble-bubble was drowned by the musical plashing of the great fountain. He sipped now and then some coffee from a little cup on a table by his side, and regarded me placidly with that serene, contemplative gaze which you may have noticed in his dreamy eyes when he is inclined to converse on philosophic subjects. Standing near him were four stalwart Nubians, black as ebony, whose tongues the pasha afterward informed me he had been compelled to order removed, as irresponsible gossip among his menials was irksome to him.

"After a time the pasha was good enough to address me. He expressed in choice phrase his pleasure at seeing me a guest under his humble roof, although at the moment the roof above me was the sky, besprinkled with brilliant stars. He added that he had been much interested in my cold-water scheme, and would be pleased to learn from my own lips how I was getting on since I had honored his district with my presence.

"I replied, with a glance at my bonds, that just at the moment I was not getting on with any degree of rapidity. The pasha was condescending enough to smile at this and bow toward me. Then, after a few whiffs at his pipe and a sip of coffee, he proceeded with the utmost suavity: 'I have been giving some attention of late to the cold-water problem, and have determined to make some practical experiments that will test its value. The marble coping round the fountain at your back was constructed by a Greek slave whom I once possessed, and who, although he had most artistic hands, labored under the affliction of a flighty head, which I was compelled to remove. Under my directions, he did his work well, and the coping spells in Arabic the phrase, *If you meet a friend in the desert who lacks for water, give him of your store plenteously.* I now propose to vivify this motto by following its counsel on your behalf.'



"I became sleepy."

"'Indeed, Pasha,' said I, 'there is a sufficiency of water about me already, and my clothes are even now wet through.'

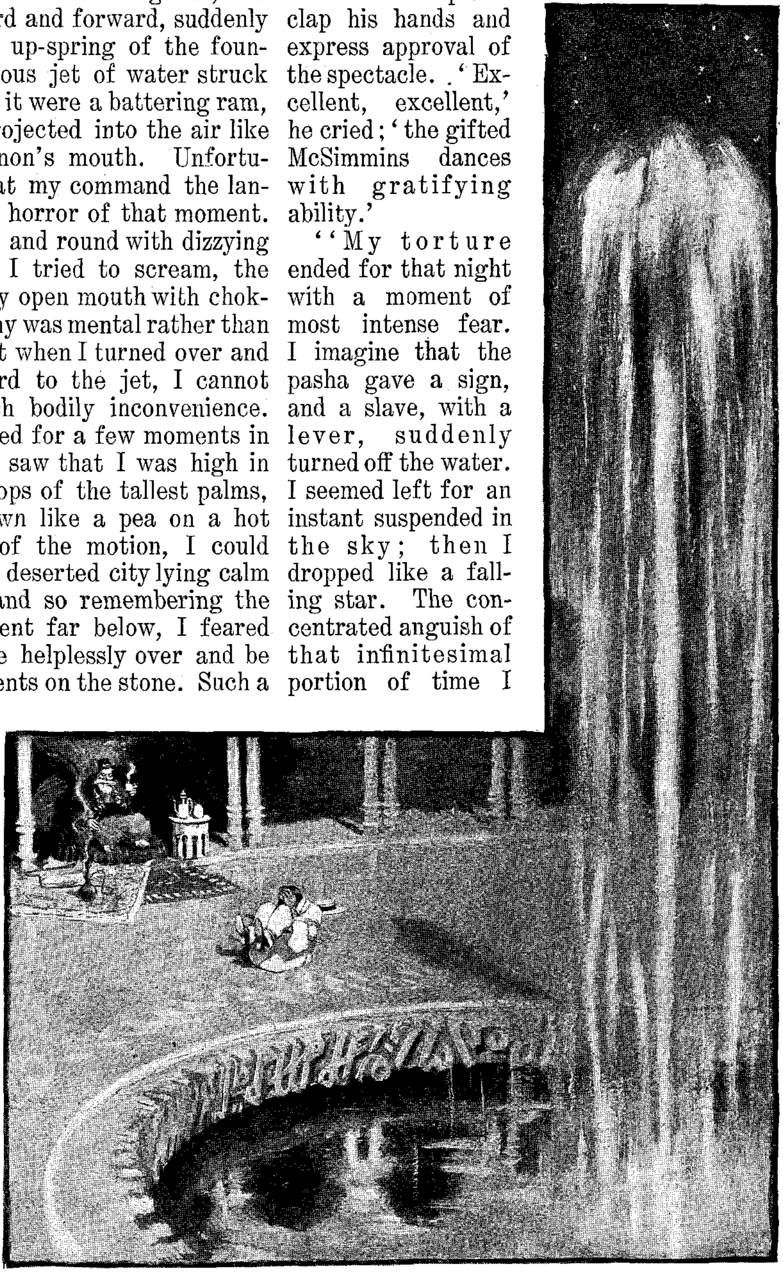
"'My Nubians,' returned the pasha calmly, 'were reluctantly compelled to dip you in the fountain, so that you might return to the full enjoyment of your senses, which had seemingly departed from you. This submersion has happily had the desired result, and thus I have the privilege of holding converse with you. But my bounty does not stop so meagerly. The adage says *plenteously*, and upon that adage I purpose to act.'

"'I beg to call your attention, Pasha, to the fact that I am a citizen of a country at peace with the government of the Sultan. With the utmost respect toward your authority, I hereby protest against my present treatment, and warn you that if you contemplate further indignity, you will carry it out at your peril.'

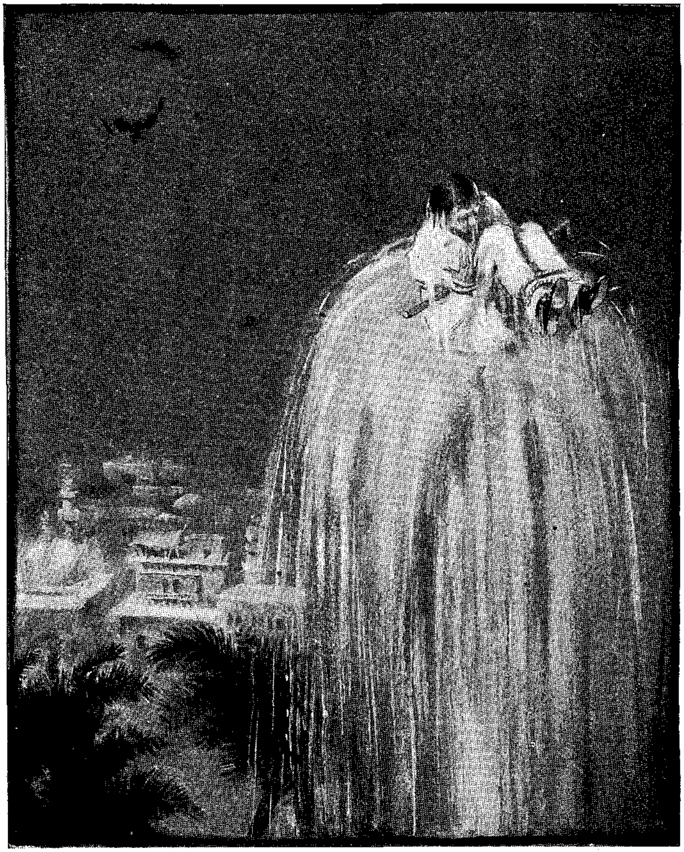
"The pasha stroked his beard, and acknowledged my remark with a courteous bow. 'That introduces the elements of an international discussion into our conversation,' he said with a reproachful tinge in his tone, 'and in social intercourse I think anything of a political nature is apt to prove a disturbing subject. Let us confine ourselves to your cold-water theories.'

"With this he made a sign to his Nubians, and two of them, springing forward, picked me up as if I had been a bale of goods, and swaying me backward and forward, suddenly heaved me into the up-spring of the fountain. The tremendous jet of water struck me on the back as if it were a battering ram, and I felt myself projected into the air like a shot from a cannon's mouth. Unfortunately, I have not at my command the language to depict the horror of that moment. I was whirled round and round with dizzying rapidity, and when I tried to scream, the water dashed into my open mouth with choking force. My agony was mental rather than physical, for, except when I turned over and lay mouth downward to the jet, I cannot say there was much bodily inconvenience. Once when I remained for a few moments in a sitting posture, I saw that I was high in the air above the tops of the tallest palms, popping up and down like a pea on a hot griddle. In spite of the motion, I could easily recognize the deserted city lying calm in the moonlight, and so remembering the hard marble pavement far below, I feared that I would tumble helplessly over and be smashed into fragments on the stone. Such a catastrophe, however, did not happen, and by and by I realized that it was quite impossible to escape from the influence of the water jet. The great danger was of being smothered in the spray—drowned in mid-air. I had the peculiar sensation of sinking into a watery cushion from which the rebound dandled me as if I were a baby. Sometimes, when the powerful fountain gave me an extra fling aloft, I turned over and came head downward with sickening swiftness into what seemed to be a hollow tube of water. Then I came near to suffocation; but at once the heaving column would reassert its power and toss me aloft again, when I could breathe once more. Now and then I caught a glimpse of the full moon in the cloudless blue sky, and it appeared to be dancing a hilarious jig with me. In spite of the noise of the water, I heard the pasha clap his hands and express approval of the spectacle. 'Excellent, excellent,' he cried; 'the gifted McSimmins dances with gratifying ability.'

"'My torture ended for that night with a moment of most intense fear. I imagine that the pasha gave a sign, and a slave, with a lever, suddenly turned off the water. I seemed left for an instant suspended in the sky; then I dropped like a falling star. The concentrated anguish of that infinitesimal portion of time I



. . . "*I found myself securely pinioned in the Court of the Great Fountain.*"



"*I cannot say there was much bodily inconvenience.*"

shall never forget. It was in my mind that the pasha intended to impale me on the stand-pipe from which the jet issued, but such was not the case. The water was turned on again before I reached the level of the veranda, and such was the terrific force of the impact, it rising and I falling, that I became instantly insensible; and when I woke to consciousness, I found myself stretched on some rugs under the veranda, my wet garments removed. But perhaps I weary you with this lengthened recital?"

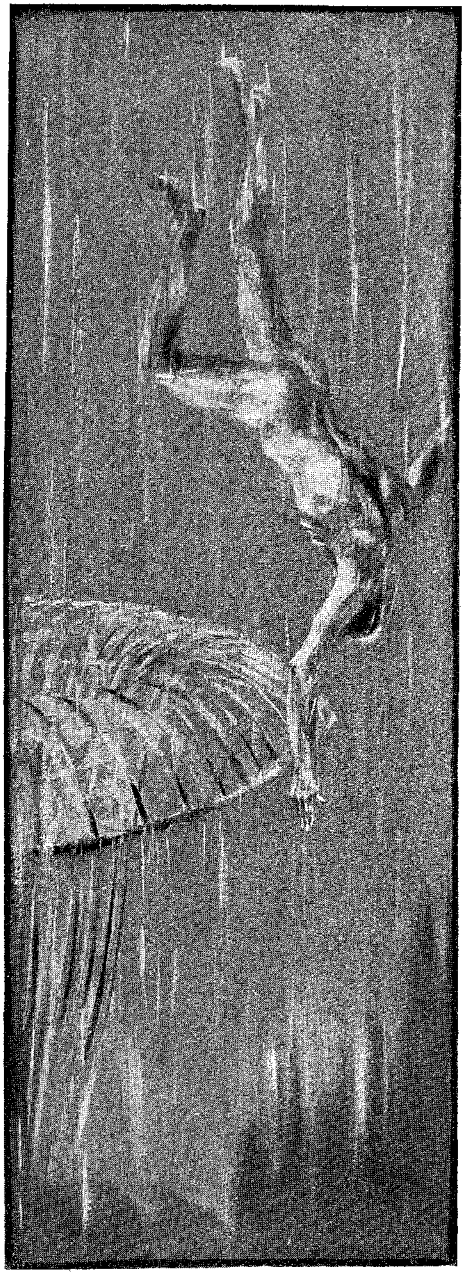
"On the contrary," said the consul, "I was never more interested in my life."

The visitor nodded, and having disturbed his brain by doing so, readjusted it by manipulating his head with his hands.

"I was taken to a cell in which there was no light and very little air, and there I lay all night unable to sleep, sprawling round on the floor, which seemed to be heaving under me. Next evening I was taken out again, and once more flung into the fountain. All the while I anticipated that dreadful drop again; but the pasha, fearing probably that he would kill me outright, amused himself by modifying the torture. The slaves gave periodical jerks at the lever, cutting off a little water at a time, and lowering it a few feet, so that I descended by stages until almost on a level with the veranda; then I would be shot up into mid-air again. Night after night of this gave me that loosening sensation in the brain of which I complained to you, and the result of which you saw when I fell on the carpet. I sometimes got a little sleep in my cell during the day; but my rest was always broken, for the moment I began to dream I was tossing in the fountain again. At last I saw that insanity was bound to intervene, so I resolved on suicide. One evening, being more loosely bound than usual, I turned, by a great effort, a kind of somersault, and flung myself free of the column of water. I hoped to strike the marble pavement, but I fell instead into the pond, and was instantly fished out by the Nubians. I told the pasha I was determined to kill myself, and so for several nights I was not brought out from my cell. Sometimes I thought that he had relented; but when I reviewed the situation carefully, I saw that he dare not let me go, for if I could get my government to believe the extraordinary tale I had to tell, it would be bound to bring him to book for his conduct. When again I was dragged into the Court of the Great Fountain, I found that in the interval he had built a sort of basket around the stand-pipe. This was made of springy steel or iron, and it opened like a huge flower, upward, something like a metal calla lily, if you understand what I mean.

"'I should be delighted, Mr. McSimmins,' said the pasha most blandly, 'if you would favor me again with your vault from the top of the column.'

"I favored him, and fell into the network of the basket, and was hurled instantly into the jet, and aloft again almost before I realized that I had dropped. This amused the



"*I . . . projected myself into the air.*"

pasha very much, and he was loud in his praise of the feat. Wishing to test still further the efficiency of the basket, he had the fountain gradually shut off, and let me come down into the receptacle; then the Nubians took me out of it, undid my bonds, and set my limbs free. When this was done, at a sign from the pasha, they flung me sprawling into the basket. I clasped the network and shrieked, while they pushed me farther in, until at last the water caught me, and once more, breathless with its force, I found myself aloft; but this time with arms and legs loose, sprawling like the wings of a wind-mill gone mad. I was amazed to find after a time that, because of this freedom of the limbs, I could somewhat balance myself, and before the night had passed I was able to stand upright and tread water, as it were, keeping my position for some time by the exercise of great care. Of course every now and then all my calculations were overset by the sudden ceasing of the fountain, which, removing my support and instantly undermining my confidence, left me floundering helplessly in the basket, until the stream resumed its play.

"After the basket had been constructed, the pasha, apparently selfishly, wished to enjoy the spectacle alone, and accordingly sent his slaves away, and they remained absent until the clapping of his hands brought them into the court again, when I was lowered and taken to my cell. And now, Consul Turner, you see how I have been treated. I have no complaint to make, and do not intend to give you any trouble in this matter at all, but I am fatigued with talking, and if you will charitably allow me a bed in your house to-night, I will be deeply grateful to you."

"Certainly, Mr. McSimmins, certainly. But how did you escape?"

"If you will permit me, Consul, after the manner of the Arabian Nights, to leave the remainder of the story untold until to-morrow morning, it will be a great kindness to me in my present state of fatigue."

"But it won't take you long, Mr. McSimmins, to give me the climax. Do you mean to say that this treatment of you lasted the whole of the past month?"

"Up to this very evening, Consul. I have my own reasons for wishing to postpone the culmination of my narrative until to-morrow morning, if you will be so good as to indulge me. You see that I am in a shattered condition, my nerves are wrecked, and although I do not know that I can sleep, I should like very much to go to bed."

"You are perfectly safe here," said the consul, "and need have no further anxiety. I will make my kawass sleep outside your door to protect you."

"No, no, Consul. I don't want a Turk near me, and I distrust your kawass and all the rest of them. Would you mind to-night, if you have a double-bedded room, being in the same room with me?"

"I can do better than that," said the consul. "There is a room opening off mine, and I will have a bed put in it; then no one can come near you without passing through my room."

"That will do excellently," said McSimmins, seemingly much relieved.

"The difficulty in obtaining redress," continued the consul, "will be in proving what you say; but somehow I find myself believing your story, incredible as it seems, and I also believe the pasha's secretary gave your papers to my kawass, which, in a way, is direct proof. I shall call the pasha to account to-morrow morning."

"No," said McSimmins, "I do not wish redress, nor do I ask you to take the slightest trouble on my account."

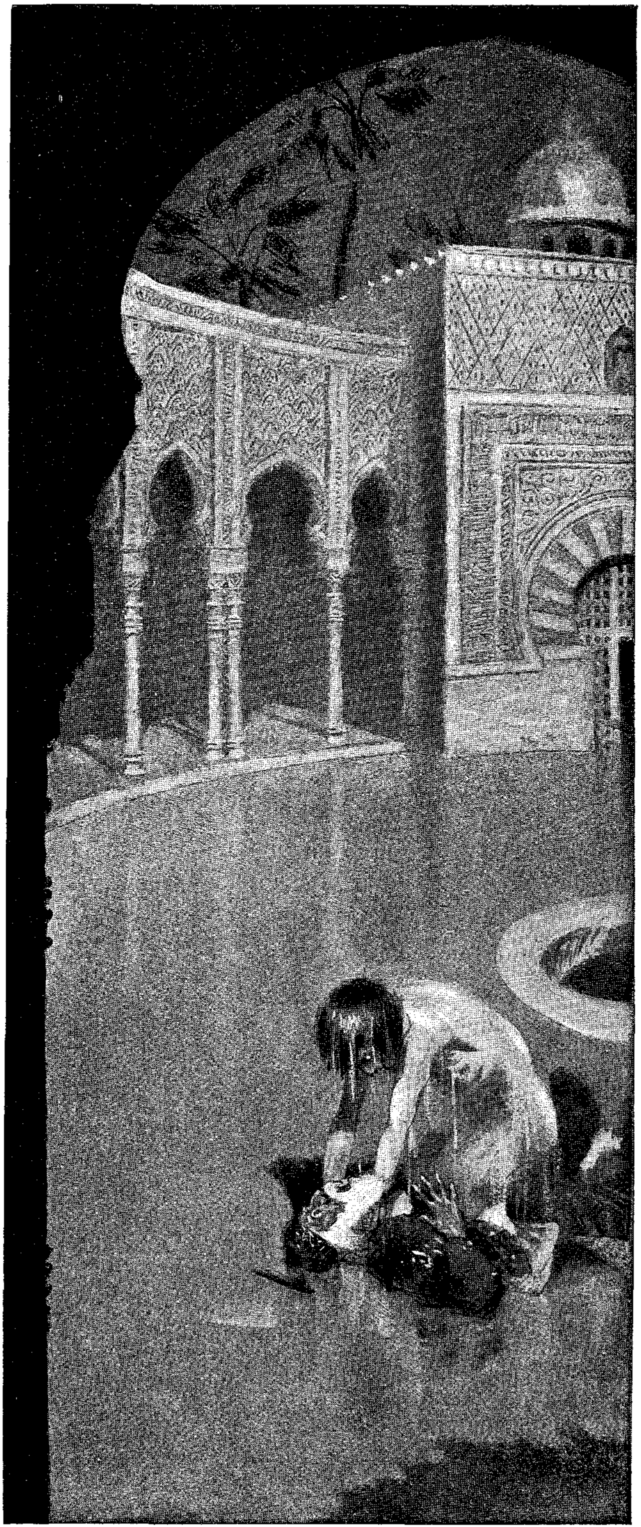
"But such treatment of a free citizen of a friendly country is intolerable, and we must at least attempt to obtain justice, although I am not confident that you will get any satisfaction."

"Well, if you don't mind, we will discuss that to-morrow morning. I really feel unable to cope with even the simplest problem to-night. Remember, I spent the fore part of this evening at the top of that fountain."

The consul, without more ado, led McSimmins to his chamber, and several times that night heard him thumping round the room on the floor. Early next morning, when he entered his guest's room, he found him lying awake. "I am afraid," he said, "that you did not have much rest last night."

"Oh, indeed, I feel quite refreshed, thank you; although I precipitated myself on the floor several times during the night. I hope I did not disturb you."

"Not at all," replied the consul. "And now will you excuse my curiosity and tell me how you escaped?"



"In a moment I was at his throat."

"That was, after all, a very simple matter. I don't know whether I told you that, latterly, to save themselves trouble, they got into the habit of flinging me into the fountain stark naked; but, as I think I mentioned, I became quite expert at balancing myself on the top of the jet. Last night, when the slaves had departed, I put my hands over my head and projected myself into the air, endeavoring to fall clear of the basket, which I did. In a moment I scrambled over the marble coping, and I think the pasha was dozing, for he made no motion either to stop me or to call his slaves. I was afraid my brain would play me a trick, and so I acted with intense celerity. In a moment I was at his throat, and had him pinioned and helpless on his back. Gripping his windpipe with my left hand, I undid his scarf with my right, and soon had it bow-stringed round his neck——"

"You surely did not strangle him?" cried the consul horrified.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't think of doing such a thing. I have a great respect for the position of pasha. I gagged him so that he could not cry out, and tied his hands so that he could not clap them together. Then, with some difficulty, I stripped him, and dressed myself in his clothes. He seemed stunned very much by the suddenness of my onslaught; and seeing that he was too panic-stricken to cry out, I ungagged him, and unbound his hands. Then picking him up—all the time I was struggling with him, remember, I saw three pashas, my brain wobbling about like loose nails in a rolling barrel; but I steadily concentrated my attention on the middle pasha, and resolved to attend to the other two afterwards if they should be still there—picking him up, then, as I say, I flung him, back downward, into the basket, and before you could snap your fingers, he was dancing on the water-spout high above the palm trees. The other two pashas had gone up with him; and so, folding his robes around me, I walked calmly down the passage, through the Monkey Court, along the other passage, through the Court of Palms, and so out into the street, unimpeded, the watchman opening the gate for me and closing it behind me without a word. That is the beauty of having well-trained servants, unaccustomed to question any act a man does. From there I came directly to your residence, and here I remain until you can get me on shipboard."

"But, McSimmins, you don't mean to say you have left the pasha there all night?"

"I have but followed his own Arabic text, which you will find engraved around his fountain. I have given him water, and plenty of it. It was not for me to interfere further. I did not tell you last night, fearing you might consider it your duty to intervene. If the pasha likes his position at the top of the fountain, he has doubtless remained there; and I can assure him, from experience, that it will take him several days to learn to make the dive I made."

"Oh, but this is most serious, McSimmins, taking the law into your own hands in that way and endangering the person of the pasha."

"I took the pasha into my own hands, but there *is* no law in his caravansary, and I didn't like to trouble my government over a small personal matter like this, knowing they would talk a great deal and do nothing. And, after all, one cannot pay a greater compliment to his host than to follow his example."

"I must send down at once and see what is the outcome of this."

"Certainly," returned McSimmins; "it would only be a neighborly thing to do."

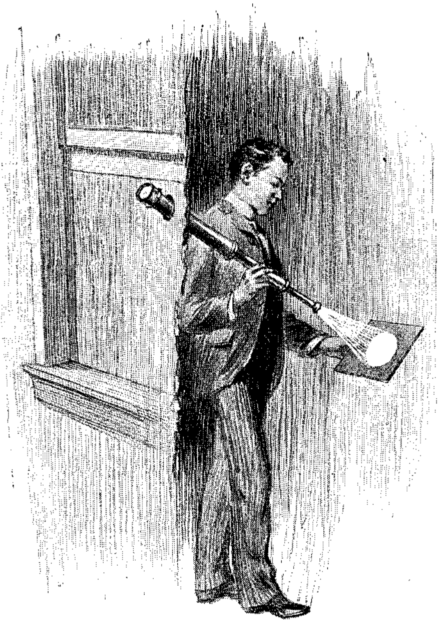
But at that moment the gorgeous kawass rapped at the consul's door. "Excellency," he said, a thrill of fear in his quivering voice, "news has come that the Pasha Zimri has been found drowned in his own fountain. Mysterious are the ways of Allah, the good pasha is gone."

"Ah," said McSimmins grimly, "every situation has its compensations. If he has had too much water in this world, it is not likely that he will have to complain of an over-supply in the next."

THE COMING TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

By Professor Simon Newcomb.

WHAT ASTRONOMERS HOPE TO LEARN FROM THIS ECLIPSE.—WHAT THEY HAVE LEARNED FROM PREVIOUS ECLIPSES.



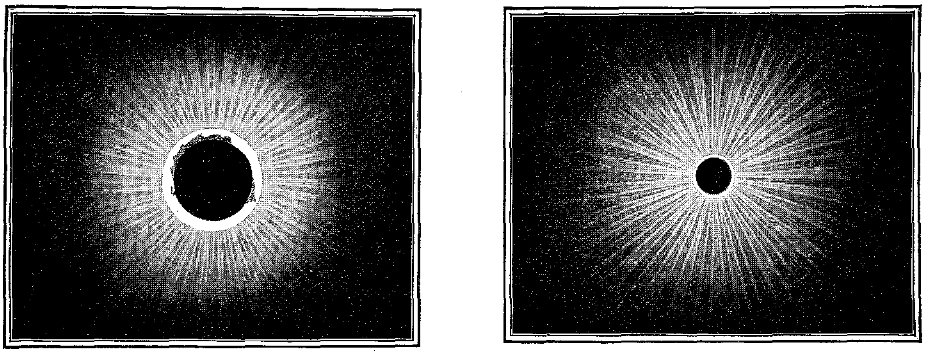
How an image of the sun may be thrown on a screen with a small telescope or a common spy-glass.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun is one of the most impressive sights that nature offers to the eye of man. Such a sight will be witnessed by dwellers along a certain line in Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, and the Carolinas on the 28th of May. To see it to the best advantage, one should be in an elevated position commanding the largest possible view of the surrounding country, especially in the direction from which the shadow of the moon is to come. The first indication of anything unusual is to be seen, not on the earth or in the air, but on the disk of the sun. At the predicted moment, a little notch will be seen to form somewhere on the western edge of the sun's outline. It increases minute by minute, gradually eating away as it were the visible sun. No wonder that imperfectly civilized people, when they saw the great luminary thus diminishing in size, fancied that a dragon was devouring its substance.

For some time, perhaps an hour, nothing will be noticed but the continued progress of the advancing moon. It will be interesting if, during this time, the observer is in the neighborhood of a tree that will permit the sun's rays to reach the ground through the small openings in its foliage. The little images of the sun which form here and there on the ground will then have the form of the partially eclipsed sun. Soon the latter appears as the new moon, only instead of increasing, the crescent form grows thinner minute by minute. Even then, so well has the eye accommodated itself to the diminishing light, there may be little noticeable darkness until the crescent has grown very thin. If the observer has a telescope with a dark glass for viewing the sun, he will now have an excellent opportunity of seeing the mountains on the moon. The unbroken limb of the sun will keep its usual soft and uniform outline. But the inside of the crescent, the edge of which is formed by the surface of the moon, will be rough and jagged in outline.

A few minutes before the last vestige of the sun is to disappear, the growing darkness will become very noticeable. It is a curious fact that the darkness does not seem to come on uniformly, but like a series of shadows, following each other at intervals of a few seconds. The cause of these seeming shadows has been the subject of some discussion; but there is reason to believe that they are an optical illusion, caused by the unequal rate at which the eye accommodates itself to the diminution of light.

A short time before the fading crescent is to disappear, the observer should look toward the point from which the shadow is to come—commonly not far from the west, say between southwest and northwest. If the air is quite clear, the shadow will first be seen on the distant horizon, advancing at the rate of a mile in every two, three, or four seconds, according to circumstances. The nearer the time is to noon, the slower will



Eclipse of June 24, 1778.

Eclipse of June 18, 1806.

VIEWS OF THE SOLAR CORONA DURING TOTAL ECLIPSES.

be the advance, and the more impressive the sight. On it comes. In a moment the spectator will be enveloped in it. The advancing mountains on the rugged surface of the moon have reached the sun's edge, and nothing is seen of the latter except a row of broken fragments or points of light, shining between the hollows on the lunar surface. They last but a second or two before they vanish.

Now is seen the glory of the spectacle. The sky is clear and the sun in mid-heaven, and yet no sun is visible. Where the latter ought to be, the densely black globe of the moon hangs, as it were, in mid-air. It is surrounded by an effulgence radiating a saintly glory. This is now known as the "corona." Though bright enough to the unaided vision, it is seen to the best advantage with a telescope of very low magnifying power. Even a common opera glass may suffice. With a telescope of high power only a portion of the corona is visible, and thus the finest part of the effect is lost. A common spy-glass, magnifying ten or twelve times, is better, so far as the splendor of the effect is concerned, than the largest telescope. Such an instrument will show, not only the corona itself, but the so-called "prominences"—fantastic cloud-like forms of rosy color rising here and there, seemingly from the dark body of the moon.

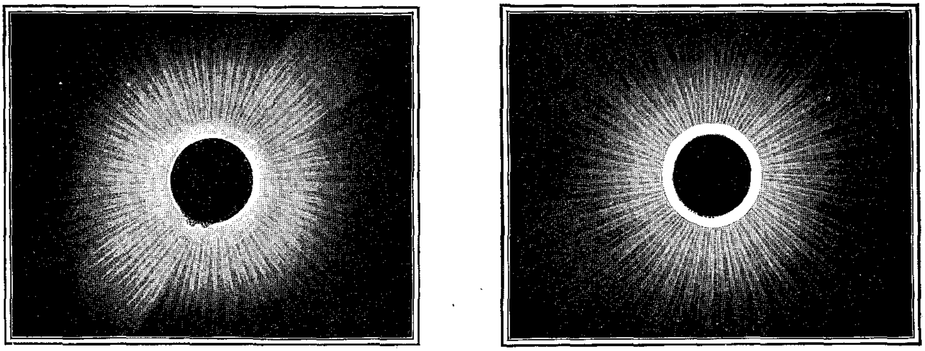
The darkness during the height of an eclipse is not so great as it is sometimes supposed to be. The sun still illuminates the atmosphere outside the region of the shadow, casting into the whole dark interior a "disastrous twilight," as Milton calls it, strong enough to enable the astronomer to read the time by his chronometer without difficulty. It may be likened to the actual twilight about half an hour after sunset.

Under any circumstances the observer will have but a short time to enjoy the scene. In a minute or two, perhaps three, four, or five minutes, according to circumstances, sunlight will be seen coming from the same direction as that from which the shadow advanced. A few seconds more, and it flashes upon the observer. The glory disappears in a moment, and, except for the partially eclipsed sun, nature assumes her usual aspect.

Much has been written about the effect of such an eclipse upon animals. Quite likely these descriptions have been exaggerated. But it has not always been thus in the case of men. Arago tells of a girl in the south of France who was tending cattle in the fields during the eclipse of 1842, which was total over the region in which she lived. Filled with alarm at the black object which had usurped the place of the sun, she ran forward crying. When light returned and the sun reappeared, she dried her tears with the exclamation, "Oh, beautiful sun!"

Of late years a powerful aid has been lent to astronomy by photography. With the sensitive chemicals now used in the photographic art it is possible to photograph celestial objects which are invisible to the eye. Millions of stars are now being charted in the sky, and thousands of faint nebulæ discovered, which the human eye would never have seen, even when aided by the most powerful telescope. Now it is hoped that our astronomers will apply some method of photographing the sky around the sun during the coming eclipse. If there is any object or any group of objects there of which the attraction would produce any effect, we hope that it may be discovered.

The eclipse will in some of these particulars be fortunate and in others unfortunate. It is rare indeed that such a phenomenon occurs in a climate where there is so little cloud as in the region of Georgia and North



Eclipse of July 8, 1842. *Eclipse of July 28, 1851.*

VIEWS OF THE SOLAR CORONA DURING TOTAL ECLIPSES.

Carolina, over which the shadow of the moon will pass. On the other hand, the duration of totality is very short, little more than a minute near New Orleans, and less than a minute and a half in North Carolina. This compares very unfavorably with the six-minute duration of the eclipses of 1868 and 1883. But we may rest assured that our astronomers will make the best use of the brief moments at their disposal; and if anything is to be learned, they will undoubtedly find it out.

Eclipses of the sun are of such general interest to the public, as well as to the astronomer, that the reader will perhaps not be wearied if I say something more about them. A sort of dramatic interest is given to them by the fact, so familiar to all of us, that the sun and moon are almost exactly of the same apparent size. Each of these bodies is at certain times a little nearer to us than at others. When the moon is nearest to us, it seems a little larger than the sun, and when farthest away, a little smaller. It makes all the difference in the world in the character of an eclipse which of these two is the case. In the first case, the moon will entirely hide the sun; in the second it cannot.

To see to the best advantage what will happen, the observer on the earth must choose such a place that the center of the moon will pass exactly over the center of the sun. What he then sees is called a central eclipse. If the moon is a little larger in apparent size, it hides the sun, and the eclipse is total. But if it is smaller, the extreme edge of the sun will be seen all around the dark edge of the moon, forming a ring of sunlight. The eclipse is then annular. Such an eclipse does not offer the same advantage in the study of the sun that a total one does, and is therefore of less scientific interest. But it must be very instructive to any one who has the opportunity to see it. On the average the apparent size of the moon is smaller than that of the sun, so that annular eclipses occur a little oftener than total ones. In 1865 an annular eclipse was visible in the Southern States, and another will pass through the Gulf of Mexico and across Florida on June 28, 1908. During the latter the sun will be almost covered.

It is remarkable that, though the ancients were familiar with the fact of eclipses, and the more enlightened of them perfectly understood their causes, some even the laws of their recurrence, there are very few actual accounts of these phenomena in the writings of the ancient historians. The old Chinese annals now and then record the fact that an eclipse of the sun occurred at a certain time in some province or near some city of the Empire. But no particulars are given. Quite recently the Assyriologists have deciphered from ancient tablets a statement that an eclipse of the sun was seen at Nineveh, B.C. 763, June 15th. Our astronomical tables show that there actually was a total eclipse of the sun on this day, during which the shadow passed 100 miles or so north of Nineveh.

Perhaps the most celebrated of the ancient eclipses, and the one that has given rise to most discussion, is that known as the eclipse of Thales. Its principal historical basis is a statement of Herodotus, that in a battle between the Lydians and the Medes the day was suddenly turned into night. The armies thereupon ceased battle and were more eager to come to terms of peace with each other. It is added that Thales, the Milesian, had predicted to the Ionians this change of day, even the very year in which it should occur.

An eclipse of which we have a very explicit statement in the writings of the ancients is now generally known as the eclipse of Agothocles. Agothocles was tyrant of Syracuse, and was long engaged in war with the Carthaginians. In B.C. 310, the latter were blockading his fleet, of which he was in personal command, in the harbor of his own town. He availed himself of a momentary relaxation in the blockade to sail away for the Carthaginian territory. The second day of his voyage, which lasted six days and nights in all, he saw a total eclipse of the sun. This observation would have been of great use to the astronomers of our time in correcting their tables, were they sure of the locality of Agothocles at the time he made it. But it has been an open question whether he sailed directly toward the south or went toward the north, making the circuit of the whole Island of Sicily. The result would be quite different in the two cases. The probability now seems to be that he passed to the north, and this accords with the conclusions from our most recent investigations on the motion of the moon.

In modern times, since it became possible to predict the path of an eclipse along the earth's surface, and the time at which it would begin and end at any given place, the principal interest which astronomers at first took in the phenomenon grew out of the test which it afforded of the tables of the moon's motion. In 1715, the shadow of the moon passed over the western and southeastern parts of England, including London in its range. Halley, who had just been made astronomer royal, planned a more extended and careful series of observations on this eclipse than had ever before been made. Men in various towns near the edge of the shadow noted carefully whether the sun was totally eclipsed or not, and where it was, how long the total phase lasted. In this way it became possible to lay down on a map, from observations, the limits of the moon's shadow without an error of more than two or three miles. The times of beginning and end of the total phase were also carefully noted in London and its immediate neighborhood.

The French astronomers had a different method of observation, which could be equally well applied whether an eclipse was total or not. They did what any of us can do with the aid of a spy-glass: they pointed a telescope at the sun, and then, instead of looking into the telescope, held a screen at some little distance behind it, on which an image of the sun was thrown. By looking at this image the progress of the eclipse could be noted more easily than by looking at the sun itself, because no dark glass was necessary and the observer could sit down and watch the affair at his leisure. The diameter of the sun on the screen was marked off into twelve digits, and the time by the clock at which the sun was eclipsed one, two, or three digits, and so on could be recorded.

It was not until after the beginning of the nineteenth century that men began to avail themselves of total eclipses to make observations of the sun's surroundings, with a view of throwing light upon the question of the physical constitution of our great luminary. The corona and the prominences had been observed since the seventeenth century, and drawings and descriptions of the appearances made; but it does not seem to have occurred to any one that questions respecting the nature or cause of these objects could be answered. Even now the reader may inquire how it is that we can learn anything about the sun by hiding him from our sight, and, if we can, why a chimney would not answer the purpose as well as the moon. The answer is not far to seek. In the daytime the whole air around the sun is so brightly illuminated that it is impossible to see anything in the immediate neighborhood of that body. We may cut off the sunlight from our eyes by a chimney, but we cannot cut off the illumination of the air except by an object far above the air. The size and distance of the moon are such that it cuts off a great deal of light for hundreds of miles around us, and enables us to see the region close around the sun through an almost dark sky.

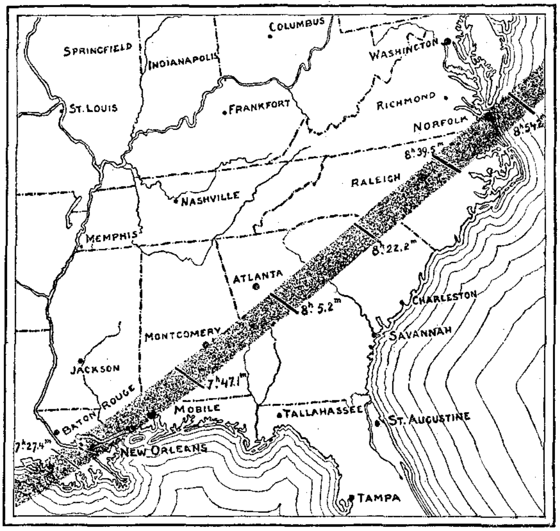
Even when curiosity as to the corona and prominences began to be aroused, it was long before any answers to questions about them were apparent. Any one could look into a telescope, describe what he saw, and, if a good draughtsman, make a picture of the scene. But what could he learn from such a picture? So much in the dark were even the most advanced astronomers on the subject up to the middle of the nineteenth century, that it was not established whether the corona belonged to the sun or to the moon. If, as might be the case, the latter was surrounded by a very rare atmosphere, even one so rare that we could not see it on ordinary occasions, its bright illumination by the rays of the sun might show as a corona around the moon. In 1851 a total eclipse was visible in Northern Europe, which enabled the question of the whereabouts of the red prominences to be settled. It was found that, as the moon traveled along over the sun, she traveled over the prominences also, advancing on those in front, uncovering those behind. This showed that these objects certainly belonged to the sun and not to the moon. The same would probably be true of the corona, but in this case it was difficult to reach so positive a conclusion.

About 1863–64 the spectroscope began to be applied to researches on the heavenly bodies. Mr. (now Sir William) Huggins, of London, was a pioneer in observing the spectra of the stars and nebulæ. For several years it did not seem that much was to be learned in this way about the sun. The year 1868 at length arrived. On August 18th there was to be a remarkable total eclipse of the sun, visible in India. The shadow was 140 miles broad; the duration of the total phase was more than six minutes. The French sent Mr. Janssen, one of their leading spectroscopists, to observe the eclipse in India and see what he could find out. Wonderful was his report. The red prominences which had perplexed scientists for two centuries were found to be immense masses of glowing hydrogen, rising here and there from various parts of the sun, of a size compared with which our earth was a mere speck. This was not all. After the sunlight reappeared, Janssen began to watch these objects in his spectroscope. He followed them as more and more of the sun came out, and continued to see them after the eclipse was over. They could be observed at any time when the air was sufficiently clear and the sun high in the sky.

By a singular coincidence this same discovery was made independently in London without any eclipse. Mr. J. Norman Lockyer was then rising into prominence as an enthusiastic worker with the spectroscope. It occurred independently to him and to Mr. Huggins that the heat in the neighborhood of the sun was so intense that any matter that existed there would probably take the form of a gas shining by its own light. The spectrum of such a gas is composed of bright lines, which are but little enfeebled to whatever extent the spectrum as a whole may be spread out by the prism through which it passes. But the sun's light reflected from the air is more and more enfeebled the more it is spread out. Consequently, if a spectroscope of sufficient power were directed at the sun just outside its border, the brilliancy of the light reflected from the air might be so diminished that the bright lines from the gases surrounding the sun would be seen. It was anticipated that thus the prominences would be made visible. Both of the investigators we have mentioned endeavored to get a sight of the prominences in this way; but it was not until October 20th, two months after the Indian eclipse, that Mr. Lockyer succeeded in having an instrument of sufficient power completed. Then, at the first opportunity, he found that he could see the prominences without an eclipse!

At that time communication with India was by mail, so that for the news of Mr. Janssen's discovery astronomers had to wait until a ship arrived. By a singular coincidence his report and Mr. Lockyer's communication announcing his own discovery reached the French Academy of Sciences at the same meeting. This eminent body, with pardonable enthusiasm, caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the new method of research, in which the profiles of Lockyer and Janssen appeared together as co-discoverers. Since that time the prominences are regularly mapped out from day to day by spectroscopic observers in various parts of the world.

Up to the present time the question of the corona is an unsettled one. There appears to be some yet unsolved mystery enveloping its origin. Everything about it shows that it cannot be an atmosphere of the sun, as



MAP SHOWING THE PATH OF THE COMING ECLIPSE (MAY 28, 1900), WITH THE EXACT TIME IN THE MORNING AT WHICH THE ECLIPSE WILL OCCUR AT VARIOUS POINTS DESIGNATED.

was once supposed. Were such the case, it would, unless composed of some substance vastly lighter than hydrogen, be drawn down to the sun's surface by the powerful attraction of that body. It could not rise hundreds of thousands of miles from the sun, as the corona does; and even if it did, its light would be smooth and uniform, whereas the coronal light has a sort of hairy or fibrous structure. This may be seen on most of the good photographs of the corona.

Professor F. H. Bigelow has noticed a remarkable resemblance between these seeming fibers and the curves which iron filings scattered over paper assume when we place a magnet under the paper. He has thus formed a theory of the corona based on some action of the sun akin to magnetism. The coincidence between the results of this theory and the general figure of the corona, especially the direction of the fibers, is, to say the least, very curious. Some sort of polarization in the direction of the sun's axis seems to be clearly indicated. But we have here no explanation as to how the matter forming the corona is kept from falling into the sun by the powerful attraction of gravity, which is there twenty-seven times what it is on the earth. Quite likely this is brought about by some form of electrical or other repulsion, similar to that which is seen to act in the tail of a comet.

Another mystery is the nature of the long streamers, sometimes extending far beyond the outer parts of the corona. Some analogy has been suspected between these and the streamers of the aurora. The view has thus arisen that the corona may be an aurora around the sun. More observations and studies must be made, both upon the aurora and the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, before we can reach any decided conclusion on this question.

The composite nature of the spectrum of the corona shows that the substance which forms it is not all in the same state. Most of the light which it emits gives an unbroken spectrum, seemingly without dark lines. This shows that it emanates partly from hot particles, and not wholly from diffusing gases. It is likely that this matter shines partly by its own light and partly by the reflected light of the sun. But there are also bright lines in the spectrum, one of which has particularly attracted the attention of investigators ever since its discovery in 1869. It seems to be emitted by some gas not known to exist upon the surface of the earth, and to which the name *coronium* has been given. It is interesting to remark in this connection that the solar spectrum shows at least one other substance in the sun which was formerly not known to exist on the earth, and which was therefore called *helium*. But, only a few years ago, this substance was found in clevite, a somewhat rare mineral of Norway. Possibly we may yet discover coronium somewhere on the earth.

We may consider it as certain that the corona, considered as a mass of matter, is a very flimsy affair. When we recall that its extent is to be measured by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of miles, and that it surrounds a globe of more than a hundred times the diameter of the earth, and therefore having more than ten thousand times the earth's surface, we might think of it as a very massive structure. But we should be deceived. A few quarts of water condensed in the air will make a very respectable-looking fog or cloud. Such a cloud in the immediate neighborhood of the sun would shine with a hundred thousand times the light which any terrestial cloud ever shone with in the brightest rays of the sun. Quite likely, if we should surround the earth with a corona like that of the sun, we should never be able to see it, or to detect its existence in the air or above the air, by any research we could make. But an observer on the moon would see it plainly. It would be the same with the tail of a comet, which is so tenuous that we can see a small star through a million miles of its thickness. Fifty miles' thickness would not suffice to make it visible in the brightest rays of the sun.

Perhaps the most interesting object which the spectroscopists have examined during total eclipses is known as the "reversing layer." This was first discovered by Professor Young, during the eclipse of 1870, which he observed in Spain. He was noticing the changes in the appearance of the spectrum given by the sun's light when the moon was nearly cutting it off. At the very last moment, when no part of the sun was visible except its extreme edge, the dark lines of the spectrum were changed to bright ones. As the last ray disappeared, all the bright lines of the spectrum flashed out. This showed that the substances which compose the sun exist at its immediate surface as a layer of glowing gases, all substances being vaporized by the fervent heat which there prevails. This heat is more intense than anything we can produce by terrestrial means.

The questions that relate to the sun are not the only ones that total eclipses enable the astronomer to attack. Such of our readers as have specially interested themselves in celestial science are doubtless aware that the motion of the planet Mercury shows a minute deviation which might be produced by the attraction of a planet, or group of planets, between it and the sun. This deviation was first discovered by Le Verrier, celebrated as having computed the position of Neptune before it had ever been recognized in the telescope. His announcement set people to looking for the supposed planet. About 1860, a Dr. Lescarbault, a country physician of France who possessed a small telescope, thought he had seen this planet passing over the disk of the sun. But it was soon proved that he must have been mistaken. Another more experienced astronomer, who was looking at the sun on the same day, failed to see anything except an ordinary spot, which probably misled the physician-astronomer. Now, for forty years the sun has been carefully scrutinized and photographed from day to day at several stations without anything of the sort being seen.

Still, it is possible that little planets so minute as to escape detection in passing over the sun's disk may revolve in the region in question. If so, their light would be completely obscured by that of the sky, so that they might not ordinarily be visible. But there is still a chance that, during a total eclipse of the sun, when the light is cut off from the sky, they could be seen. Observers have, from time to time, looked for them during total eclipses. In one instance something of the sort was supposed to be found. During the eclipse of 1878, Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor, and Professor Lewis Swift, both able and experienced observers, thought that they had detected some such bodies. But critical examination left no doubt that what Watson saw was a pair of fixed stars which had always been in that place. How it was with the observations of Professor Swift has never been certainly ascertained, because he was not able to lay down the position with such certainty that positive conclusions could be drawn.

The Pickerings, of the Harvard observatory, have devised a special combination of four photographic telescopes, to take the region on each side of the sun during the total phase, and see whether any new objects are found on the negatives.

There is a curious law of recurrence of eclipses, which has been known from ancient times. It is based on the fact that the sun and moon return to nearly the same positions relative to the node and perigee of the moon's orbit after a period of 6,585 days, 8 hours, or 18 years and 12 days. Hence, eclipses of every sort repeat themselves at this interval. For example, the coming eclipse may be regarded as a repetition of those which occurred in the years 1846, 1864, and 1882. But when such an eclipse recurs, it is not visible in the same part of the earth, because of the excess of eight hours in the period. During this eight hours the earth performs one-third of a rotation on its axis, which brings a different part under the sun. Each eclipse is visible in a region about one-third of the way round the world, or 120° of longitude, west of where it occurred before. Only after three periods will the recurrence be near the same region. But in the meantime the moon's line of motion will have changed so that the path of its shadow will pass farther north or south.

A study of the eclipses of the series to which the present one belongs will illustrate the law in question. The first one that we need mention is that of 1846, April 25. The middle point of the shadow-path, that is, the point where the total phase occurred at noon, was then in the West Indies, among the Bahama Islands. This was the first eclipse of the series that was really total, and here it was total only near the middle of the path. The path passed from the Pacific Ocean over northern Mexico, touched the northern end of Cuba, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean to the African coast of the Mediterranean. The central point was in 25° north latitude.

The next recurrence was on May 6, 1864. The shadow swept over the Pacific Ocean, and the middle point of its path was in 32° north latitude. After the lapse of another period, the eclipse returned in 1882, May 17. The shadow swept across the great desert of Sahara, passed through Egypt and the continent of Asia, leaving the earth in the Pacific Ocean south of Japan. The middle point was now in 39° north latitude.

Next we have our present eclipse of May 28th. After passing from New Orleans over the Gulf States along the line shown on our map, the shadow will enter the Atlantic Ocean at Norfolk, cross over to the Spanish Peninsula, and pass along the Mediterranean into Northern Africa. The central point will be in the Atlantic Ocean, in 55° north latitude.

During the three periods of recurrence the changes in the respective positions of the sun and moon have been such as to throw the shade some seven degrees farther north at each recurrence, or about twenty degrees in all. That is, it will now pass twenty degrees farther north than it passed in 1846.

The next period of 6,585 days will bring us to 1918, June 8. The shadow will then pass from near Japan over the northern part of the Pacific Ocean, strike our Pacific coast near the mouth of the Columbia River, and travel over the United States in a southeasterly direction, through Oregon, Idaho, southwest Wyoming, Colorado, Arkansas, and the Gulf States and Florida. Somewhere in Mississippi or Alabama it will cross the path of the present eclipse. At the point of crossing the inhabitants will have the pleasure of seeing two successive total eclipses of the series. Their fortune, however, will not be so remarkable as that of the inhabitants at a point in the Northwest who saw both of the total eclipses of 1869 and 1878.

The series will continue at the regular intervals we have mentioned until 2044, August 23, when the shadow will barely touch the earth in the region of the North Pole. After that it will skip our planet entirely.

There are two series of eclipses remarkable for the long duration of the total phase. To one of these the eclipse of 1868, already mentioned, belongs. This recurred in 1886, and will recur again in 1904. Unfortunately, at the first recurrence, the shadow was cast almost entirely on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, so that it was not favorable for observation by astronomers. That of 1904, September 9, will be yet more unfortunate for us, because the shadow will pass only over the Pacific Ocean. Possibly, however, it may touch some island where observations may be made. The recurrence of 1922, September 21, will be visible in Northern Australia, where the duration of totality will be about four minutes.

To the other series belongs the eclipse of 1883. This will recur in 1901, on May 18th, when the moon's shadow will sweep from near Madagascar and cross the Indian Ocean, Sumatra, Borneo, and Papua. Unfortunately, this region is very cloudy, and however carefully the preparations for observations may be made, the astronomers will run a great risk of not seeing the eclipse. But hope springs eternal in the human breast; and it is not likely that observers will be deterred from an heroic attempt by any threats of the weather.

At the successive recurrences the duration of totality will be longer and longer through the twentieth century. In 1937, 1955, and 1973 it will exceed seven minutes, so that as far as duration is concerned our successors will have a more remarkable opportunity than their ancestors have enjoyed for many centuries.

The question may arise as to the degree of precision with which the path of an eclipse can be predicted by the astronomer. It is sometimes supposed that he can determine a hundred years in advance, and to the exact second, when such a phenomenon will begin or end. This is a great exaggeration of his powers. One entertaining such an idea may have a very high opinion of the power of modern mathematics, but he has no conception of the difficulties of the problem of the moon's motion. The pull which the sun exerts on the earth and moon by its gravitation second after second, minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day, and year after year must be known, and its effect continually added up by a mathematic method of which man had no conception until the time of Leibnitz and Newton. The changes in the positions of the two bodies caused by the pull of the sun continually changes the action of that pull, because, as one will readily see, the latter depends upon the relative positions, while the positions are continually changed by the pull. This is what makes the problem so complicated.

If we had only the sun to deal with, we might hope to get along. But the planets, especially Venus, come in, and insist on having their little pull also. Before their action was found out, there were some deviations in the motion of the moon which are now attributed to the action of Venus. To compute this action is the most complex problem which the mathematical astronomer has to deal with, and he has not yet succeeded in solving it to his satisfaction. And when he has solved it, he is by no means at the end of his trouble. There are several indications that the rotation of the earth slowly changes from time to time, our planet turning on its axis sometimes a little faster and sometimes a little slower. The change is, indeed, very slow; not more than two or three thousandths of a second in a day. But, if it takes to rotating faster even by this minute amount, it will get ahead of its calculated place by a second in a year and a minute in sixty years; and then the astronomer who fixes his point of observation so that he will be carried to exactly the center of the moon's shadow, according to calculations made sixty years before, may find himself out of the way by several miles.

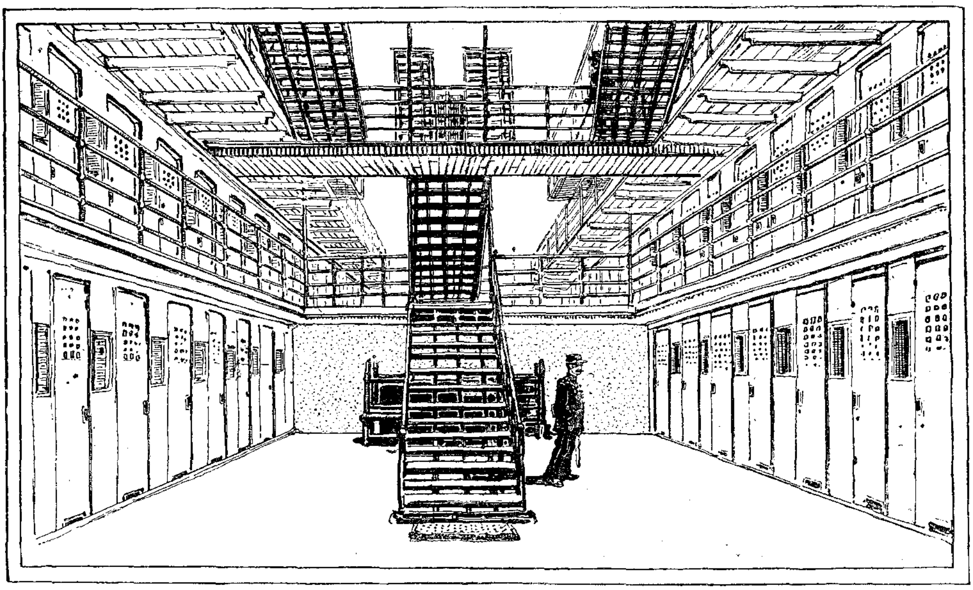
What makes the matter difficult is that these changes in the earth's rotation cannot, so far as we have yet learnt, be exactly observed, or even predicted; they probably arise from changes in the position of ice around the North Pole, changes in ocean currents, and perhaps in the movement of the winds. The reason that they cannot be directly determined is that we cannot make any clock which will keep time year after year without the error of a second. The rotation of the earth on its axis affords the astronomer the only measure of time he can use in his work, and if it goes wrong, he is, for the time being, left at sea. But his motto to-day is always forward; he has not lost one particle of enthusiasm because his science has been progressing for 2,000 years. He will leave no device untried to learn everything that is to be learned about the motions of the earth and heavenly bodies, confident that if he must fail, his successors will carry on his work to perfection. If to-day he cannot tell his successors of the year 2000 when to expect an eclipse within one minute by the clock, he of the year 2000 may do it for his successor of 2100.

MISS CULLENDER'S LAMB.

By Tighe Hopkins,

Author of "The Master-key of Newgate," "As It Fell Out," "A Tale of a Tub," etc.

THE STORY OF A SINGULAR PRISON FRIENDSHIP.



"I'M very sorry to see you back again, Bone," said the wardress.

"Don't you go gittin' your hair off about me, Miss," returned the prisoner imperturbably.

She was getting her own hair off, not in the sense of metaphor, as she spoke. It may be superfluous to observe that the rules do not allow a prisoner to address an officer in this style; but when the officer is a little bit of a thing, and the culprit an impenitent giantess, it is not well to be always thinking of the rules.

"You promised us you were going to live quietly; you know you did."

"Changed me mind."

"And I'm really afraid, Bone, that you have not learned better manners."

Copyright, 1900, by Tighe Hopkins. All rights reserved.

"Come back to get a hextra polish on 'em, p'raps. Oh, it's a rare shop for manners, ain't it, Miss? An' I reckon you've about took enough off of me."

"I shall finish sooner if you will sit still. Well, now that you *are* back, I do hope, Bone, you are not going to be very troublesome."

"Ah! That depends, Miss. I'm goin' to be'ave accordin'. If they comes any of their tricksy-wicksies, if they don't let me wear me cap same as I fancies it, if they gits messin' of the vittles, if they puts me to live next a party what prays at night, if they keeps back my letters to the 'Ome Sekkatary, if they don't jolly well let me have my little smash when I feels like it, if they reports me more than once a week, if they starts me schoolin' agen with a spellin'-book, if——"

"There, Bone, I think that will do. You know quite well the rules about talking."

"An' *hif*," continued the prisoner, with asperity, "I ain't never to be allowed to finish me little say same as any other lady——"

"Bone," said the mild-voiced wardress, "do you remember what you promised Miss Cullender the day you went out?"

"Lor' bless me, Miss, if I hadn't clean bang fergot her! Fergit Miss Cullender? Well, I'm a black bad un, an' no error! Miss, my dear, how is me angel Miss Cullender?"

"I'm sorry to tell you she has gone, Bone. She left us a month ago. Now, do try and behave as you used to do when she was over you!"

But the entreaty was ill-timed. "What!" cried the giantess. "I don't believe it! Where is she? Where's Miss Cullender—me own Miss Cullender?"

"Hush, hush! Be quiet, Bone, do! The matron will be here, and I shall have to report you on your very first night."

"Rip-port me!" with a scream of contempt in crescendo. "*Go* and report me, you low little hussy! A lot I care! Ain't I made 'em report me and report me till they was sick on it? Where's Miss Cullender? Fetch the men in, and run me into the darks.* Put the waiskit on me, and the darbies too. If Miss Cullender's gone, I lay I make a smash of it to-night, an' it'll take more than the—lot of you to stop me. I'll——"

The great swarthy creature was upright now and bellowing, her hair lying in black wisps about her feet. The little wardress, not a bit afraid, was considering her course. She knew that Bone would very likely fall to biting when she had finished barking, but on the female side they are more familiar with parleyings than on the male side, where the "cat" is always under the governor's coat-tails; and the wardress, although very angry now, was still for a *via media*. A door at the end of the long bare room opened, and Madam Bone wheeled about, flaming, for a rencounter with her old enemy the matron. But the matron did not appear.

Instead, there drifted in two wardresses, carrying between them the placid figure of a young prisoner in a swoon. Like Bone, she was evidently a fresh arrival, for her light brown hair was still untouched under the prison cap.* She seemed not above twenty years of age, small and slender, with rather pretty, irregular features; and the brown serge dress under the blue check apron seemed maliciously to mock a virginal soft outline. There were tear stains on the face.

"There's a cruel sight for you!" said Bone. "Started on the pore young thing already, have you? Send her 'ome to her mother."

"Hold your tongue!" said the first wardress. "If you speak another word you'll be reported, as you deserve to be. Why have you brought this girl here?" she inquired.

"She just passed through reception," said one of the two wardresses. "I was bringing her to have her hair cut, and she fainted in the corridor. Miss Bromston helped me to carry her in."

The first wardress—herself such another little countrified slender thing as the fainting prisoner—glided across the room, and stooped over the unfortunate with a sister's face of pity, not noted of the defiant Bone.

"She must not stay here. You must please take her up to the infirmary, and let the doctor see her at once."

The other two wardresses raised their weak burden again, the door closed behind them, and the interruption was at an end.

"Give us quite a turn, Miss, didn't it?" observed Bone, but no answer was accorded. "Ho! Leastways it give *me* a turn," continued Bone; "but I expect I'm kind of soft. We ain't all built the same, an' that's a fact. An' now, Miss, if you've done makin' a show of me, I'll withdraw to me apartment, if you please; and just a slice of buttered toast an' a kipper to me tea."

---

* Officers from the male side are occasionally summoned to the female side, to take a violent woman into charge. "The darks" are the old-fashioned punishment cells, the use of which has been entirely discontinued.

* It is as well to state that the horrid practice of cutting off the hair of female prisoners has been quite discarded.

There was a moaning in the officers' mess-room upon the word of Bone's return. It was two years since she had gone out in a mood of elegant humility, taking with her a prayer-book, the gift of her good genius Miss Cullender. Where was that prayer-book now? Or, what was more to the point, where were the fruits of Miss Cullender's ministrations, which, dating from her first black eye, closed in the hour of grace that saw the gates shut on Bone, with infinite promises of good on her part?

"Oh!" said a wardress, dipping into the jam which made a treat on pay-day, "if only Miss Cullender would come back!"

"Well, that's no use, because she won't," from the other side of the table. "You don't give up being matron to come back and play angel to Bone. Has any one seen the brute?"

"It's enough to have heard her for the present. Miss Aylmer was cropping her hair, and she roared out she'd make a smash of it to-night because Miss Cullender had gone. I vote we keep her in the darks all the time. Do you remember the fashion she set in suicides?"

"Do I remember?" cried a chief wardress at the head of the table. "I had her hall. Tied her stay-lace round her neck, and sat down to wait the next comer. The night after, just as I had come off duty, I was called down again, and there were thirty-five idiots sitting on their beds, their eyes out of their heads, half-throttled in their stay-laces. Ugh! I wish I was out of it."

A young wardress entered the mess-room in a flurry, and took the nearest chair. "There's a beast just come in from reception," said she, "thirty feet high, as big as a town hall, and as black as blacking. She's on her back in the cell, pounding the door with her feet, and yelling for Miss Cullender. Who's Miss Cullender?"

"This was Miss Cullender's lamb, my dear," replied somebody. "Miss Cullender was the only one on the staff who could put a ribbon round her neck, and Miss Cullender's gone."

But in the course of the evening Bone had once more forgotten her Miss Cullender, and was vociferating a new grievance. The tenant of a neighboring cell had voiced a shrill protest against the uproar, and Bone, having recognized the voice, had promptly demanded the ejection of its owner.

"It's that Tib!" she shrieked. "Put her out of it. D'ye 'ear, some on you screws? Put that convick somewheres else. I won't *'ave* the toad next door to me. Where's the screw that should be sneakin' this ward? You're there right enough when you ain't wanted. Shove that Tib in the darks, an' gag her! Ain't I goin' to get no sleep? *I'll* show you!"

A new demonstration followed against the door of Bone's cell, which those soles of brass hammered and battered until the prison seemed in danger of collapse. The whole hall was now aroused, and the defeated, weary wardress went up and down vainly entreating quiet.

The matron was fetched from bed. It was clear that such a breaking-out was imminent as is known only upon the female side. The ringleader must be put away, for the din was spreading, and a hall in revolt on the female side means, sooner or later, a prison in riot. The matron gave the word, and the signal-bell was rung for help.

In less than a minute two warders presented themselves at the light iron gate of the hall, and were passed in. The cells here were furnished with two doors, the outer one an iron grating, the inner solid. As the wardress on duty passed her hand through the grating to draw the bolt of the second door, Bone rose exultant from the floor.

"Said I'd make a smash of it, didn't I? Have the boys come? That's all right. Ain't set eyes on one of 'em this two year. I 'ope they're pretty fresh, 'cos I means business with 'em. Lor', Miss Stewart, ma'am"—to the matron—"to think that there 'orrid Tib should ha' fetched you out of bed! Such rubbish as comes here, I never!"

"Take this woman to the punishment cells, please," said the matron.

Nothing liked Bone better than to get a warder under one arm and use him as a weapon of offense upon his fellow, a scenic feat without its parallel in that theater. But one of the knights in waiting that evening was old Master Makewell—Johnny Makewell—who had an asthma on his chest and a heart passing weak; and Bone knew him very well.

"It's never Johnny?" says she. "Well, Johnny, I always did say, and always shall, that the woman as would lay a hand on you—and who's your pal, my dear? I couldn't never set about one pore chap by hisself; there must be a pair on ye, or it ain't fair. So come along, we'll go a little quiet walk together."

And yielding herself up, Bone went forth like Miss Cullender's lamb to the darks. Her cell, finely disarrayed, was locked; the matron returned to bed; and the tired wardress gave herself to the task of soothing the raging tenants of the other dens.

This is what it is sometimes like on the female side. Over the way, where the shornheads of the other sex abide, it is seldom if ever thus. The rules are alike, or pretty nearly alike, on both sides of the wall; but whereas on the male side rules are framed for most inevitable observance, the same rules on the female side are for somewhat other and looser application, by those who must

> Construe the times to their necessities.

On this side, ribs of steel; on that side, bands to draw tight or to relax at need.

Madam Bone, with the strength of two ordinary men and the passions of the jungle, could flout and spit upon authority, and at the last reduce it to a mock, being a mere woman. Little crazy Benjamin Cudd could be scourged red till he spelled authority like his primer, being a lord of creation.

In the ward from which Bone had been escorted there lay that night a murderess whom the commotion had greatly moved. It was her first evening in prison, and she shook and sobbed under her coverlet. Within an hour or two of her arrival she had given Bone what that wicked beauty called a "turn," by being carried inanimate into the hair-dressing department. Her own light brown locks had been taken from her since then, and she thought this was a punishment added to the sentence of the judge because she had killed her baby. She was twenty-two; her name was Meadows; and the lover who had left her to the law had called her Elsie. There is always an Elsie Meadows in some ward of the prisons. Sometimes she is witless, sometimes flinty and phlegmatic, sometimes very pleased and gay at having missed the gallows, and sometimes listening day and night for the bells of childhood.

For a fortnight Belle Bone kept the strictest seclusion of the darks, whereby the staff got a little ease of her. For the darks were a dwelling apart, in a kind of lobby shut off from the prisoners' wards, and though the officer on duty there could and generally did have a dour time of it, echoes of the explosions which burst at intervals or incessantly from the little black caverns had but a narrow range, for the walls were thick and the doors were thickly padded.

Bone's energy and invention in the darks would sure have

> . . . got the voice in hell for excellence.

She worked incredibly to entertain herself and harass all her keepers. Fed almost entirely on bread and water, she must have nourished herself from within, for her strength abated nothing from day to day. An hour together she would use her head as a battering ram against the concrete wall, and would spend an hour or two afterward springing from the floor to the grating above and wrenching at the bars. She played football with her tin pint, and maintained a running comment on the game in bolted language. Punctually once a day she hanged herself in her garters or a strip rent from her gown. Fresh bed stuff must be passed in to her every night, for in the morning she made ribbons of it. She rehearsed in her biggest voice memoirs of the matron in which that overwrought and sober-sided woman was credited with above a dozen gallant pasts. In the same style, and that all might hear who would, she arraigned herself before the visiting director, an elderly magistrate, at once the fear and the butt of the female side, who wore a cherished lock of reddish hair on the summit of a thinly covered scalp. Bone played her own part and the director's in tones that would have filled a colosseum, turning the tables on him at the fall of the curtain with this invariable tag: "An' that's what I think of you, old Ally Sloper with a top-knot!"

These vociferous and studied efforts, issuing from the total dark of the penal cell at all hours of the day and often in the dead middle of the night, had an evil effect on the nerves of a listener, and were not calculated to make the artist remembered in her orisons by the scapegoat who chanced to be on duty.

Nearly all of these wardresses were overworked, and many of them had their nerves continually on edge. It was a fifteen or sixteen hours' day three days a week, and a twelve hours' day the rest. The female side holds all the vices that are, and others; and the vehement savage who was always ready to fling a stool, a pint, or a pair of scissors at the convenient head of her officer, had her parallel in the sullen, quiet schemer who would plot for days to bring trouble or disgrace upon the wardress that had been her steady friend. Lying, lewd, cruel, and full of all uncharitableness—of such gifts compacted were the animals who kept the darks in tenants and the staff upon the rack.

They have not to use on the male side that variety of effort which is needed to discipline the female side. On the male side the day goes mostly, as it were, by clockwork; no departing from the rules; and very curious it is that the criminal man, who can by no means discipline himself in freedom, becomes in prison a very model of obedience and self-restraint under the harshest code our social system knows. But the fallen, lawless woman, who by all history's showing is closer "in Belial's grip" than the most wicked man, is often worse in prison than ever she is out of it. The silent cell, the ordered workroom, the drear, walled yard where she must trudge with even steps along a measured strip of asphalt—these are settings of the life of prison which teach her, not patience, but revolt; and one day she makes what they call a smash of it, after which it is the mischief and all to cajole or coerce her back to steadiness, for she has learned that she can give worse than she can get.

Hence, on the part of the staff, that ceaseless sounding of the depths of compromise, those efforts to win over, to interest, to humor, to appease, to tame, to make the rules apt to the case; for on the male side they govern masses by a word, and on the female side they seek to lead the individual. They tell me that the little pension—so long to wait for—is rarely able to be earned in full in this dreadful service.

At the end of a fortnight's "solitary," Bone expressed herself ready to join the other ladies. There were times when she announced her intention of going to the darks, to "have it out with herself," and it was usually politic to let her go; and if, when sent there in disgrace, she thought to put a period to her penance by the promise of behavior, it was, in general, the part of wisdom to release her. So, on a Sunday morning, there marched to chapel with about 600 other daughters of the night—thieves, burglars, shop-lifters, murderesses, swindlers, and beautiful harpies who had put off their furs in the reception-room—Belle Bone the Magnificent, Miss Cullender's lamb, with her cap trimmed in defiance of the rules and her gown fixed quite in the style of fashion. She swept to her place, very big and fine, ignoring the frown of the matron, and heeding as little the prisoners' titter of delight. The wardress who sat beside the gigantic woman did not cease to regard her with apprehensive sidelong glance, but Bone's conduct was exemplary.

Right in front of her was the little fragile Meadows, whose face never lost its look of fear, and who was evidently very close on tears during the hymns. Bone, rejoicing in her thews, and in the knowledge that she could do almost as it liked her in the prison, eyed the frightened neophyte with a measured glance. Bone had never been frightened in prison, and had never felt in the least like crying, but she had come as near to being shocked as was possible with her when she had seen this girl carried in fainting on the night of her arrival. As a class, prisoners on the female side are without kindness for one another, but when friendships are made, these storm-tossed creatures are sometimes quite demonic in their jealousies. As they filed out of church Bone whispered to the girl, "Don't think you ain't got no friend, honey. There's one a-watchin' you."

The girl, who seemed to draw her breath in terror, neither looked up nor answered, and probably did not know who had spoken to her; but as Bone went in front she started with new alarm at the back view of that colossal convict.

On Sunday evenings the wards showed a curious sight, when the women sat at the doors of their cells in a dim light and heard prayers read. Bone had observed with a satisfied sniff that the enemy Tib had been removed, and she was now to scheme for the company of the *protégée* who did not know her. But the girl was far away at the other end of the ward, her eyes, as usual, chained downward.

Bone was an adept at scrawling on a bit of paper called a "stiff" an ungrammatical challenge to an enemy or a fierce protest of affection to a friend, and with all the vigilance of the wardresses, it was not difficult to get such messages conveyed from one end of prison to the other; but she was shrewd enough to guess the risk of trying this kind of communication with that little shivering Meadows.

There was yet another plan. Prisoners of approved behavior were allowed sometimes to share a cell during certain working hours; and now and then a woman of gentle ways (many such on the female side) was sent to use them in the cell of some poor distracted or passion-riven sister. Bone was going to be good, that she might have that white-faced little Meadows to live with her. Bone would call her by her Christian name.

But Bone's aspirations toward a nice conduct were so much interfered with. The next day, at exercise, it was the enemy Tib who had prepared a surprise for her. It was December, and the women were muffled up for their hour's sodden tramp, and the wardress was shaking in her bear-skin cloak. Presently Tib, a squat-framed vixen with a mouth like a crater, produced something from beneath her cloak and held it up. It was a rag doll, which a lenient fancy might accept as an effigy of Bone. Down the ranks it went from hand to hand to the tune of a guffaw, until it stayed with Miss Cullender's lamb.

Then was that lamb transformed, oh, terribly! She bounded from her place, gathered the doll-maker in her arms, rushed with her across the yard to where the snow had drifted deep, flung her in there, and then set about her with two efficient hands. The wardress blew her whistle, and others came running; but this was eminently Bone's morning out, and they could not drag her from the prey. Last of all came the men, and it was a pity that the one with a beard had not stayed to shave it, for Bone's grip was fatal to those appendages.

But as the procession fared tussling and tossing through the corridor, who should be encountered shrinking fearfully against the wall but Elsie Meadows. Bone looked full on her, and grew silent; but the girl remained cowering, with her hands over her face. The lamb went lamb-like to the darks. More than that, when the bolts of the door were shot she was just as quiet, and the astonished wardress doing sentry-go at that usually harassed outpost heard not a sound to fret the dragging hours. Night came, and the silence night should own was felt throughout the darks.

It was reported in the wardresses' room, where they thought it more ominous than reassuring. "She's saving it up for a bit later," one of them remarked. "I'm glad I'm not on there to-night."

"She may have gone and hanged herself, you know," observed another, and there was a visible brightening of faces, until the wardress who had come off duty in the darks stated that the prisoner was "all there."

The officer on night duty in the penal ward must knock every hour at every cell in occupation, and if the inmate will not answer, she must put her arm through the outer grating and open the trap in the second door, to make sure that nothing awkward has happened. Sometimes the lamp in the wardress's hand showed a prisoner hanging by the neck; most often the victim in the darks was snug on her plank, and ignored the challenge merely to give the wardress the trouble of opening the trap, when she would be ready with her, "Sold again!"

But Bone this night answered her challenges as sentry to sentry, and it was a thing most unaccountable and quite irregular.

At one in the morning, when the soft "Good-night, Bone," came again, and the prison was uncommonly reposed, the answer passed through the doors, "That you, Miss Aylmer, my dear?"

"Yes, Bone."

"Jest shove the trap up, my dear, and put your hand in. I ain't a-goin' to hurt you." Up went the trap, and through it the hand of the wardress.

"Law!" said Bone, as she took it in her own two, "I could pull you up off your feet, honey"—the trap was high in the door—"an' hold you there till you bloomin' fainted. I done it once with a screw I'd got me knife into."

"I'm not a bit afraid of you, Bone. What do you want?"

"I'm all right, Miss."

"Can't you go to sleep?"

"Ain't botherin' about sleep, my dear. My, what a teeny little soft hand you got! Like Miss Cullender's. Feel mine. You can sleep any whiles in the darks; leastways I can. Ain't never heard of Miss Cullender since, have you, Miss?"

"She's matron of a prison in the north."

"Ah! I'll do me next stretch there."

"Do you think Miss Cullender would like to see you there, Bone?"

"If you don't talk like her! I give that Tib a good come over, didn't I?"

"What has made you so quiet since?"

"Law, if you don't git at me jest like Miss Cullender! Well, I'm good 'cos I'm comin' out."

"But you know you're in for another fortnight, Bone?"

"Yes, an' it might be a bloomin' month; but when I feels like comin' out, my dear, out I comes."

The statement made waste paper of the rules, for Bone had received sentence of another fourteen days in the darks; but Miss Aylmer's experience whispered it to her as the raw, humiliating truth. "Of course you won't come out, Bone," she said; "and now you must please go to sleep. I'm glad you have been so quiet to-day."

"An' when I comes out, Miss, I'm goin' to have that little cotton-faced Meadows in me cell with me. I'm goin' to do her a sight of good; an' good-night, Miss, an' bless you."

Now, even as Bone had predicted, and as Miss Aylmer had foreseen, discipline and the rules went by the board again; for the next afternoon as ever was, Bone's mighty inches were uplifted in her proper cell, and over against her sat Elsie Meadows.

Bone was sewing, and the same was, for a sign and signal of grace, most strange. Those unapt, indocile digits got pricked, and Bone execrated, but went on sewing. Every now and then she looked hard and long at her fellow-worker, as though by strength of will she would force some impression on her, which the girl could or would by no means receive. Elsie's face, straw-colored and haggard, showed the old fear, but over it was laid a look of wonderment. "An' now," said Bone, "you ain't a-goin' to tell me agen that you done it?"

"I did," said the girl slowly.

"It's a lie!" responded Bone, jabbed her thumb with the needle, uttered a parenthetic imprecation, and repeated, "It's a lie!"

This crisis had been approached by coaxings, questionings, and threats on the part of Bone, who sat now in full possession of the case, the greater part of which she had already known.

It was a case in which an element of doubt had proved the girl's salvation—so far, at least, as the gallows was concerned. The judge had clearly thought her guilty, but the prosecution was half-hearted, and the jury would not convict on the capital charge. The little broken-hearted murderess had gone out convicted of manslaughter only; but the prison, where every one was kind to her, was doing her to death more cruelly than the hangman would have done.

Bone, who could gauge the effects of prison upon any one, gave her six months of life. The judge, believing she was guilty, had given her "ten years." Bone was in for twelve months. It happened that she had been living in the same tenement with the girl—one of those barracks for everybody, on the Surrey side of the Thames—and this fact she had laid stress upon to Meadows, working up to her ungodly climax.

"Look at me, my gal," she said, and fixed her with an awful glance. "I'm a-goin' to tell you truth, an' you better believe me. It was me that done it!"

As the splendid purport of the lie broke slowly in on Meadows she gasped, and her eyes strained at Bone with an expression terrible to watch: the pitiful hunger-look of a thing in a cage that sees the door held open just a little way. Then a better look, though not constant, and a wail from the weak, striving heart: "Oh, don't tempt me so! Don't do it! I shall die here, and soon; but I deserve it, for I did it."

"You listen to me," began Bone again; and one overhearing her might have sworn she spoke truth, so fixed and cool her voice. "I'm a-goin' to say agen I done it, and I'm a-goin' to stick to it. It's easy. Look here: you was out of the room for a bit before eleven o'clock that night, wasn't you? Yes. All right. There come along another party, drunk maybe; stumbles into your room drunk, mind you; goes flop on the bed in the dark, the drunken rubbish, an' stifles the child. That's how I done it."

"It's false, there isn't a word of it true," moaned the girl; but the wild longing for escape was in her eyes again. "I wasn't away ten minutes, and when I came back he was——"

"He was dead," said Bone, and blacker lie could ring no truer.

The wretched girl was utterly convulsed, and cowered moaning on her stool. The black angel went on, always in the same smooth, compelling tone: "I goes before the guv'nor. I straightens things out along of him. The guv'nor writes to the 'Ome Sekkatary. It's easy. The 'Ome Sekkatary, he gits you a free pard'n. It's easy. You ain't bin in trouble afore; they thinks it's me, natural. Me an' the guv'nor an' the 'Ome Sekkatary fakes it afore you can turn round. The 'Ome Sekkatary says: 'W'at Bone! Belle Bone! W'y, a-course she done it!' an' the guv'nor says, says he: 'We might ha' knowed it all along!'"

"But you didn't, you didn't, you didn't."

"An' you goes out agen, FREE."

"Oh, yes, yes, I will! Let me go! Only let me go!"

The face of Bone blazed triumphant, majestic even. "You're a-goin', my gal," said she.

The door was unlocked, and a wardress entered to take Meadows back to her own cell. "She says I shall go free!" cried the girl. "She says I shall go free!" then flung out her arms, and fell prone on the floor of the cell.

The doctor was just going his rounds, and he came in. His examination ended, he drew the coarse sheet of the bed over the girl's face.

THE DÉBUT OF BIMBASHI JOYCE.

By A. Conan Doyle,

Author of "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Refugees," "A Duet," etc.

A STORY OF BRITISH ARMY LIFE IN EGYPT.

IT was in the days when the tide of Mahdism, which had swept in such a flood from the great lakes and Darfur to the confines of Egypt, had at last come to its full and even begun, as some hoped, to show signs of a turn. At its outset it had been terrible. It had engulfed Hicks's army, swept over Gordon and Khartum, rolled behind the British forces as they retired down the river, and finally cast up a spray of raiding parties as far north as Assouan. Then it found other channels to east and west, to Central Africa and to Abyssinia, and retired a little on the side of Egypt. For ten years there ensued a lull, during which the frontier garrisons looked out upon those distant blue hills of Dongola. Behind the violet mists which draped them lay a land of blood and horror. From time to time some adventurer went south toward those haze-girt mountains, tempted by stories of gum and ivory, but none ever returned. Once a mutilated Egyptian and once a Greek woman, mad with thirst and fear, made their way to the lines. They were the only exports of that country of darkness. Sometimes the sunset would turn those distant mists into a bank of crimson, and the dark mountains would rise from that sinister reek like islands in a sea of blood. It seemed a grim symbol in the southern heaven when seen from the fort-capped hills by Wady Halfa.

Ten years of lust in Khartum, ten years of silent work in Cairo, and then all was ready, and it was time for civilization to take a trip south once more, traveling, as her wont is, in an armored train. Everything was ready, down to the last pack saddle of the last camel, and yet no one suspected it, for an unconstitutional government has its advantages. A great administrator had argued and managed and cajoled; a great soldier had organized and planned, and made piasters do the work of pounds. And then, one night, these two master spirits met and clasped hands, and the soldier vanished away upon some business of his own. And just at that time Bimbashi Hilary Joyce, seconded from the Royal Mallow Fusiliers, and temporarily attached to the Ninth Soudanese, made his first appearance in Cairo.

Napoleon had said, and Hilary Joyce had noted, that great reputations are only to be made in the East. Here he was in the East, with four tin cases of baggage, a Wilkinson sword, a Bond's slug-throwing pistol, and a copy of Green's "Introduction to the Study of Arabic." With such a start, and the blood of youth running hot in his veins, everything seemed easy. He was a little frightened of the general. He had heard stories of his sternness to young officers, but, with tact and suavity, he hoped for the best. So, leaving his effects at Shepheard's Hotel, he reported himself at headquarters.

It was not the General, but the head of the Intelligence Department, who received him, the chief being still absent upon that business which had called him. Hilary Joyce found himself in the presence of a short, thick-set officer, with a gentle voice and a placid expression which covered a remarkably acute and energetic spirit. With that quiet smile and guileless manner he had undercut and outwitted the most cunning of Orientals. He stood, a cigarette between his fingers, looking at the newcomer.

"I heard that you had come. Sorry the chief isn't here to see you. Gone up to the frontier, you know."

"My regiment is at Wady Halfa. I suppose, sir, that I should report myself there at once."

"No, I was to give you your orders." He led the way to a map upon the wall, and pointed with the end of his cigarette. "You see this place. It's the oasis of Kurkur—a

Copyright, 1900, by A. Conan Doyle. All rights reserved.

little quiet, I am afraid, but excellent air. You are to get out there as quick as possible. You'll find a company of the Ninth and half a squadron of cavalry. You will be in command."

Hilary Joyce looked at the name, printed at the intersection of two black lines, without another dot upon the map for several inches round it.

"A village, sir?"

"No, a well. Not very good water, I'm afraid; but you soon get accustomed to natron. It's an important post, as being the junction of two caravan routes. All routes are closed now, of course; but still you never know who might come along them."

"We are there, I presume, to prevent raiding."

"Well, between you and me, there's really nothing to raid. You are there to intercept messengers. They must call at the wells. Of course, you have only just come out; but you probably understand already enough about the conditions of this country to know that there is a great deal of disaffection about, and that the khalifa is likely to try and keep in touch with his adherents. Then, again, Senoussi lives up that way"—he waved his cigarette to the westward—"the khalifa might send a message to him along that route. Anyhow, your duty is to arrest every one coming along and get some account of him before you let him go. You don't talk Arabic, I suppose?"

"I am learning, sir."

"Well, well; you'll have time enough for study there. And you'll have a native officer, Ali something or other, who speaks English and can interpret for you. Well, good-by; I'll tell the chief that you reported yourself. Get on to your post now as quickly as you can."

Railway to Baliani, the post boat to Assouan, and then two days on a camel in the Libyan desert, with an Ababdeh guide, and three baggage camels to tie one down to their own exasperating pace. However, even two and one-half miles an hour mount up in time, and at last on the third evening, from the blackened slag-heap of a hill which is called the Jebel Kurkur, Hilary Joyce looked down upon a distant clump of palms, and thought that this cool patch of green in the midst of the merciless blacks and yellows was the fairest color effect that he had ever seen. An hour later he had ridden into the little camp, the guard had turned out to salute him, his native subordinate had greeted him in excellent English, and he had fairly entered into his own.

It was not an exhilarating place for a lengthy residence. There was one large, bowl-shaped, grassy depression sloping down to the three pits of brown and brackish water. There was the grove of palm trees also, beautiful to look upon, but exasperating in view of the fact that nature has provided her least shady trees in the very spot where shade is needed most. A single widespread acacia did something to restore the balance. Here Hilary Joyce slumbered in the heat, and in the cool he inspected his square-shouldered, spindle-shanked Soudanese, with their cheery black faces and their funny little pork-pie forage caps. Joyce was a martinet at drill, and the blacks loved being drilled, so the Bimbashi was soon popular among them. But one day was exactly like another. The weather, the view, the employment, the food, everything was the same. At the end of three weeks he felt that he had been there for interminable years. And then at last there came something to break the monotony.

One evening, just as the sun was sinking, Hilary Joyce rode slowly down the old caravan road. It had a fascination for him, this narrow track, winding among the boulders and curving up the mullahs, for he remembered how in the map it had gone on and on, stretching away into the unknown heart of Africa. The countless pads of innumerable camels through many centuries had beaten it smooth, so that, now unused and deserted, it still wound away, the strangest of roads, a foot broad and perhaps 2,000 miles in length. Joyce wondered as he rode how long it was since any traveler had journeyed up it from the south, and then he raised his eyes, and there was a man coming along the path.

For an instant Joyce thought that it might be one of his own men, but a second glance assured him that this could not be so. The stranger was dressed in the flowing robes of an Arab, and not in the close-fitting khaki of a soldier. He was very tall, and a high turban made him seem gigantic. He strode swiftly along with head erect and the bearing of a man who knows no fear.

Who could he be, this formidable giant coming out of the unknown? The precursor possibly of a horde of savage spearmen. And where could he have walked from? The nearest well was a long hundred miles down the track. At any rate, the frontier post of Kurkur could not afford to receive casual visitors. Hilary Joyce whisked round his horse, galloped into camp, and gave the alarm. Then with twenty horsemen at his back he rode out again to reconnoiter.

The man was still coming on in spite of these hostile preparations. For an instant he had hesitated when first he saw the cavalry, but escape was out of the question, and he advanced with the air of a man who makes the best of a bad job. He made no resistance and said nothing when the hands of two troopers clutched at his shoulders, but walked quietly between their horses into camp. Shortly afterward the patrols came in again. There were no signs of any dervishes. The man was alone. A splendid trotting camel had been found lying dead a little way down the track. The mystery of the stranger's arrival was explained. But why and whence and whither ?—these were questions for which a zealous officer must find an answer.

Hilary Joyce was disappointed that there were no dervishes. It would have been a great start for him in the Egyptian army had he fought a little action on his own account. But even as it was he had a rare chance of impressing the authorities. He would love to show his capacity to the head of the Intelligence, and even more to that grim chief who never forgot what was smart or forgave what was slack. The prisoner's dress and bearing showed that he was of importance. Mean men do not ride pure-bred trotting camels. Joyce sponged his head with cold water, drank a cup of strong coffee, put on an imposing official tarboosh, instead of his sun helmet, and formed himself into a court of inquiry and judgment under the acacia tree.

He would have liked his people to have seen him now, with his two black orderlies in waiting and his Egyptian native officer at his side. He sat behind a camp table, and the prisoner, strongly guarded, was led up to him. The man was a handsome fellow with bold gray eyes and a long black beard.

"Why," cried Joyce, "the rascal is making faces at me!"

A curious contraction had passed over the man's features, but so swiftly that it might have been a nervous twitch. He was now a model of Oriental gravity.

"Ask him who he is and what he wants."

The native officer did so, but the stranger made no reply save that the same sharp spasm passed once more over his face.

"Well, I'm blessed!" cried Hilary Joyce. "Of all the impudent scoundrels! He keeps on winking at me. Who are you, you rascal ? Give an account of yourself! D'ye hear ?"

But the tall Arab was as impervious to English as to Arabic. The Egyptian tried again and again. The prisoner looked at Joyce with his inscrutable eyes, and occasionally twitched his face at him, but never opened his mouth. The Bimbashi scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Look here, Mahomet Ali, we've got to get some sense out of this fellow. You say there are no papers on him ?"

"No, sir; we found no papers."

"No clew of any kind ?"

"He has come far, sir. A trotting camel does not die easily. He has come from Dongola at the least."

"Well, we must get him to talk."

"It is possible that he is deaf and dumb."

"Not he. I never saw a man look more all there in my life."

"You might send him across to Assouan."

"And give some one else the credit. No, thank you. This is my bird. But how are we to get him to find his tongue ?"

The Egyptian's dark eyes skirted the encampment and rested on the cook's fire.

"Perhaps," said he, "if the Bimbashi thought fit—" He looked at the prisoner and then at the burning wood.

"No, no; it wouldn't do. No, by Jove; that's going too far."

"A very little might do it."

"No, no. It's all very well here, but it would sound just awful if ever it got as far as Fleet Street. But, I say," he whispered, "we might frighten him a bit. There's no harm in that."

"No, sir."

"Tell them to undo the man's galabeeah. Order them to put a horseshoe in the fire and make it red hot."

The prisoner watched the proceedings with an air which had more of amusement than of uneasiness. He never winced as the black sergeant approached with the glowing shoe held upon two bayonets.

"Will you speak now ?" asked the Bimbashi savagely.

The prisoner smiled gently, and stroked his beard.

"Oh, chuck the infernal thing away!" cried Joyce, jumping up in a passion. "There's no use trying to bluff the fellow. He knows we won't do it. But I can and I will flog him, and you tell him from me that if he hasn't found his tongue by to-morrow morning, I'll take the skin off his back as sure as my name's Joyce. Have you said all that ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you can sleep upon it, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!" He adjourned the court, and the prisoner, as imperturbable as ever, was led away by the guard to his supper of rice and water.

Hilary Joyce was a kind-hearted man, and his own sleep was considerably disturbed by the prospect of the punishment which he must inflict next day. He had hopes that the mere sight of the koorbash and the thongs might prevail over his prisoner's obstinacy. And then again he thought how shocking it would be if the man proved to be really dumb after all. The possibility shook him so that he had almost determined by daybreak that he would send the stranger on unhurt to Assouan. And yet what a tame conclusion it would be to the incident! He lay upon his angareeb still debating it when the question suddenly and effectively settled itself. Ali Mahomet rushed into his tent.

"Sir," he cried, "the prisoner is gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, sir, and your own best riding camel as well. There is a slit in the tent, and he got away unseen in the early morning."

The Bimbashi acted with all energy. Cavalry rode along every track. Scouts examined the soft sand of the Wadys for signs of the fugitive. But no trace was discovered. The man had utterly disappeared. With a heavy heart Hilary Joyce wrote an official report of the matter and forwarded it to Assouan. Five days later there came a curt order from the chief that he should report himself there. He feared the worst from the stern soldier who spared others as little as he spared himself.

And his worst forebodings were realized. Travel-stained and weary, he reported himself one night at the General's quarters. Behind a table piled with papers and strewn with maps, the famous soldier and his chief of intelligence were deep in plans and figures. Their greeting was a cold one.

"I understand, Captain Joyce," said the General, "that you have allowed a very important prisoner to slip through your fingers."

"I am very sorry, sir."

"No doubt. But that will not mend matters. Did you ascertain anything about him before you lost him?"

"No, sir."

"How was that?"

"I could get nothing out of him, sir."

"Did you try?"

"Yes, sir; I did what I could."

"What did you do?"

"Well, sir, I threatened to use physical force."

"What did he say?"

"He never said anything."

"What was he like?"

"A tall man, sir. Rather a desperate character, I should think."

"Any way by which we could identify him?"

"A long black beard, sir, gray eyes, and a nervous way of twitching his face."

"Well, Captain Joyce," said the General in his stern, inflexible voice, "I cannot congratulate you upon your first exploit in the Egyptian army. You are aware that every English officer in this force is a picked man. I have the whole British army from which to draw. It is necessary, therefore, that I should insist upon the very highest efficiency. It would be unfair upon the others to pass over any obvious want of zeal or intelligence. You are seconded from the Royal Mallows, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have no doubt that your colonel will be glad to see you fulfilling your regimental duties again."

Hilary Joyce's heart was too heavy for words. He was silent.

"I will let you know my final decision to-morrow morning."

Joyce saluted, and turned upon his heel.

"You can sleep upon that, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you."

Joyce turned in bewilderment. Where had those words been used before? Who was it who had used them?

The General was standing erect. Both he and the chief of intelligence were laughing. Joyce stared at the tall figure, the erect bearing, the inscrutable gray eyes.

"No, no!" he gasped.

"Well, well, Captain Joyce, we are quits," said the General, holding out his hands. "You gave me a bad ten minutes with that infernal red-hot horseshoe of yours. I've done as much for you. I don't think we can spare you for the Royal Mallows just yet awhile."

"But, sir—but——"

"The fewer questions the better perhaps. But, of course, it must seem rather amazing. I had a little private business with the Kabbabish. It must be done in person. I did it, and came to your post in my return. I kept on winking at you as a sign that I wanted a word with you alone."

"Yes, yes, I begin to understand."

"I couldn't give it away before all those blacks, or where should I have been the next time I used my false beard and Arab dress? You put me in a very awkward position. But at last I had a word alone with your Egyptian officer, who managed my escape all right."

"He! Mahomet Ali!"

"I ordered him to say nothing. I had a score to settle with you. But we dine at eight, Captain Joyce. We live plainly here, but I think I can do you a little better than you did me at Kurkur."

THE BIGGEST STEAMSHIP AFLOAT.

By Earl Mayo.

A GOODLY CITY, WITH ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, THAT FLOATS BETWEEN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

TEN thousand tons of steel beams and braces and plates, forming a framework one-seventh of a mile in length, and carrying a mass of ponderous machinery of almost equal weight—that is the biggest of ocean steamships in rough analysis. It is easy to forget that she is a ship. When she is lying at a pier her vast form towers up like a great building; and her construction is more akin to that of a modern "sky-scraper" than to that of any of the craft of earlier days. A skeleton of steel girders, rising tier above tier to the height of five stories, is the frame of the "Oceanic's" great body; and over this is a skin of steel plates. These plates vary from an inch to an inch and three-eighths in thickness; they weigh above two tons apiece; they were fastened together by the largest riveting machine ever built; and they make the "Oceanic" the strongest as well as the largest ship of her kind.

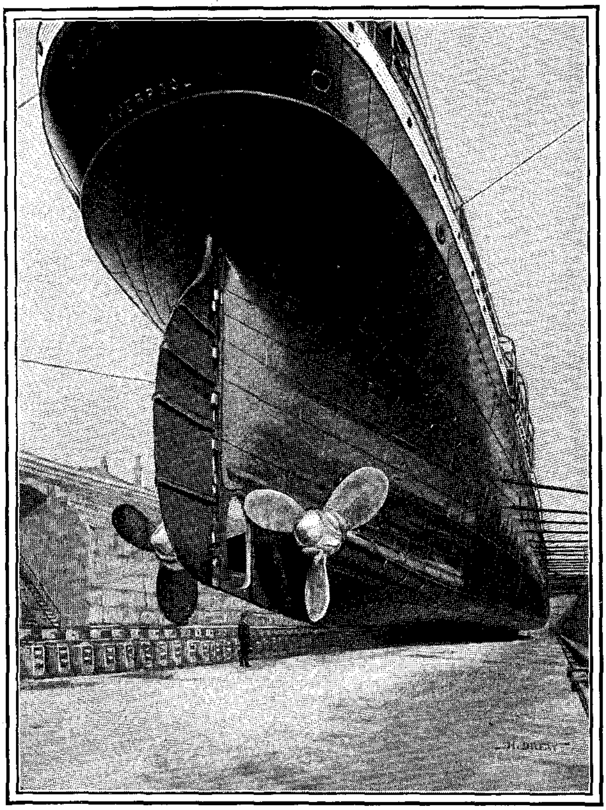
She is an ocean city—nothing less—a modern, driving, twentieth century city, teeming with all the occupations that man has devised for himself; an epitome of the two continents that she helps to unite. Her ordinary population is upward of 2,000 persons. Set up on land her steel timbers would provide the framework of dwellings for all of them. Her plates would surround the town with a solid wall five feet high and eight miles in length. Her bunkers would supply all the coal required by the community for two years. Her stores would stock all its shops. Her electric plant would light all its streets. Her engines would drive machinery sufficient to employ all the inhabitants. What she could do on land she does in more wonderful ways at sea, for there this city must be not only self-contained and self-supporting, but must, in addition, propel itself across 500 miles of ocean waste every day, in storm or calm. To do this—to rise superior to all stress of wind or weather or ordinary misfortune—requires not only vast power, but a vast reserve power.

In length the "Oceanic" surpasses any other vessel by more than fifty feet. A mere look at her, especially a walk along her decks, reveals in some measure her immensity. But to get a really adequate impression of her greatness you must descend to that region, unknown of passengers, which lies below decks, and see the ship's heart and lungs and muscles stirring her great body to life and action—watch the nice interplay of forces beside which human strength is too insignificant for comparison.

To move a body so vast—with cargo aboard the total weight is upwards of 25,000 tons—and to keep steel muscles as thick as a man's body up to their work, requires a deal of nutriment. One mouth is not enough to admit the 500 tons of coal which are the "Oceanic's" daily consumption. She has ninety-six. And into these ninety-six mouths, or furnaces, a solid ton of the Welsh or Pennsylvania hills disappears every three minutes. A ton and a half an hour must be burned beneath each of the large boilers to keep it up to its full energy—an energy that will suffice to turn seventeen tons of water into steam every hour. There are fifteen boilers. The larger ones develop 2,000 horse-power each, and are of such huge dimensions that three men standing one on top of another could scarcely span the diameter of any one.

Of like proportions are the giant's nostrils—the funnels through which are breathed out the smoke and gas that cannot be consumed.

They rise straight away from the fire-bars a distance of 128 feet; and if they were laid on the ground, a double line of trolley cars could be run through each, with room to spare. Then the two great engines (the ship's heart) beat with a steam pressure of 192 pounds to the square inch—seven and a half tons bearing upon the space covered by a man's hand. Gleaming pistons of solid steel, a foot and a half thick, convey this power to giant crank-shafts more than two feet in diameter. As a pure display of power there is nothing in any other mechanism to compare with the operation of these engines. One does not comment upon it; he holds his tongue and looks. The motion is not rapid. The stroke is six feet, and the revolutions of the crank-shaft are seventy to the minute. It is the deliberation of a giant who knows full well that nothing can stand against him. The impressiveness of the movement is heightened by the fact that we do not see it in its final application to the propulsion of the ship. We see it travel from the engines down the driving-bars. We see it take hold of the giant shafts and set them in motion. Then the shafts, thicker than a man's body, hollow, of the finest steel, disappear toward the stern of the ship. We know that they terminate in the propellers, that each revolution drives our 25,000 tons' weight over a distance of about thirty feet. But we know this because the chief engineer tells us so. All that we see are the great tubes of steel stretching away interminably, revolving ceaselessly.



A STERN VIEW OF THE BIGGEST STEAMSHIP AFLOAT.

The rudder of the biggest steamship weighs fifty-three tons. The two propellers weigh thirty tons each. They each have three blades of manganese bronze, and each blade cost $6,000.

At the engineer's suggestion, we follow along one of the shafts. Every few feet it is clamped down by great steel collars, stronger than itself, so that it shall not tear the ship apart. The walls of the passageway grow more and more narrow. We have come so far that the sound of the working engines is subdued and distant. At length we reach a bulkhead beyond which we cannot go. We have come 190 feet from the engines; thirty-five feet farther on, the shaft terminates in the propeller.

"How much does it weigh?" I ask, naturally enough.

"You can figure it out for yourself," says the engineer. "For convenience in forging and handling, the shaft is made in nine sections. Each section weighs twenty-four tons."

More than three-quarters of a million pounds of steel simply to convey the energy from engines to screws! It seems a lavish use of power.

"If one of these shafts should break, the ship would be disabled, wouldn't she?" I ask. The suggestion that such shafts as these could break seems almost preposterous; but still we have all read of such accidents.

"Hardly," says the engineer in his matter-of-fact way. "Look there!"

I look down beside the section of revolving shaft at my feet, and see a mighty buckle of steel bent to fit it, and ready with bolt-holes and bolts to be fitted on in an instant.

"Unless the break was very bad," the engineer adds, "that piece would be clamped into position, and we should be all right again in the course of an hour or so. There is one of these beside each section of the shaft.''

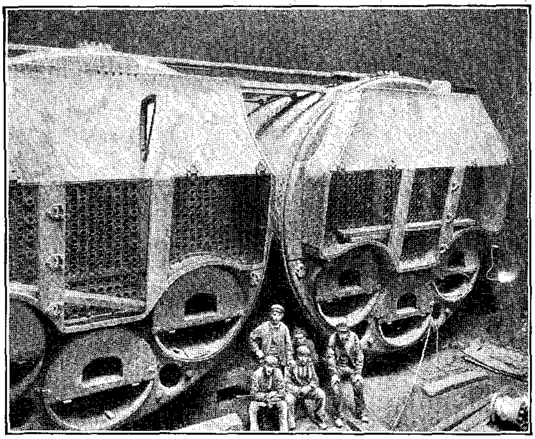
It is the same way in every part of the ship. Ingenuity has done its utmost to prevent a break-down; but if a break-down should occur, the means of repairing it are ready at hand.

It is impossible to get a fair view of the two propellers of the mammoth ship. If you look at them when the ship is in dry-dock and they are fully exposed, they seem ridiculously small for the work they do. Small, in fact, they are not, except in comparison with the bulk of the ship. They weigh thirty tons each, and are as tough as anything can be. Every ounce of metal that went into them was carefully tested. Even steel was not trusted here. It is possible for steel to break, and the propellers had to be unbreakable. Therefore, they were made of manganese bronze—manganese bronze, too, at $600 the ton, which is a matter of $6,000 for each of the six blades (three to each propeller), or $36,000 in all.

The "Oceanic" has no wheel. Her rudder weighs fifty-three tons; all the seamen on board could not control it by mere strength of hands. The ship, however, answers to the navigator's will as perfectly and as quickly as a thoroughbred horse responds to the jockey's rein. The work is all done by a pair of engines provided for this especial purpose and placed in the stern of the ship. Attached to the rudder and facing forward is a quadrant, the arc of which is notched into heavy cogs. These cogs fit the gear of the steering-engines, and to change the course of the ship becomes simply a matter of moving a lever that controls the engines. Only one of these engines is in use at any one time. The second one is for emergencies. Should the one in use break down the other stands always ready to take its place; a single movement of a lever will throw it into gear, and it would take up the work in an instant. Should both steering-engines break down, the quadrant could be connected with a capstan engine that is placed near by in order to be so used at need; and should the rudder itself give way, the ship could be controlled by a system of drags.

In addition to the two great engines that supply the propelling power, the "Oceanic" carries a hundred other engines, all of them smaller than the two mentioned, but many of them still far from small. Each of them has its individual function, and operates independently. There are warping engines fore and aft, and capstan engines and cargo hoists and steam-winches. In the stern there is the double set of engines described which operate the rudder, and there is another set forward to handle the giant anchors. When the "Oceanic's" mud-hooks "take the ground" the "thunder of the hawse-pipes" is the reverberation of chains each link of which weighs 200 pounds. Then there is an electric plant larger than many an enterprising town can boast. It lights the ship, operates fans, hoists ashes and provisions from below, heats the staterooms on the upper deck, boils water, revolves the brushes in the ship's barber shop, and turns the spit on which joints are roasted in the kitchen. There are ten feed-pumps, and five circulating-pumps, and four ballast-pumps, and three fresh-water pumps, and four brine-pumps, and two auxiliary pumps, and two evaporating-pumps, and one filtering-pump, and six sundry pumps, according to the engineer's own statement. There are twenty steam fans to keep the air in circulation throughout the ship. There are two refrigerating plants: one to supply the cold-storage rooms, and one to make ice for the passengers' use.

It is small wonder that fifty gallons of oil a day are required to keep all this machinery running smoothly. It does run smoothly. Just as the symmetry of the great vessel's lines dulls our perception of her true size when we view her lying in mid-channel, so the perfect ad-

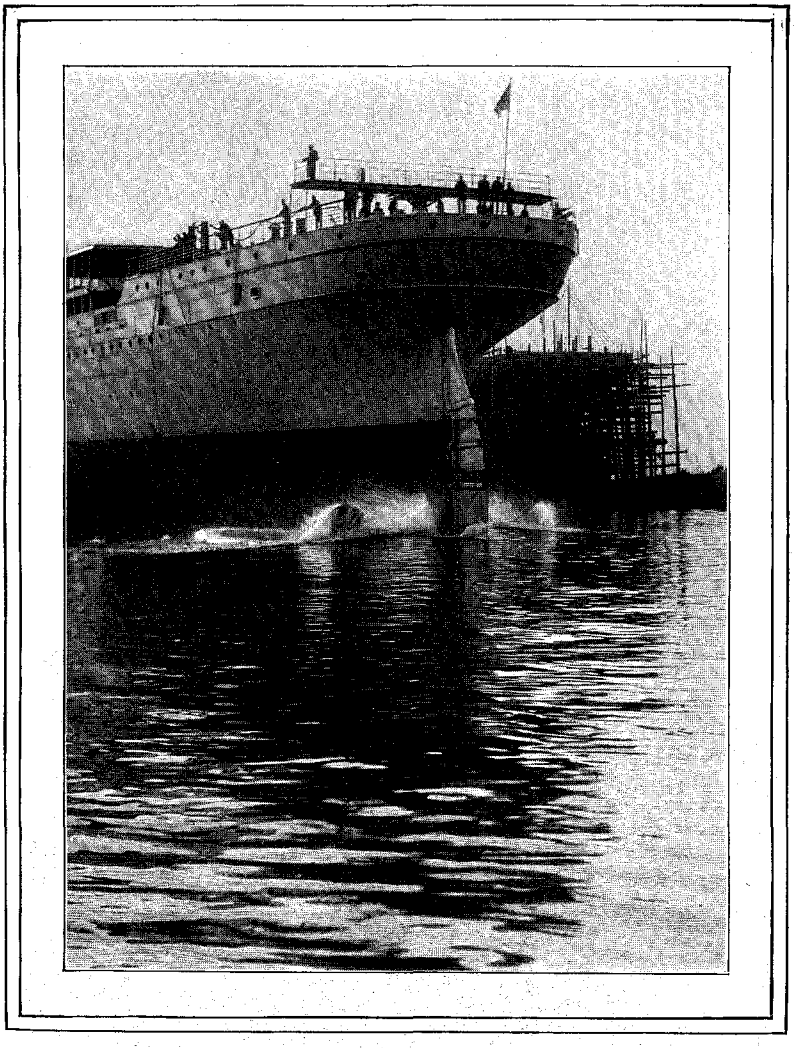


TWO OF THE BOILERS.

There are fifteen boilers in all, and the larger ones each consume a ton and a half of coal an hour.

justment of her mighty organs retards our realization of the immense power that they exert. The different parts labor together without jar or disturbance. The little noise that attends their operation is harmonized to a single low monotone.

Up a narrow stairway leading from the promenade deck and bearing the prominent warning, "Passengers not allowed," forty feet above the water-line, is the captain's room. And on the platform just outside, all the complex and intricate mechanism of the vessel is brought together under the captain's eye and under the possible direction of his hand. Here is a row of instruments—automatic devices—each one controlling some distant piece of machinery. By moving a lever, communication is had with the engine far abaft which controls the steering-gear. It is thus possible to swing the ship as easily as one might guide a canoe by paddle. Here is a dial on which you read, "Full speed ahead;" "Half;" "Slow;" "Full speed astern." It connects with the engine-room. Move the indicator to any one of these designations, and the ship answers with a corresponding movement as readily as the hand follows the impulse of the will. The control is perfect. In three seconds, by directions of voice and hand, the officer stationed here can reverse the engines, divide the ship into eighteen separate



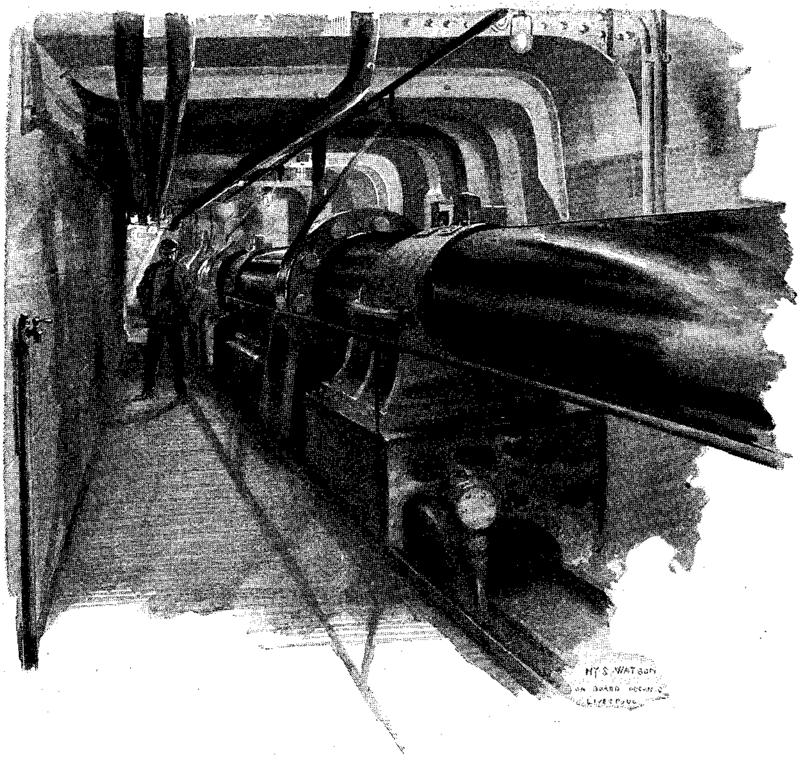
THE "OCEANIC" AT THE MOMENT OF LAUNCHING.

The picture shows the spray thrown up by the ship's first contact with the water. Notwithstanding her enormous weight and bulk, she was stopped within thirty seconds after leaving the ways. From a photograph by Lafayette.

and water-tight compartments, and summon the men to their emergency posts, whether these be at the fire-hose, beside the life-boats, or in charge of the auxiliary machinery.

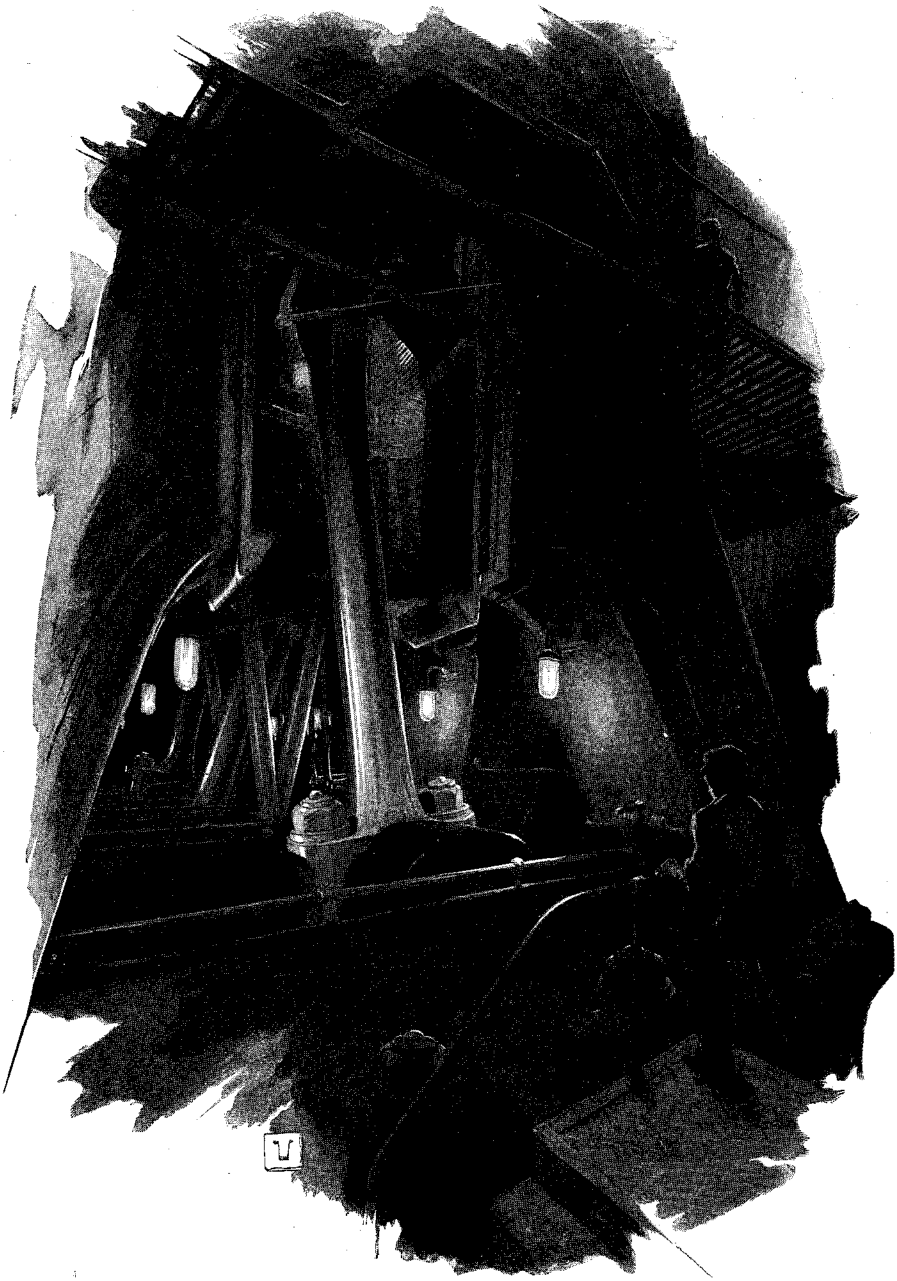
How soon can the ship be brought to a standstill if danger looms ahead? That is a question that readily occurs to one as he looks out from the bridge when a thick Atlantic fog bank shuts down all about. The captain shakes his head when the query is put to him. "That is a question we have never had occasion to answer," he says. "It would depend upon speed and weather conditions. The screws could be set to revolving the other way almost instantly, but it would take a few minutes for them to overcome the forward impetus. She would halt perhaps in two lengths and a half." Two lengths and a half of the "Oceanic" means a third of a mile. That is none too small a margin.

There is no more beautiful illustration of modern seamanship and the perfect adjustment to conditions which dominates all the operations of a modern steamship than you have in observing the warping of the "Oceanic" into her dock at either end of her trans-Atlantic journey. Obviously, the landing of a vessel 700 feet long is not a mere matter of steaming up alongside the pier. Many more accidents occur in bringing a steamship to her dock than in sailing her on the high seas; and with the "Oceanic" the task is especially delicate. She is longer than the pier itself; there is, perhaps, no more than two feet between her hull and the bottom of the channel in the spot where she is to lie, and less than that on either side; and exact allowance must be made for the run of the tide. Hence the distance which each revolution of the propellers will carry her must be very nicely calculated. And yet it is all done as easily and quietly as a girl sets down her biggest doll in a row with its smaller mates. The captain stands silently on the bridge, whence he can survey every yard of the space in which the ship is to be manœuvered. Near by, at the top of a signal tube, a junior officer is stationed. At the other end of the tube, alert for every signal, is stationed the chief engineer. At exactly the point where the ship's accumulated en-



A SECTION OF ONE OF THE TWO PROPELLER SHAFTS.

We see the heavy collars and immense rivetings which hold the different parts of the shaft in place. The shaft is 225 feet in length and more than two feet in diameter, and is composed of nine sections each weighing twenty-four tons.



IN THE ENGINE-ROOM.

The enormous driving-bar, which is well shown here, revolves one of the shafts. Normally the shafts each make seventy-four revolutions a minute, and each revolution of the two shafts drives the 25,000 tons' weight of the ship about thirty feet.

ergy, the set of the tide, and the other factors in the ship's movements will serve to set her opposite her crib, the captain gives an order. At once the great engines hold their breath, and the giant ship slows down like a runner at the end of a race. Two snub-nosed tugs run alongside, one on the forward port quarter, one astern on the starboard side. Quietly, almost invisibly, they turn the mammoth hulk, against which they themselves look to be little more than futile toys; turn her until she faces her berth.

And then, perhaps, the engines throb again, a few quick inhalations; and softly, as a tired child slips between the covers at night, the ship glides to her moorings.

Improved to the last degree as is the "Oceanic's" machinery, it still will not operate itself. To attend to all the various activities that go on aboard, and to attend to the wants of 1,500 or more passengers, requires a crew of nearly half a thousand men. Of this number not more than sixty are classed as sailors, and their work includes little that we have been taught to associate with Jack Tar. There is still the duty of standing watch; there is still the boat-drill and the fire-drill and the Sunday review. Aside from these few cherished survivals, the sailor on board the biggest steamship spends his time chiefly in scrubbing decks, in handling cargo, and in working the auxiliary machinery. His lot is not without honor, but his old glory has departed. As the men behind the big guns are the important factor in the modern naval battle, so the important factor in the navigation of the great ship is the men behind the engines.

On the "Oceanic" the engineer's department includes close upon 200 men. Of these, the larger body are the firemen, consisting of what are called stokers and trimmers. The work of a trimmer is to bring coal from the bunkers and deposit it at the furnace door. On shipboard the space allotted to coal is that which is not available for other purposes. As a consequence, the coal may be at a considerable distance from the furnaces. To move the 500 tons consumed each day by the "Oceanic" requires the constant labor of twenty-five men working, as do the whole engine-room force, in eight-hour shifts. Then, to serve the coal to the ninety-six furnaces occupies thirty men, two to each boiler. Each man handles twelve tons of coal during the time he is on duty. This, with the work of making the fires and keeping them at top heat, constitutes the most arduous labor that man performs anywhere on or within the earth or on or under the waters that cover it. A third class of engine-room workers is the greasers, thirty-five in number. Their work is described in their name. They go about their tasks shining with oil and armed with big handfuls of cotton waste.

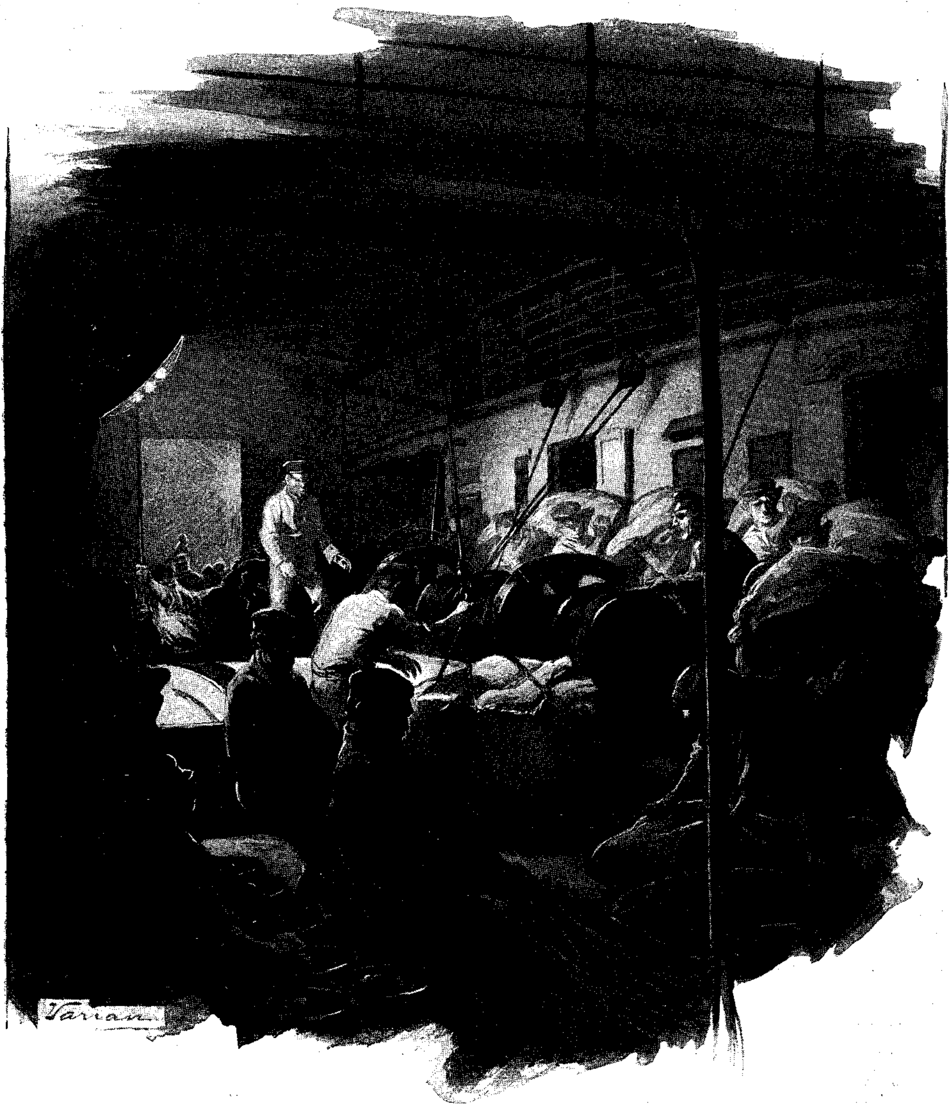
Numerically, the largest of the three departments into which the operation of the biggest steamship is divided is the one employed in looking after the wants of passengers. It is presided over by the purser, who, with the chief steward, is directly at the head of 200 men. This number includes nearly a hundred dining-room stewards, half a hundred bedroom stewards, nine stewardesses to look after the wants of women passengers, cooks, scullions, and galley employees of all sorts, store-keepers, linen-keepers, and half a dozen bootblacks.

The list of stores required for a single voyage reads like the requisition sheet for an army. Here are a few of the items, copied from the order-book of the chief steward: 31,000 pounds of fresh meat (beef, mutton, and lamb), 2,000 head of chickens and ducks, 1,000 head of game (varied according to season), 25 tons of potatoes—tons, mind you!—150 barrels of flour, 6,000 pounds of ham and bacon, 10,000 eggs, 6,400 pounds of sugar. These seem immense quantities; but they are, in most of the items named, the supplies for a single voyage, and this at a season of the year when travel is not at its height. With such things as fresh meat, poultry, game, eggs, and potatoes it is not practicable to stock for more than one voyage; but of salt meats, flour, and such supplies an overplus is carried, to guard against want in case the ship should be delayed. In the ordinary way, it is as certain as human ingenuity can make it that the "Oceanic's" voyage will end on the sixth day after it began; but on any voyage she could remain at sea for twenty-five days before an actual famine would begin.

In the old days it was customary to carry along a number of cows to supply the passengers with fresh milk. To supply the "Oceanic" with dairy products in this way, at least with any such abundance as now prevails, would be to turn her into a cattle-ship. Her cold storage compartments contain, at the beginning of each voyage, 3,000 quarts of milk and cream, 5,000 pounds of butter, and 3,000 pounds of ice-cream.

No less than twenty meals are served each day on the "Oceanic." There are three full meals—breakfast, luncheon, and dinner—for the first cabin, for the second cabin, for the steerage, for the officers, and for the crew. In addition to these, the first and second cabin folk have bouillon in the morning, tea in the afternoon, and supper at night, if they care to impose so great a strain upon their stomachs. The first step in the preparation of a day's bill of fare is taken in the afternoon, when the chief steward retires to his cabin and makes out the menu for the following day for each of his numerous families. These are handed to the ship's printer, who prints the menu cards on a little hand-press. Then each of the chief cooks receives a copy, and makes out a list of the supplies that he will require for his own department. This list is submitted to the chief steward, and after he has approved it, it is valid as an order upon the storekeepers for the indicated amounts of the articles named in it.

Each chief cook has a little workshop to himself and a corps of assistants. The galleys in which their concoctions are prepared for the table are fitted out as completely as any kitchens in the world. In the main galley, the range upon which a large part of the cooking is done weighs seventeen tons, and it is only one of many pieces of kitchen furniture. There is a special oven for baking bread, kept always at a certain temperature. There is a special compartment in which joints are roasted, and where the spits are kept constantly and evenly revolving by a special electric motor. There is a separate compartment for cooking vegetables; and there is a device for boiling eggs by which the eggs, after remaining in the water just the desired length of time, are brought automatically to the surface. The soup is prepared in three great caldrons, each of a capacity of thirty gallons. On all of the



TAKING ON A SUPPLY OF FOOD FOR A TRANS-ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

Gangs of men work day and night to get on board the hundreds of tons of supplies required for a voyage.

cooking appliances are sure devices for regulating the heat and keeping it constant, so that it is next to impossible, except through sheer inattention, to either over-cook or under-cook.

To serve so many meals a day to so many people naturally requires an immense number of dishes. There are 2,500 of each of the several varieties of plates, cups, and saucers most in use on the "Oceanic"; and of silver knives, forks, and spoons there are 1,500 each. In the course of a voyage about 3,000 pieces of china are broken. The washing of so many dishes is, of itself, a considerable business. For the most part it is done by machinery. Large baskets full of the heavier dishes are lowered into tanks of boiling water, which cleanses them thoroughly. But they are all wiped by hand; and the silver and the more fragile china are washed by hand, a task that keeps fifteen men busy through the entire day.

The "Oceanic's" laundry-bag accumulates 50,000 pieces in the course of a voyage. The laundry work is not done on board; on the ship's arrival at Liverpool, the pieces are sent to the company's general laundry there—a large establishment in which a force of eighty-five washerwomen and seamstresses are kept busy in washing and keeping in repair the linen of all the ships in the company's fleet.

The whole work of the steamship and her crew is ordered by a system of discipline military in its exactitude. The record of each man is kept from the time he enters the company's employ, and all promotion is on the basis of service. The heads of the various departments win their places only by service in the ranks. Under this system an *esprit de corps* prevails which is seldom found among the employees of purely commercial concerns. To promote discipline, as well as to increase efficiency, there is a daily drill; and twice each day the ship and the ship's crew undergo a thorough inspection. The morning inspection is the more elaborate, and is conducted by the commander, the purser, the surgeon, and the chief steward. Promptly at half-past ten the ship's bugler sounds the "Three G's." At the signal every man of the crew, except the members of the engine-room force, who are never taken away from their particular work, moves to an appointed post. The water-tight doors throughout the ship are closed within twenty seconds, and the men stand by silent and at attention. As the officers approach each post, the men salute, throw open the doors, and stand by until the inspection of that division is completed. They then resume their ordinary duties. The inspection is no mere formality or ceremony. The officers look into every passage-way, room, and compartment. First cabin, second cabin, steerage, forecastle, galley, store-rooms—every portion of the ship from promenade deck to the hold itself is carefully examined, and it goes hard with any man whose quarters are not in perfect order, or who has left so much as a soiled napkin lying out of place. It is a further indication of the immensity of the "Oceanic" that two hours of rapid walking are required to complete the inspection. At half-past nine in the evening the purser and the chief steward make the same rounds again. This thorough oversight and constant supervision secures scrupulous cleanliness and order throughout the great ship, of which the best evidence is, perhaps, the fact that the passenger seldom gives the matter a thought.

It will be imagined that the operation of a vessel such as this, and the maintenance of such an army of employees, is a matter of no little cost. The men themselves are not highly paid. The stokers, who do the hardest work, receive $25 a month. Trimmers and greasers get $22.50, and the sailors are paid about the same. The stewards, who have valuable perquisites in the form of tips from passengers, receive from $15 to $20. The officers are paid by the month, and receive salaries a little larger than those of naval men of equal rank. In comparing these wages with those of land labor, it is to be borne in mind that the men also have their board and lodging. Even at such seemingly modest rates, the salary bill of the "Oceanic" is not less than $10,000 a month—that is, for each round trip. Her daily coal bill is about $1,600 a day at sea. For food and other items of outfitting there is paid out three-quarters of a million dollars every year. The cost of overhauling the ship in preparation for each voyage is not less than $1,000. Each round trip represents a complete business transaction. By the English law, the members of a ship's crew must be paid off within twenty-four hours of the vessel's return to her home port, and must sign new articles for each voyage. Similarly, all accounts of passenger and freight receipts, and expenditures for wages, supplies, and repairs, are balanced at the end of every completed voyage.

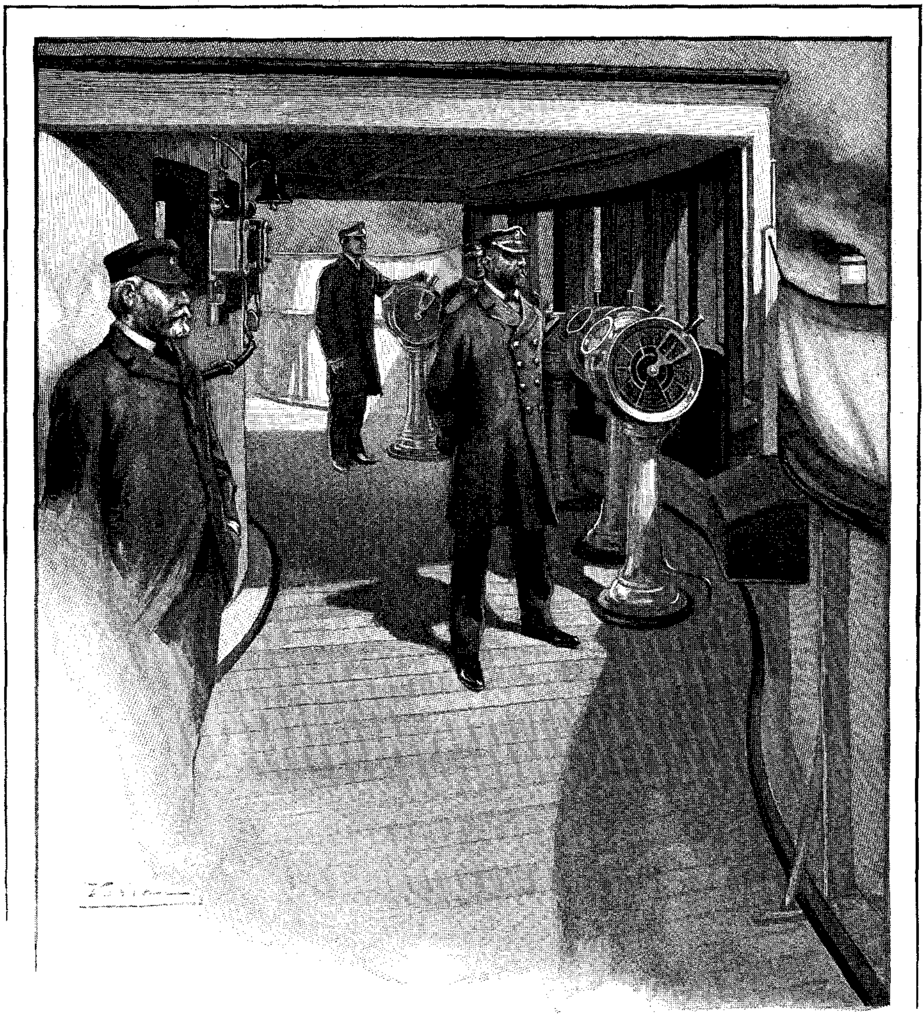
The maximum earning capacity of the biggest steamship is about $90,000 a month.

But the period of high tide in ocean travel—and it is only during this period that she can earn so much—lasts rather less than one-third of the year. Considering this fact, and taking into account the cost of operation, repairs, and insurance, and the deterioration in value of the ship itself, it will be seen that the income from the greatest of ocean vessels is no more than an ordinary return on the investment of $4,500,000 which she represents.

"All this wealth of skill and money," says the penny-wise observer, "lavished in order that a few persons may be carried across 3,000 miles of ocean in the greatest possible comfort and luxury!" But there is a larger view. The "Oceanic" carries man's subjection of the ocean to his daily business and use one degree farther; he has it now just so much the more under his sure control. And in the necessary affairs and things of life, as well as in its luxuries and pastimes, it means much if a man embarking at New York can make an engagement in London for the sixth day thereafter and be certain of keeping that engagement. Indeed, in the final import, it means a closer union of the Old World and the New, a step toward the realization of that fond dream—the final brotherhood of all mankind.

ON THE BRIDGE—FORTY FEET ABOVE WATER.

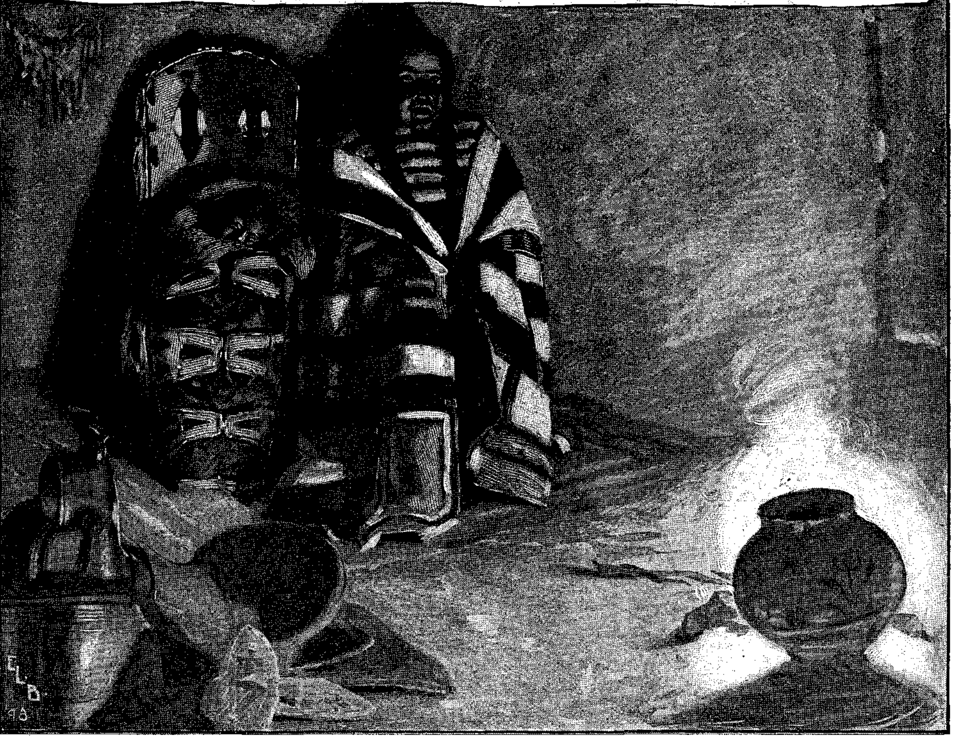
When the big ship is in the delicate operation of entering or leaving a crowded harbor, the scene on the bridge is wonderfully impressive. Only the captain, the pilot, and one or two junior officers are there, and hardly a word is said or a gesture made. Almost the only sound is the occasional sharp clink of the instruments that communicate with the various parts of the ship. In this quiet way the movements of the ship, in spite of her 25,000 tons, are directed with the utmost accuracy.

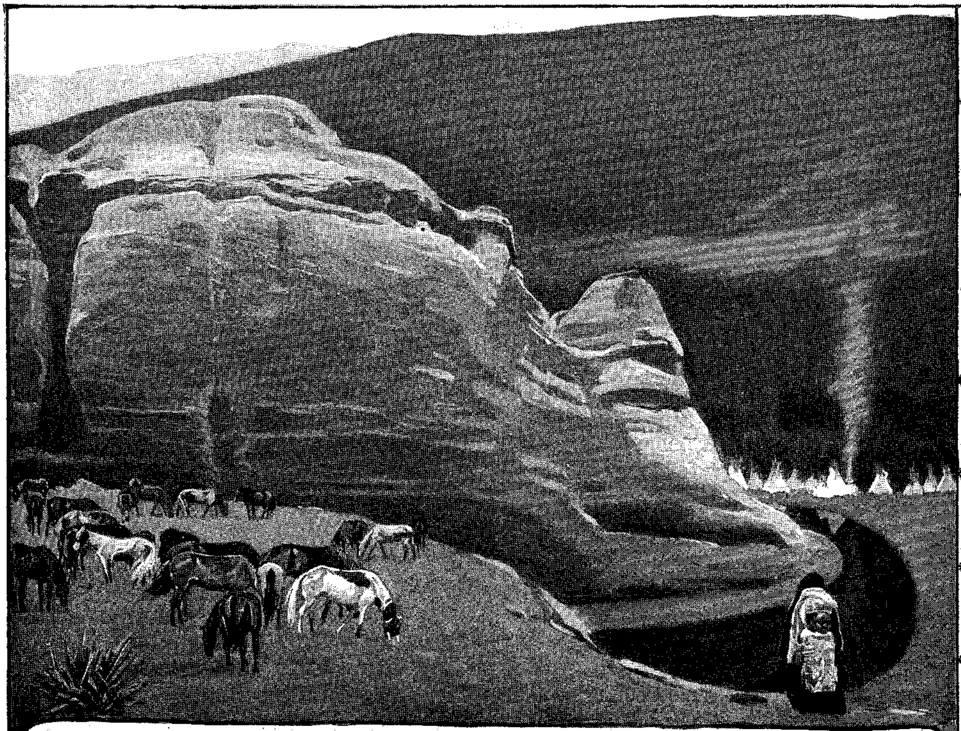


An Indian Mother Song

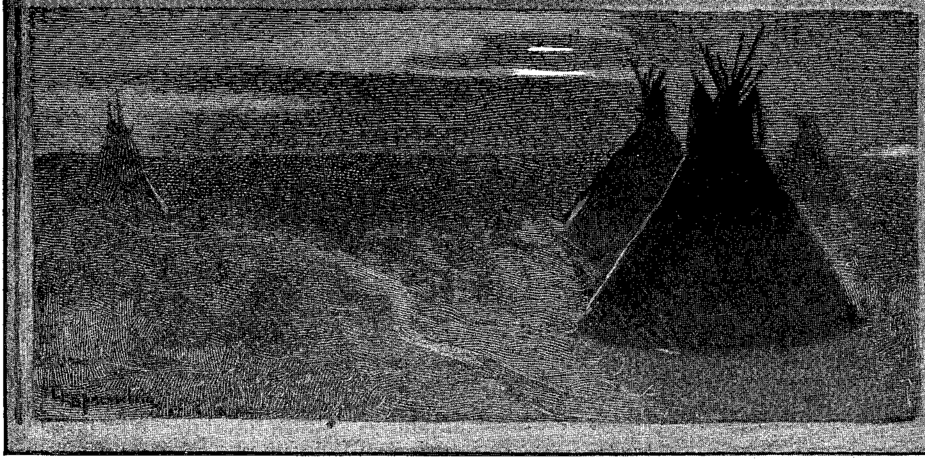
by Willis Irwin

SLEEP, little Love Flower, sleep; the Day Chief goes to rest—
The watch-fire blazes brightly by his wigwam in the west.
Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.
The Night Chief cometh out the east, with spirit warriors in his train;
Their plumes are black above the hills, their shadows fall across the plain;
Their purple arrows vein the air, the shafts around us thickly fly,
They come, and lo, the council fires are lighted in the sky.
Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.
Sweet be thy sleep, and sound, on slumber's happy hunting ground.





SLEEP, little Love Flower, sleep; the Day Chief lies at rest —
The watch-fire burneth dimly by his wigwam in the west.
Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.
The marsh-bird pipes unto her mate, the answering note comes from afar;
Wierd voices 'mong the sachem pines are murmuring tales of tribal war;
The night-wind calleth from the north, the wood-folk wake with hungry cry,
The fire-flies hang upon the trees to light the Night Chief passing by.
Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.
Sweet be thy sleep, and sound, on slumber's happy hunting ground.



THE GOVERNOR'S REHEARSAL.

By Charles Warren,

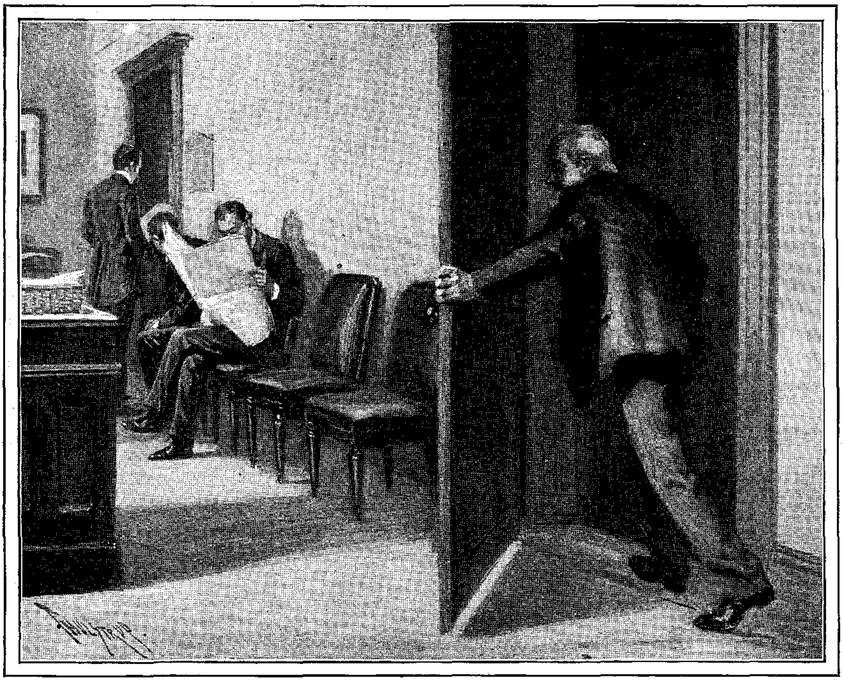
Author of "A Manufacturer of History," and other stories.

A STORY OF PUBLIC LIFE.

MARK SPENNER had made up his mind to kill the Governor. That was the reason why Mark Spenner had been crouching for nearly two hours, in the dark, in the farthest corner of a seldom used rubbish closet leading from the private secretary's office. He had come up that afternoon to the State House from Belltown for this express purpose.

About four o'clock he had entered the private secretary's room, and had been assigned his seat at the foot of a line of chairs filled with impatient visitors awaiting their turn. The private secretary had looked at him searchingly, struck with the old man's wildness of eye and intensity of speech. One by one the men ahead of Spenner saw, with a sigh of relief, the door into the Governor's room open, and the visitor hurry out looking happy, disappointed, angry, or puzzled, according to the degree of success in his mission. One by one the line lessened; and Spenner nerved himself for the coming test. Suddenly a tall, sturdy figure appeared at the door. It was the Governor himself. He bowed to the waiting men, and, crossing the room with a vigorous step, he stood talking in an undertone to the private secretary, not six feet away from the last man in the line.

Mark Spenner's breath came quick, and the blood rose in his head. He felt behind under his coat, where his hip-pocket was distended in a knobby lump. As he made the motion, the Governor happened to glance at him, and nodded courteously, as if to an old acquaintance. Spenner withdrew his hand,



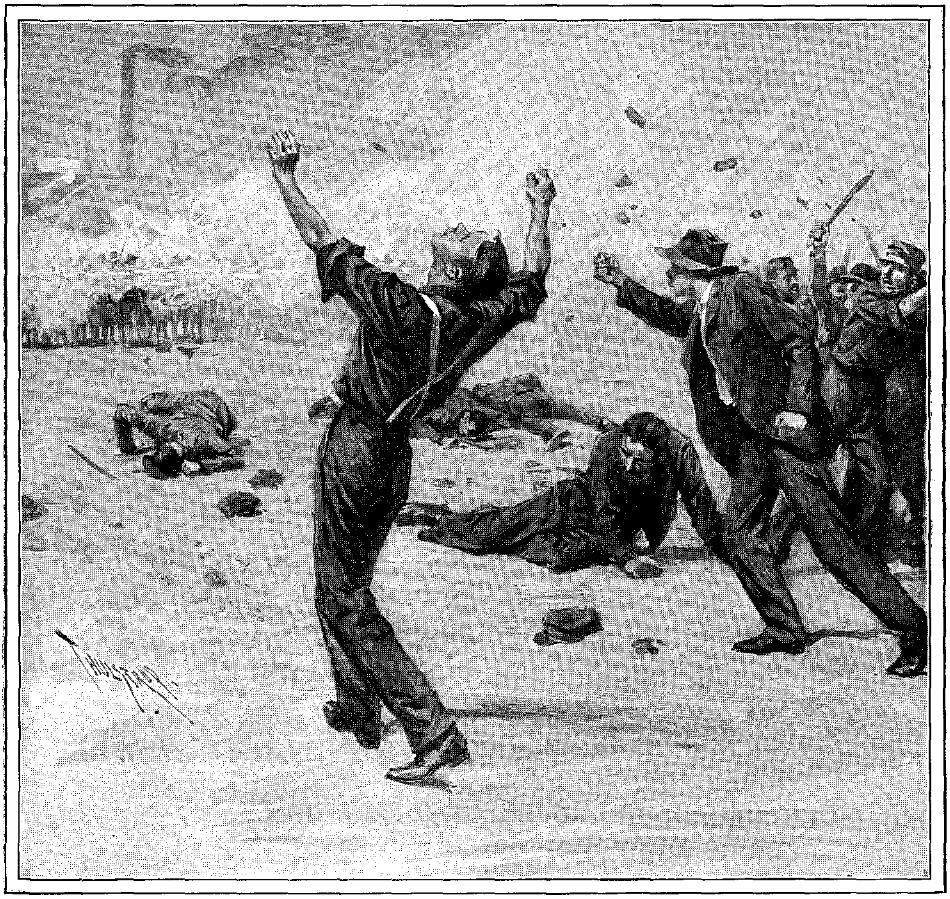
"IN ONE DART MARK SPENNER HAD REACHED THE CLOSET DOOR, FLASHED BEHIND IT . . . AND CROUCHED . IN THE DARKNESS."

and sat hesitating. Just then he caught the last words that the Governor was saying to his secretary, and he trembled with excitement. "Mr. Porter, you and the clerks need not wait after five o'clock to-night. I shall see no one after then, and every one may leave. I am going to Dolliver to-night to declare my position on this strike question, and I want to stay here until half-past six to finish writing out my speech."

As he heard these words Mark Spenner suddenly changed his plan. He would not kill the Governor now, suddenly, publicly. He would wait until after five o'clock, when the State House would be quiet, and then he could kill him easily and peaceably.

He looked around the room. At the lower end he perceived a door partially open. He rose, and walked down toward it. No one noticed him. The door led into a deep closet. He stood looking out of the window near it. Outside it was growing dark. He heard the private secretary call to his stenographer, who sat at the end of the room, to go to the outer corridor and answer the telephone. Then the door to the Governor's room opened again, a man emerged, and the private secretary went in to announce to the Governor the next visitor. Now was the time, thought Spenner. No one was in the room except the two men still ahead of him in line, waiting their turn. He glanced slyly and rapidly at them. One was reading his newspaper; the other was looking eagerly at the half-open door in which appeared the private secretary's back. In one dart Mark Spenner had reached the closet door, flashed behind it into the closet, and crouched in the farthest corner in the darkness. No sound had been made. One moment he had been outside, waiting impatiently like any other visitor. The next moment he was gone.

The private secretary showed the first man in to the Governor, and came back to his desk. The stenographer returned from the



"THE TROOPS HAD FIRED . . . AND NOW ELEVEN MEN LAY DEAD IN BELLTOWN."

telephone. The man with the newspaper still sat waiting. On the surface, that was all. It came the newspaper reader's turn. The private secretary looked for the pale, wild-eyed man with the rumpled hair; but did not see him. "Where is that other man, Jim?" he asked of the stenographer.

"I don't know," said Jim. "He must have got tired waiting and gone out. I didn't notice."

"The Governor'll be glad of that. There's been a perfect procession of callers this afternoon. Tell them outside to admit no one else. It's a quarter of five, and I'm going home."

"I've got about twenty minutes' dictation to write out," said Jim. "Good-night."

Mark Spenner waited, trembling, to see if any one would come to the closet. No one did. He heard Mr. Porter leave. The typewriter clicked uninterruptedly, and then stopped. The stenographer left. A cab rattled by outside. The clerks in the outer corridor chatted a few minutes. There came a sound of doors shutting with a click and of keys turning in the locks. The sound of steps grew fainter. Then all was very quiet.

After a time he heard some one come into the room humming a tune. It was the Governor. The steps approached the closet door. Mark Spenner shook, and breathed hard. The steps went away. Then he heard the door of the Governor's room close, and it was very quiet again outside. And Mark Spenner crouched in the closet, determined to kill the Governor and knowing that his time had come.

The facts which had led Mark Spenner to that decision are part of the well-known history of the tragic political State campaign of that year.

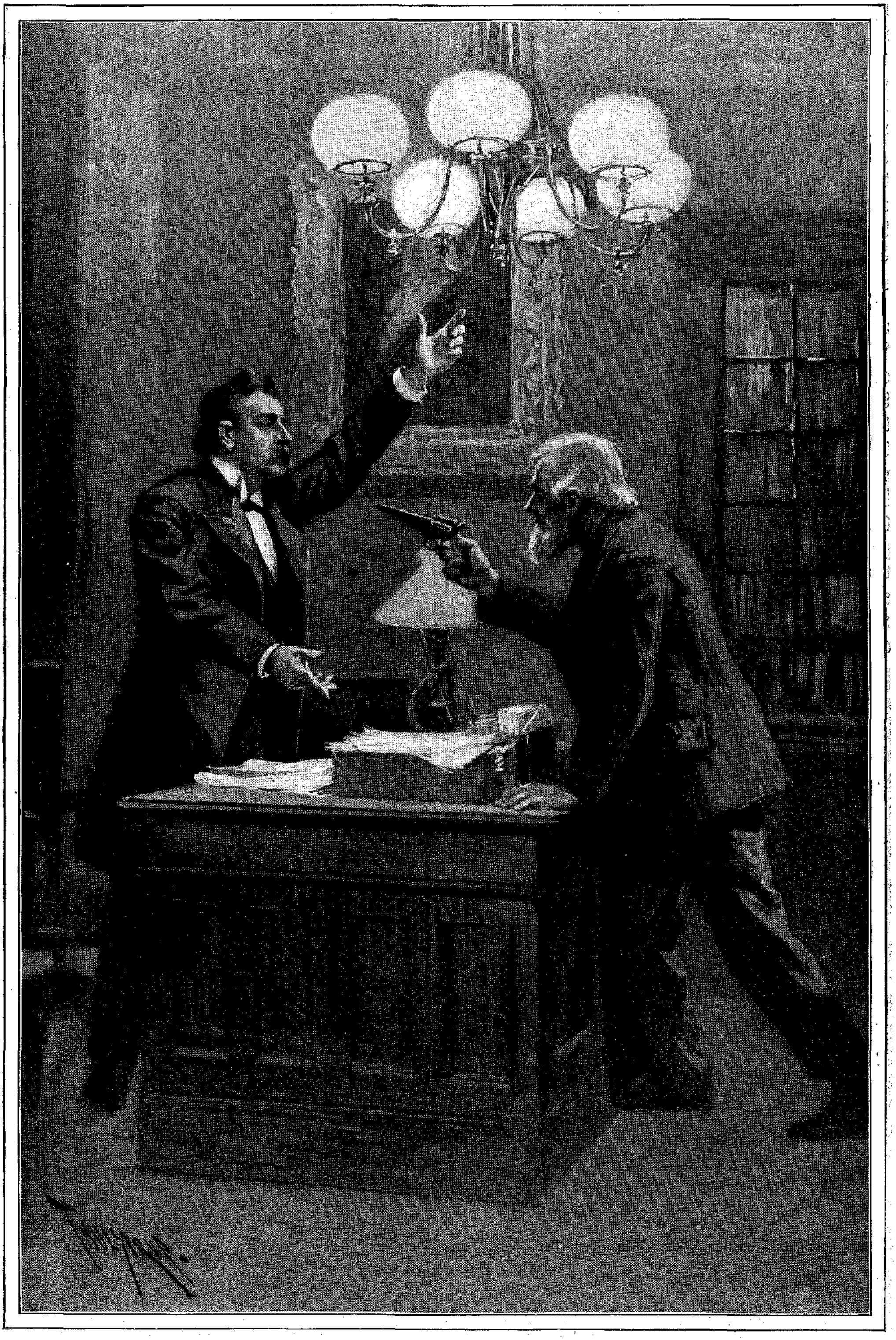
Although the Governor had received a second renomination in the State Convention three weeks before, his party managers did not underestimate the strength of his opponent, Charles Fondridge; and they realized that the campaign was to be so close that the result might hinge on the slightest change of votes. So it happened that a brief telegram brought into the midst of a meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Committee ten days ago had produced an excited change in their plans, and spread a look of cheer around the committee room. The telegram was from the chairman of the City Committee in Belltown, and read, "International Mills employees voted this noon to strike."

Belltown was a large manufacturing city that had always cast a heavy vote against the Governor's party. For some months there had been a more or less active struggle going on there between the directors of the International Mills and their 3,000 employees. The causes of the struggle have nothing to do with this history. No one had believed, however, that there would be any open outbreak. Indeed, Fondridge's political managers had been most active in appealing to the directors and to Jerome Barton, the president of the company, to yield. Barton had, in fact, been a former treasurer of the party's State Committee. Hence he was so closely connected with the party, that a strike in his mills would inevitably become a political issue; and real live State issues were the last thing that the managers wanted in this so-called "national" campaign.

The news that the strike had come caused, therefore, a corresponding depression in the party ranks of the Governor's opponent. The recusant president and directors of the International Mills were called all manner of names, and every argument was employed upon them to bring about a settlement of the strike. But as President Barton said to the committee that waited on him, "Why, gentlemen, we're not running these mills for our health or for politics. We're running them to make money for the stockholders. Personally, I'd like nothing better than to see Charley Fondridge governor. I'll make you a campaign subscription myself of $5,000, and you can have my personal check when you want it; but what you're asking me to do is impossible. You are practically asking the stockholders of this corporation to make you a campaign subscription out of their profits, not of $5,000, but more nearly of $500,000; for that is what this strike, unless successful on our side, would mean to us."

The committee returned to headquarters discouraged.

Meanwhile others were becoming discouraged. The fathers of four or five young children, with small credit at the stores and no deposits in the savings-banks and little food in the house; the children who had earned enough to help support the rest of the family; the young men and young women who had hoped to be married soon—they, too, were beginning to grumble, down in the streets of Belltown. When all went well and they were working hard, they had no time to think about politics; and they had voted—those who had a vote—almost instinc-

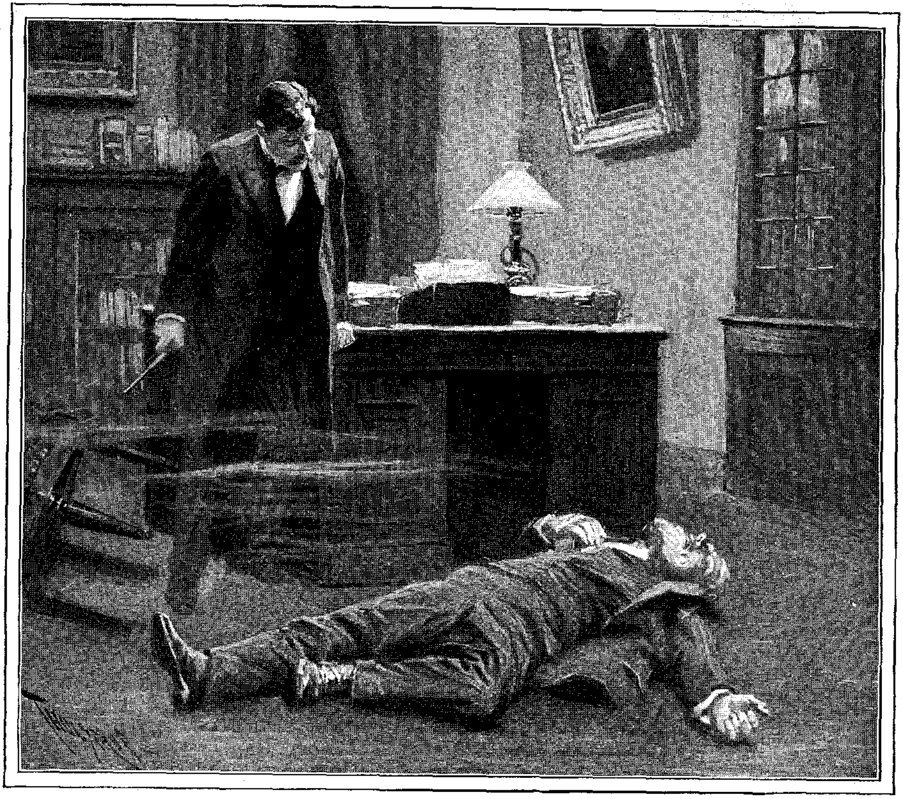


"THE GOVERNOR'S WHOLE FRAME SEEMED IN MOTION WITH THE INTENSITY OF HIS WORDS."

tively according to habit, tradition, or their father's vote. Now they had time to think for themselves, and they were asking each other whether they had not been deceived; whether the party to which such a hard-hearted monster as President Barton belonged could possibly be the party for which the workingman should vote. And while these questions were flying round, the Governor's party managers, who had hoped for this situation, sent down into the midst of the rising dissatisfaction thousands of campaign documents.

Then, one night, the rumor came that the mills were to start up the next day with "scab" labor. Men clustered, pale and excited, on the street corners. Women grew terrified, and tried to keep their sons and their husbands at home, foreseeing that trouble was coming. The non-union men arrived the next day, and in less than an hour large bodies of strikers were gathered along the road leading to the mills and around the gates. There was no violence as yet; but there were hardly suppressed oaths and savage looks and searches of the pawn shops for revolvers. During the next day regular processions of strikers carrying banners paraded up and down the road past the mill grounds, which stretched along for nearly a mile in the open country outside the city proper. As the non-union men went into the gates they were greeted with every kind of threat and hard name, but no one was molested physically by the strikers.

The outburst was precipitated before its time by the careless act of a small boy who, more in fun than anything else, threw a stone at a window in a shed on the mill grounds. As the glass broke, suddenly the air was thick with stones, bricks, sticks, and iron bolts. The next morning the police were lined up along the road running by the mills. A non-union man was pulled from their hands, and disappeared through the crowd yelling for help. That night the news spread over the city that the directors of the mills had obtained an injunction against Matthew Spenner, James Conlon, Peter Lachaude, and fifteen others, active union men. At the meeting of the union, the injunction was brought in and read. It restrained them "and their agents and servants or any person in connection, association, or combination with them" from "interfering with the management and operation



"IT WAS THE FINAL SCENE IN THE BELLTOWN TRAGEDY."

of said mills by their owners or those operating them, either by menaces, threats, force, or any character of intimidation used to prevent the employees of said mills from going to, or from, or working in, said mills." And, further, "the defendants" were "restrained from entering upon the property of the owners of the International Mills Corporation, or assembling in the roads leading to and upon said property, for the purpose of interfering with the employees of said corporation either by threats, menaces, or violence."

Head and front of all in wild oratory against the courts was young "Mat" Spenner. "We're enjoined off the face of the earth!" he shouted. "We must resist or lose all our liberties! Haven't we a right to walk on the streets as well as those bloated monopolists?"

Along toward the early dawn, after an excited debate, it was determined that the arrest of Spenner, Lachaude, and their fellow-martyrs must be prevented.

Meanwhile, that same evening, there was discouragement and cursing at Fondridge's State headquarters when the news came that Barton had secured an injunction. "This caps the climax," said the secretary of the committee. "We might have made a fair showing on the strike question; but if they are going to be allowed to bring up the injunction issue, it knocks Fondridge's campaign completely."

"I see they've persuaded the Governor to go on the stump at last, too," said the chairman of the Executive Committee. "He's billed for a speech on this labor business down at Dolliver on Saturday, and I suppose that from now until then he'll be gathering hot shot for us."

"It was hot enough for us last year," said the secretary. "Rollins, what do you think about this wretched mess Barton has got us into with his injunction?"

Rollins, the corpulent, shrewd-faced chairman of the State Committee, had been sitting for some time silently rubbing the scowls from his forehead. "I think," he said, "that the Governor may be in a tighter hole next Saturday than we are now."

"That sounds well. What does it mean?" asked the treasurer.

"Did it ever occur to you," Rollins replied, "that the Governor might be called upon to order out the troops? And if he did send the troops; if any—well, we'll say any —accident happened, would that help him with the Belltown voters?"

The secretary whistled. "Not so bad, not so bad, Rollins. There may be something in that for us."

On Tuesday night Rollins's prophecy was fulfilled. Spenner and his comrades, against the protests of the soberer and wiser men in the union, put into operation their plan of defiance of the injunction, and its enforcement was openly resisted. The sheriff and his posse and the police were unable to take possession of the violators. They were driven back with torn clothes, bruises, and even with serious wounds. Several non-union men also were wounded by missiles, and dangerous bonfires were built in lots adjoining the mills. The sheriff was obliged to read the riot act. Finally the mayor of the city, vigorously urged by President Barton to call on the Governor for troops, decided not to wait any longer. A delay of a few hours might mean the destruction of the mills. Then, too, the Mayor was not of the Governor's political persuasion, and he was not at all sorry that some part of the responsibility for the condition of affairs should be shifted to the Governor's shoulders.

On Wednesday morning, the Governor received the Mayor's telegram asking for the aid of the militia to put down the growing riot. He was not a man who hesitated when he saw his duty plain before him. But this was too serious a matter to decide at once without fullest knowledge of the facts. Two members of his staff and the Adjutant-General of the State were sent immediately to Belltown, and meanwhile the Governor summoned his campaign committee. A sight of their faces, when they were told the news, would have made Rollins and Fondridge laugh in glee.

"But, Governor," said the chairman, "you can't think of ordering out the troops! This is all a political game of the other side. Things aren't so serious as all that down at Belltown. Rollins is trying to put you in a hole," he continued, unconsciously using Rollins's own words. "It will be the worst and most unpopular thing you could possibly do," he added.

"That isn't the question," said the Governor. "The only question is, is it really necessary? I don't choose to play into Fondridge's hands. But, much as I am in sympathy with the cause of the strikers, the mills shall have the protection that the law gives them. If the troops are needed at Belltown, the troops shall go there."

"But hold on, Governor," said Jim Blakely, the editor; "here it is Wednesday. Election comes next Tuesday. I don't believe there's such a terrible rush about this. If, after Tuesday, Barton needs any soldiers to help run his mills, why let him have all he wants. But, Governor, don't be fool enough to throw away your election until it's really necessary!"

"What can you say at Dolliver Saturday night if the troops should—should—should make any trouble?" groaned the chairman.

The Adjutant-General returned, and reported that violence was increasing in Belltown and that protection was needed at once. In two hours a part of the Seventeenth Regiment of the National Guard was on its way thither. The State Committee waited for the news from that city, discouraged and fearful.

The news came late that very afternoon. The strikers, led by the very men against whom the injunction had been issued, had attacked the troops. The troops had fired, first into the air, but on the second volley into the mob. And now eleven men lay dead in Belltown and twenty-four wounded.

Old Mark Spenner and his daughter, Mary Spenner, lived not far from Central Avenue. Toward dark they had heard the ominous rattling crash echo down the street, and had seen the smoke rise above the low houses opposite. And then in less than half an hour an ambulance came rumbling round the corner, followed by a confused group of men. As old Mark Spenner went to meet them, they were lifting out a dark mass. Terrified at their sullen looks, he called out, "It isn't Mat. It isn't my Mat." They nodded; and then Mark Spenner did not know for hours what was taking place about him. His Mat—his one boy, whom he had trained to take his place in the mills—whom he had seen go out that very morning, young and vigorous! It was not possible. And yet there in the front room lay something that had been, but was not any longer, Matthew Spenner; and outside in the city of Belltown men in blue uniforms were tramping slowly up and down; the streets were half deserted, and lights shone in the mill windows, showing that the International Mills were working overtime to make up for lost work.

From that moment Mark Spenner began to form his project. For two days he thought of nothing else, until he felt as if all his blood was collecting in his head. His brain seemed to be bursting as this one refrain beat against it: "Who killed my son? The soldiers. Who sent the soldiers? The Governor." There was no question in Mark Spenner's mind as to the justification for the Governor's act. Very likely the strikers, his son even, may have been wrong. But the fact still remained, his son lay dead, and the Governor had killed him. Therefore he, Mark Spenner, must kill the Governor.

The Governor sat writing intently on his Dolliver speech. Every now and then he rose, and walking toward the window, leaned his head against the cool pane. Once he wandered restlessly into the private secretary's room, humming. Since Wednesday night he had been living under great pressure. The deep lines in his face and the tired black look around his eyes showed how heavily the responsibility for the Belltown tragedy was weighing on him. It was only the inner sense of complete justification for his share in that event that kept him from flinching before the torrents of abuse and denunciation which had ensued after the terrible results of Wednesday night. The pendulum had swung violently; and those workingmen who had forsaken Fondridge because of the strike were now flocking back, enraged at the Governor's action, which they regarded as treachery. So it was that his speech at Dolliver, instead of being an attack on Fondridge and his party for their position on the labor question, must now be a defense of his own action; and the Governor realized that it must be an all-powerful and all-convincing defense if he was to make good, in the three days which remained before election, the loss of the votes of those workingmen who now entirely misunderstood his position.

It had been with the greatest sense of relief that he had watched the last visitor leave and had heard his private secretary give orders to admit no one else. He had listened to the steps of the departing clerks as the sound died away down the corridor. Then, left to himself in the quiet of the empty State House, he had set himself to embody in his fateful speech all the eloquence, the passion, and the clear-cut reasoning which had so often before made friends for him out of his ardent foes.

It was after six o'clock when the Governor drew in a long breath, pushed his manuscript away from him, and, clasping his hands behind his head, tipped wearily back in his chair. His speech was finished at last, and he felt very well content with it, for he knew that it was as true and real and sincere a thing as he had ever written. But how would it strike home to the workingmen of Dolliver and of the State? That was the question which could not be answered, perhaps, until their votes had been counted. The Governor almost wished that he had not let his private secretary go home. He should like to know how the words he had just written would impress some one else.

He leaned forward again, and, taking up his manuscript, began to read it carefully over. So intent was he that he did not notice the door to the Executive Chamber open very slowly and silently, and close just as slowly and silently. Nor did he see a figure slip cautiously into the room and creep toward him. In reaching forward for his pen to make a correction in his speech the Governor looked up. Directly before the flat, square desk stood an elderly man, with a pale face and rumpled hair, holding a revolver pointed straight at the Governor's head. In a flash he recognized the peril in which he was placed; for, like all governors, he had had many an experience with insane persons. They were always drawn like a magnet toward the head of the State, whom they considered the head of all their troubles. He looked very calmly at the man, and replaced very deliberately his manuscript upon his desk. "Well, my friend," he said, "what is your name, and what can I do for you?"

Mark Spenner still felt the blood flooding up into his head, and it was with difficulty that he could control himself, as he shouted, "I am Mark Spenner, and I've come to kill you."

The Governor's face became somewhat pale and rigid, yet his mouth broke slightly into a suave smile. He knew that the only way to deal with an insane man was to humor him. "Very well, my friend; but will you not tell me why you want to kill me?"

Mark Spenner had not expected this kind of reception, yet he did not lose sight of his prey for a moment. "Because you murdered my son; because you sent the soldiers to Belltown to murder my son, Mat Spenner."

The Governor gave a little breathless gasp. He had caught his cue, for he remembered the name and its connection with the Belltown tragedy. "Let me see; you accuse me of murdering your son. And you think, therefore, that you should condemn me to death instead of having me tried by the courts. Very well, we won't discuss that. You may be right."

As his lips uttered these words, the Governor's brain was considering more things in a short flash of time than had ever driven through it before. Could he reach the side of the room where the electric bell was placed, connecting his room with the watchman's office? Could he, in some way, get at his desk telephone? Could he make a sudden dash for the door or for the window? Could he overpower the aged but burly man holding the weapon? While swiftly running over these possibilities in his mind he glanced down at his desk, and noticed in a hazy kind of way the speech in which he had been so enwrapped. Suddenly, like a cool northwest wind driving the heat and fog before it, an idea came to him. Now was the moment for the supreme test of his powers of eloquence and persuasion. A few minutes before he had supposed that it was to be later in the evening, at Dolliver. He saw, however, that the time was now, and more than that, if not now, then probably never again in this life.

"I will agree, Mark Spenner," he said, "that you shall be my judge and my jury; but you will surely grant me what is allowed to the vilest, lowest murderer or thief. I suppose you have served on a jury some time in your life?" He looked inquiringly at Spenner, and the latter nodded. "Well, then, you must know that before a poor fellow is condemned to imprisonment or—to death, if it must be so, the judge always gives him a chance to say a word for himself. I ask you, therefore, to hear what I have to say for myself before you execute me. This you owe me as one man to another. I don't ask it because I am a governor, but because I am—or, rather, because you say I am—a murderer."

Spenner's eye glittered. "Go on," he said roughly; "but cut it short. You've got to die whatever you say."

The Governor arose, and straightened his tall body to its most commanding height. "Don't you move; sit down!" said Spenner, advancing his revolver.

The Governor smiled, and remained standing. "Don't you remember what the judge says, 'Prisoner, stand up. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced according to law?' You remember that, don't you?"

Again Spenner nodded in a dazed fashion, evidently not understanding the Governor's tactics.

Then the Governor began in almost the same words which he had intended for his Dolliver audience, at first very quietly, but becoming more and more powerful in his appeal. He showed how he had been in sympathy with the strikers and their cause at the beginning. He indignantly denied the accusations made against him—that he was out of sympathy with the working classes. Then he went on to describe the causes of the Belltown strike.

"Had I had the right and power, I would rather have driven this great corporation—this International Mills Company—out of the confines of this State, than to have had one employee treated as unjustly as I believe the company in its demands did treat them. I would rather that this splendid commonwealth of ours should have lost every cent of the taxes which that corporation pays, than that one cent should have been stricken from the wages of one of its workingmen. Yet, that is not the question. I had no legal right or power in the matter. I could not compel the International Mills Company to pay just wages. I could not prevent them from enforcing unjust rules so long as they kept within the law as laid down by the courts. You and I know that every man can conduct his business mildly or harshly, as he pleases, if he does not break the law laid down by the courts or the law made by the Legislature."

The Governor went on to point out what rights the law gave to the mill-owner.

"Now what does the law permit to you or me or any one else, union or non-union man, who seeks work? It says, 'You may seek work or quit work wherever and whenever you please, provided you don't break any existing contract. You may persuade any other person to quit work, if you don't try to make him break his contract out of pure malice.' On the other side, what does the law forbid you to do? It forbids you to try to keep the bread out of another's mouth by the use of force or threats against him or his employer. I am in favor of organized labor. So is the law. Yet I cannot but recognize, and you must recognize, that a non-union man is a human being. He is an American citizen, free and equal. He is entitled to earn his living in peace. He has sons and daughters and a wife, as you or any of us may have."

Spenner, who had been standing stiffly and grimly silent, broke in upon the Governor's appeal. "I have no son. Cut your talk short. I cannot wait any longer."

The Governor looked into the mouth of the barrel of the revolver without a tremor. "I say the non-union man has the same rights that you or I have, and one of those rights, the law says, is to try to get work from any man he pleases, and when it is obtained, to continue to work with his life safe and free from the fear of threats or violence or intimidation used by men trying to throw him out of his job. And since the law gives him that right, the State must protect that right for him."

Then the Governor, gazing straight into Spenner's eyes, explained in simple and eloquent language how one of the ways of enforcing this right to protection was the thing of which the very name was odious to the laboring man—an injunction. He showed how the workingmen's hatred of injunctions came largely from their ignorance as to what they were and what they restrained.

"Do you realize how important for the protection of each one of you is this same power of the courts to issue injunctions? Suppose a powerful railroad or telephone company attempts to encroach on your little, hard-earned piece of land; how can you stop it? Go to any judge, and you will, and can, obtain this hated injunction. Suppose with great difficulty you pay a few dollars taxes, and you see the city's money wasted and stolen by corrupt officials, and your tax-rate going up and up; how can you stop it? Go to the judge whom you have just called an 'ally of entrenched wealth,' and you will have given you this thing 'oppressive of labor and of the poor man'—this injunction. Suppose you are working for a railroad which carries mails and goods from State to State, and which seeks to discharge you and your fellow-men because certain other men will not work for the railroad unless you are discharged. Go to that very abused and despised judge of the United States Court, and he will issue in your favor an order which you call 'government by injunction.'"

Then the Governor explained exactly what the Belltown injunction did. It restrained from trespassing, and from interfering with others by force or by threats—that was all.

"All this injunction does is to try to keep you from breaking the law of this State. Now I don't say that I agree with the law. It makes no difference to you whether I agree or not with it. All I am Governor for is to enforce the law. I cannot make it, no matter how much I desire to. I cannot change it if I will. The constitution of this State—the great binding force on all of us—tells me expressly what I can and what I cannot do. It says"—the Governor rolled forth the grand old language in a voice like the deep roar of a cataract—"'In the government of this commonwealth, the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers or either of them; the executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers or either of them.' If the law is wrong and hard, it is for you to change it. Send your representatives to the legislature. Make them pass a bill changing the law; and if the change is a proper one, I will sign it when they send it up to me.

"But what would happen in this State if its citizens could break the law simply because they felt it to be unjust? Why, you would not be safe for a minute. Your property, your life, would be at the mercy of any crank or evil-doer. Your wife, your children, would not be safe"—Spenner gave an angry murmur at the word "children," but continued to listen intently, for the Governor was not to be stopped. The Governor's whole frame seemed in motion with the intensity of his words; and Spenner could not keep his eyes away from the glowing face. —"Would not be safe for a second. The law must be obeyed until it is changed. And no good or honest men can believe otherwise."

The Governor then described in the saddest and most pitying voice what had happened at Belltown; how an appeal had been made to send the troops, and how he had taken extra precautions to be sure that they were necessary. Spenner still listened, growing paler and paler. The Governor moved to one side of his desk; but Spenner made no motion except to follow him with wildly fixed eyes, and he seemed to be unaware of anything. With arms flung out in a well-known gesture, the Governor spoke on. He, too, seemed almost to have forgotten where he was or under what conditions he was speaking. In tones of earnest conviction and of tumultuous feeling, he spoke of the tremendous struggle that had gone on in him, between his horror at the results which might follow his despatch of the troops and his sense of duty and fealty to the people of the State.

"I ask you, Mark Spenner, you yourself, to answer me this. What would you do if you had hired a servant, had entrusted him with the care of your goods, your house, your honor, your wife's honor and safety, and that servant, hearing outside a party of men trying to get in to rob and possibly to kill, had let in these lawbreakers rather than make himself unpopular with them? And then suppose that, besides merely trusting him, you had made him solemnly swear to protect you and yours, and he broke his oath, what would you say, Mark Spenner, to that servant? Answer this! And I know that as you are an honest man, you can only answer it one way. Answer this, I say."

As the Governor flung these words at him, he noticed that Spenner was growing nervous. The hand that held the revolver shook a little, while the muzzle of the revolver turned slightly down toward the table. "I am that servant, hired and trusted. I took that oath to protect you and yours, your neighbor and his, the men and women of Belltown, the men and women all over this State. I swore solemnly to enforce the law of this State, whether I believed in it or not, against any man breaking that law. Standing in that legislative hall, in the midst of hundreds of men who represented your rights and interests, I placed my left hand on the Holy Bible, and, raising my right hand to heaven, I said, 'I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to this commonwealth, and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent on me as Governor, agreeable to the rules and regulations of the constitution and the laws of this commonwealth, so help me God.'

"What is it you would have asked of me? Not to send the troops to Belltown? But the law said that it was my duty to do so. The safety of tens of thousands depended on my doing my duty. Would you have had me do otherwise? No, Mark Spenner, no. You would have said to me, 'My servant, servant of my fellow-people, enforce the law you swore before God and man to enforce. The consequences of your act are not to rest on you. The responsibility for what may happen shall rest on none save upon all the people of the State who made the law, of whom you are the servant. Though some may die, others will be saved. But you, personally, neither kill nor save. Whatever may happen, you have no choice. You must not be a scoundrel and a perjurer.' And so, Mark Spenner, I say to you, even if I am to be killed the next minute, so help me God, I have done but my sworn duty."

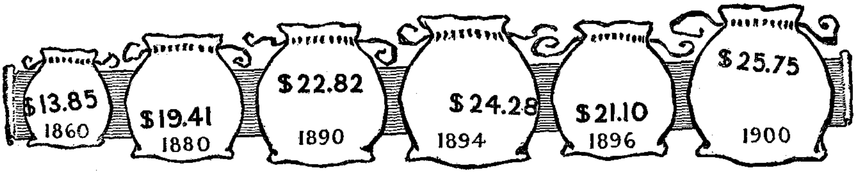
The Governor stopped very suddenly, throwing his head back with a superb air. At the same time he stepped closer to Spenner. The latter appeared confused for a moment, seemed to wish to speak, and faltered. Then he began to recover his self-possession, and the revolver rose once more. Before he had time, however, to bring it up fully, the Governor, with a great leap, threw himself against him, plunging to obtain hold of the weapon. Spenner uttered an enraged yell, and fell back against a low bookcase, with the Governor almost upon him. A shot rang out, and a drift of smoke clouded the air of the room.

Something tumbled heavily to the floor, and lay quite still. The smoke slowly floated away from around where a man stood breathing hard and quick. It was the final scene in the Belltown tragedy.

When the watchmen, aroused by the shot, came dashing up the stairs, down the outer corridors, and through the door of the Executive Chamber, they found the Governor leaning against the end of his desk and holding a revolver. Something black lay at his feet, and there was a disagreeable, pungent smell of powder in the air, while the lights in the room seemed to be burning dimly.

"I have killed a man," the Governor said. "Send for the police and an ambulance. Do not let one word of this event be made public to-night. Order a carriage for me at once. I go to Dolliver at half-past seven. No, I don't need any aid. I am not faint. I shall be all right."

That night at Dolliver the Governor delivered his famous speech on the strike question. People noticed that he looked very white, and seemed sad and serious; but never had an audience in that State been so impressed by the words of any man. It was not until the next morning, when they read their newspapers, that they learned how near death had come to silencing those eloquent lips and leaving the speech unpublished to the world. No one knew even then, or for long after, that the speech had been spoken once already, before it was delivered to the voters of Dolliver on that Saturday night. And it is possible that it was due to poor old Mark Spenner that the Governor was elected for his third term.



Increase in per capita circulation of money in the United States from 1860 *to* 1900.

THE NEW PROSPERITY.

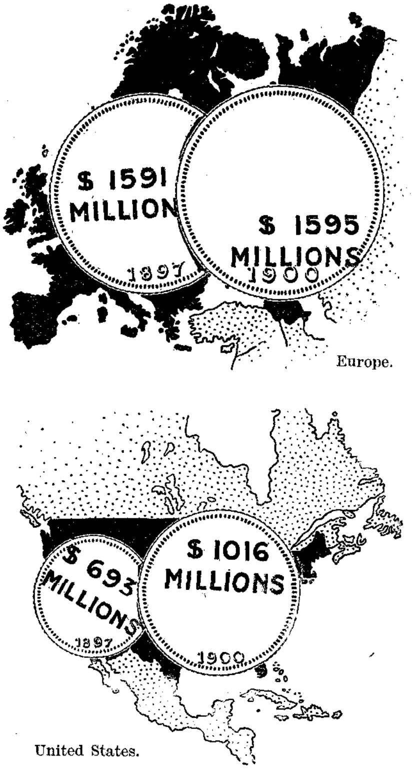
By Ray Stannard Baker.

A WESTERN writer, summing up the marvels of growth, expansion, and prosperity of the year 1899 in the United States, added: "And every barn in Kansas and Nebraska has had a new coat of paint."

For any one who knew the West of 1895 and 1896, with its bare, weather-stained houses, its dilapidated barns, its farm machinery standing out in the rain, its ruinous "boom" towns, its discontented inhabitants crying out for legislation to relieve their distress, this bit of observation raises a picture of improvement and smiling comfort such as no array of figures, however convincing, could produce. The West painted again: how much that means! The farmer has provided himself with food in plenty and the means for seeding his fields for another year; he has clothed himself and his family anew; he has bought an improved harvester, a buggy, and a sewing-machine; and now, with the deliberation which is born of a surplus and a sturdy confidence in himself and in the future, he is painting his barn. Paint signifies all of these preliminary comforts. And after paint comes a new front porch, a piano, and the boys off to college.

But the painting of the West is merely the surface indication of fundamental changes in the commercial and industrial conditions of the United States that make the years 1898 and 1899 in many respects the most remarkable in the history of the nation. It was in 1898 that the United States exceeded Great Britain for the first time in the value of domestic exports. In the following year—1899—the total foreign business of the United States passed for the first time in our history beyond $2,000,000,000, and the profits—that is, the excess of exports over imports—were nearly $476,000,000. In less than three years—that is, between 1897 and 1900—so great were the trade balances in our favor that over a billion dollars of American indebtedness was wiped from the ledgers of Europe, and in 1899 we beheld the spectacle of London buying money in New York with which to conduct her South African war; of the exportation of gold to Europe, not because the United States owed it, although many American securities are still held abroad, but because we could spare a little of our plenty to relieve the financial stress abroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine was a year of extraordinary records also in the domestic business of the United States, which has long been of greater volume by millions of dollars a year than that of any other nation. The bank clearings, one of the surest indications of the volume of the country's business, were billions of dollars greater than they had ever been before in the history of the nation. In the five years from 1894 to 1899 they more than doubled, and increased in 1899 thirty-seven per cent. over what they were in 1898. The railroads never before experienced such prosperity, 1899 showing fewer receiverships than any year since 1882, and larger earnings than any previous year. Wages for labor increased rapidly in every part of the country, and never before was there such a sudden, and yet substantial, expansion in the various manufacturing industries. Steel rails doubled in price between February and August; cotton suddenly became a profitable crop; copper made unprecedented rises. And never before was there so much money in circulation in the country, either in volume or in per capita distribution; and never before were the totals of the people's savings in the banks so enormous. It was also a year of extraordinary coal, gold, iron, lumber, copper, and corn production; the year of the most extensive and profitable lake and coastwise shipping traffic since the Civil War, and by all odds the greatest year of business and profits on the stock exchanges.

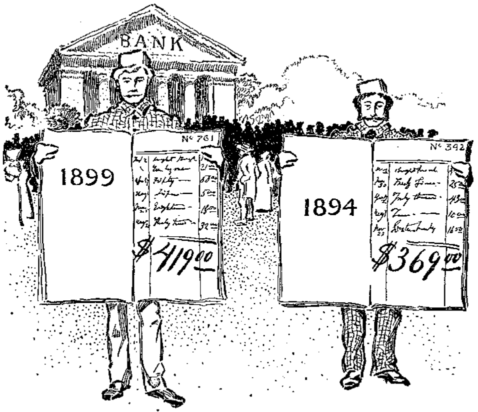


The gain of gold between 1897 and 1900 by the European banks of issue as compared with the gain in the United States during the same period.

The suddenness of the business revival is one of its most singular features. No branch of industry is more sensitive to the delicate variations of the times than the steel and iron business. In February, 1899, the owners of the great iron mines at the head of Lake Superior contracted nearly their entire output for the season at prices twenty-five per cent. higher than those of 1898, only to find, within a few months, the price of pig-iron almost doubled—rising from $10.50 a ton in February, 1899, to $20.25 in August, 1899. In the same way the steel men and the coal men, not realizing the tremendous advance then about to begin, contracted large quantities of their products at prices which now look remarkably low. Yet there were a few manufacturers who, by shrewdness or good luck, foresaw what was coming, and reaped a rich reward.

Adversity has its value in the development of a nation or a commercial system as surely as it has in the hardening and refining of a man. The panic of 1893 followed a period of great prosperity and expansion, in which ambitious men extended their credit more rapidly than the growth in the business of the country would warrant. During this period, the country had become, as a Western orator expressed it, vigorously, if not beautifully, "rotten with mortgages." The Baring failure of 1890 in London shook the temple of credit until it trembled, but the crash did not come until 1893. In that single year there were no fewer than 15,242 failures in the United States, with liabilities reaching the enormous total of nearly $347,000,000, the greatest in any one year in the history of the nation. In each of the two succeeding years, 1894 and 1895, more than 13,000 business houses went into liquidation, and in 1896, the year of the Presidential campaign, the number increased again to more than 15,000.

In order, therefore, to do any business whatever, it became necessary for manufacturers, wheat-growers, miners, and business men generally to use their wits as never before. Profits being small, and competition sharp, they sought for greater economies in production. At the height of the hard times in 1894, iron was manufactured in the South at six dollars a ton, whereas it had cost a few years before from eight dollars to nine dollars a ton, an enormous percentage of saving. Similarly, the great packers of Chicago, finding that there was no longer any paying profit in selling the ordinary products of their slaughter-houses—the beef and the hides—used greater efforts to abate the waste of parts of the animal theretofore discarded as valueless. In the report of a single concern for 1899, it appears that these former "waste products" of the packing-house were made to yield 4,000,000 pounds of neat's-foot oil, 105,000,000 pounds of fertilizers, 6,250,000 pounds of glue, 12,000,000 pounds of material used in making artificial butter, and more than 31,000,000 pounds of crude fats, for all of which there was a ready sale. Indeed, one of the officials of this company asserted that its dividends for the year 1899 were paid entirely from the sales of by-products which formerly went to waste.

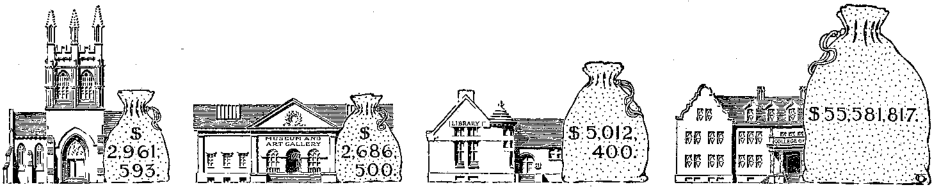


Increase in the average individual deposit in savings banks between 1894 *and* 1899.

In the same way that the manufacturers reduced the cost of production by ingenuity and economy, the farmers and stock-raisers reduced their expenses to the lowest possible degree. Singularly enough, men are apt to go into debt in good times and get out of debt in hard times. There were millions of dollars of mortgages in the West in the early nineties, held by Eastern capitalists at ruinous rates of interest. With the crash of 1893, capital, suffering its own hardships, began to withdraw its investments, and the farmers were forced to pay off their loans or else surrender their land. And pay they did, by the hardest kind of economy. In the single State of Kansas the farm mortgages, which in 1890 amounted to the sum of $240,000,000, much of it bearing the exorbitant interest of twelve per cent., had been reduced in 1899 to less than $41,000,000, certainly a remarkable evidence of the paying capacity for a period of hard times. And the rates of Kansas farm loans are lower now than they ever were before.

Finally, in like manner, weak, unstable, and inflated railroads were forced to reorganize on a rational business basis. Fixed charges were generally reduced, and there was a general healing of financial sores. All fictitious valuations were remorselessly wiped out, and although the country was poor, it was honest again, and it was ready for prosperity.

Prosperity must always begin with the producer. Something must be obtained from the soil which can be sold for money, and this money must start the wheels of commerce. It so happened that in 1896 the price of wheat in the United States began to rise, although the crop of that year was small. Then came 1897 with an enormous crop, the largest by all odds in many years. At the same time the wheat crops of Russia and India were short (to the verge of famine in the last-named country), and the great consumers of Europe, England especially, were compelled to turn to America for food to a much greater extent than usual. Consequently, the price of wheat went booming upward, assisted by wild speculation on the Chicago Board of Trade, in which much of the money of a famous millionaire was unintentionally distributed among the wheat producers of the West. The average price per bushel on the farm in 1897 reached nearly eighty-one cents, whereas in 1894 it had been only forty-nine cents; in 1895, less than fifty-one cents; and in 1896, seventy-three cents. Here was not only the largest crop of years, but the highest price per bushel. Foreign money and the money of our own great population centers began at once to flow into the great wheat States of the Middle West. The farmers had pinched along for years, and they needed every sort of commodity; but clothing, food, and farming tools first of all. When they began to spend money, the local merchants, who had allowed their stocks to run to the lowest, began to order goods of the wholesalers; and this set the factories to going more rapidly, and increased the freight business

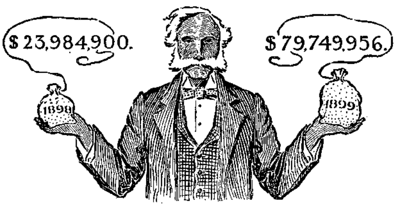

$ 2.961. 593.
MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY
$ 2.686. 500.
LIBRARY
$ 5.012. 400.
COLLEGE OF
$ 55.581.817.

Churches. Art Galleries. Libraries. Colleges.

Private gifts to public institutions in the United States in 1899—*gifts of less than* $1,000 *are not included in these totals.*

on the railroads. All this expansion, though it was slow at first and noticeable only in the special lines of clothing, food, and farm machinery, compelled the employment of more men; and thus the wheels of general commerce, lubricated by the money of the wheat farmers, began to turn a little more rapidly.

It is curious and wonderful to see how exactly the industries of the world tread in lock-step, and how the man of the soil, the farmer, towers huge and powerful at the head of the line. When his tread is slow and heavy, the iron-master, the transporter, the miner, the manufacturer, must also tread slowly, and depression and hard times are abroad in the land. But when the man of the soil increases his speed, those behind him move more rapidly; for he represents the world's primary need—food. Indeed, this farmer is a wonderful and a powerful force in the United States. There are upward of 8,500,000 of him as against 5,000,000 manufacturing workers and only 386,000 mining producers. So much is heard of the immensity of America's manufacturing industries, and yet the farmer has an invested capital nearly three times that of the manufacturer, and more than twelve times that of the miner, although the manufacturer produces a greater value of commodities per capita than the farmer.


$ 23,984,900.
$ 79,749,956.
1898
1899

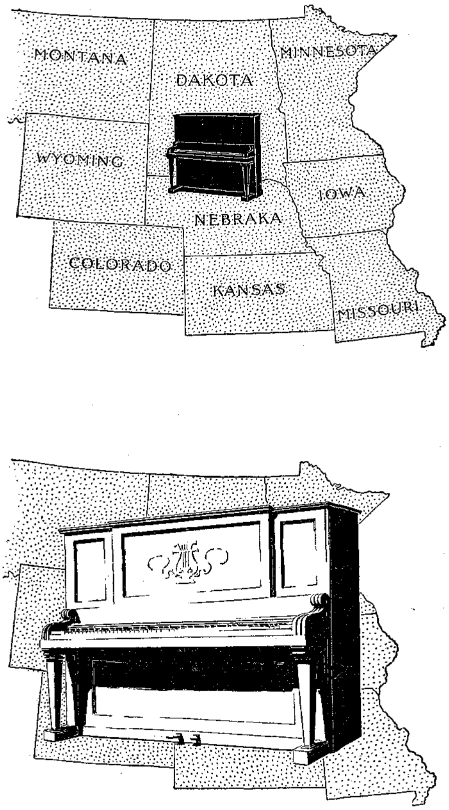
Total charities of the American in 1898 *and in* 1899.

The march toward prosperity was already under way when the "Maine" was blown up in Havana Harbor and war with Spain was declared. The war did not work wholly in one direction in its effect on the business of the country. On the one hand, it withheld timid capital from expansive enterprises: capital always waits until there is no bogy near, before it ventures far from its strong box. On the other hand, the Government paid out within a few months more than $150,000,000 to the producers, manufacturers, and wage earners of the country. It also drew on the labor of the country for thousands of unemployed men, because some 250,000 men in gainful pursuits went into the war—all within a few months, thus relieving, at least partially, one of the direst distresses of hard times—that of want of employment. And then the war had the interesting and powerful psychological effect of diverting the mind of the American from his own woes, his currency troubles, his tariffs, his hard times; it was efficacious as a mind cure. He began to think of glory and patriotism and expansion; he went into the throes of hero-worship over Dewey, Sampson, Roosevelt, Wood; and when the war was over, he returned to business in a cheerful, confident frame of mind, believing himself to be quite the bravest and most successful man on earth. Perhaps this very feeling had more to do with the suddenness of the arrival of the "boom" in the early months of 1899 than most people imagine.

After the war was over, business continued to improve, though somewhat slowly for a few months. Then in the fall of 1898 came another amazing wheat crop, more than 675,000,000 bushels, the largest wheat crop in the history of America. There were also large and richly profitable corn and oats crops, and the South raised its greatest crop of cotton. Along with these great crops there came, most fortunately, a very large increase in the production of gold, not only in the United States, but all over the world, thus enabling the nations to maintain large stocks of currency. The Klondike had been discovered, as well as, later, the American mines at Cape Nome; and the South African gold mines produced at a rate theretofore unequalled. In the United States the production of 1898 exceeded that of 1896 by nearly $11,000,000, and reached the enormous total of over $64,000,000. The production of the world rose from $202,000,000 in 1896 to over $287,000,000 in 1898.

This immense production of gold and the enormous sums of money which foreign countries paid to the United States for exported commodities during 1898 and 1899 have very greatly increased the money in circulation. The total money of the United States on February 1, 1900, had passed to the two-billion-dollar mark, by all odds the greatest total of money that the country has ever had. In less than three and one-half years—that is, between July 1, 1896, and December 1, 1899—the increase was over $476,000,000, or 31½ per cent. Europe has not been able to keep pace, even distantly, with the United States in gold accumulation. All the banks of issue in Europe, taken together, gained only $4,000,000 between 1897 and 1900, and in 1899 they suffered an actual loss. The United States, on the other hand, gained the enormous sum of $323,000,000, which made the total stock of gold only one-third less than that of the combined banks of issue in Europe—certainly a condition quite the reverse of stringency.

And the circulation has been increasing considerably faster than the population. Back in 1860, if the money in the United States could have been divided up, giving an equal share to every man, woman, and child in the country, there would have been $13.85 for each. By 1880, this per capita share of the circulation was $19.41, and in 1890 it was $22.82. It rose to $24.28 in 1894, and then it began to fall, reaching $21.10 in 1896, during the currency agitation. Then it went up again, until on February 1, 1900, it reached $25.75, the highest in the history of the nation. Our greatest commercial rival, England, has a per capita circulation of only a little more than $17.05; Germany, also highly prosperous and progressive, has only $19.84. Of all the great nations, France is the only one that exceeds the United States; she has a circulation of $36.15 to every inhabitant, but France uses cash in trade much more than this country. Our recent great increase in money has been an important factor in the return of prosperity, although it is as much a result of prosperity as it is a cause.



More pianos were sold in the Northwest in six months, in 1899, *than during the previous six years.*

It is difficult to give a consecutive narrative of the progress of the prosperity wave. Beginning with the winter of 1898–99, all at once the entire country seemed to revive; a hundred industries began almost simultaneously to flourish; and by April, 1899, the country was ringing with stories of growth, expansion, and progress.

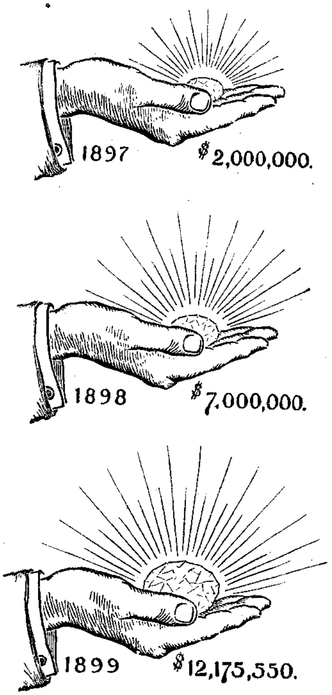
With the hint of returning confidence the banks had begun to loan money at very low interest—two and three per cent. Speculators, finding that they could borrow at such rates, began to trade more freely, and their confidence stimulated capital owners, who had long been without profits, to invest. That curious and potent microbe of a rising market had begun its work, and there was a tremendous rush to buy before prices went any higher. Wall Street, feeling confident that the time for a "boom" had come and that the profits would be immense, loaded up with stocks of every description. But still there were not stocks enough to supply the demand, and idle capital still sought investment. It is easier to manufacture stocks than it is to build a steel-mill, and the profits from this industry, while they are not as certain as the profits from a steel-mill, may possibly be much more quickly gained. Stocks now began to be manufactured to supply the rabid speculators. And these stocks were the "industrials," the "trusts," the birth of which caused such a ferment during the winter of 1898–99. In the first seven months of 1899, hundreds of these huge corporations, or "trusts," were authorized in the State of New Jersey alone, with a total capitalization of more than $4,000,000,000. These inflated combinations are the natural flowering of hard times. Following the panic of the late seventies came the railroad combination in which Jay Gould, "Jim" Fiske, and other great speculators played such important parts. It is easy to effect such a combination after a period of depression. There has been little money in business, and discouraged competitors are easily bought out or forced into a combination, for there is much plausibility as well as reason in the argument that a single great corporation can conduct a business more cheaply than many smaller ones, and therefore earn larger profits. And the fact that the combination may be a monopoly with the power of raising prices arbitrarily, if it chooses, appeals to greed and cupidity. Thus came the "industrials," many of them merely inflated stock-jobbing combinations, and the stocks were dumped in enormous quantities on the market, and they, too, were bought up with tremendous avidity.

The record of the stock market during 1898 and 1899 tells a graphic story of the progress and effects of the wave. In 1894 the number of shares of stock bought and sold on 'Change in New York was a fraction over 49,000,000. In 1895, the number crept up to 66,000,000, fell to 56,000,000 in 1896, and rose to 77,000,000 in 1897. Then came 1898, with a record of 112,000,000 shares, and 1899, with 175,000,000. Although the business of 1898 reached the unprecedented total of 112,000,000 shares, the prosperity wave did not really affect the stock market in New York until August of that year. It reached its climax in January, 1899, the most remarkable month in the history of the stock exchange. The figures for that month showed the phenomenal aggregate of 24,143,610 shares, which was almost one-fourth of the entire business done in the previous twelve months, nearly 15,000,000 shares greater than that of the corresponding month in 1898, and more than double that of any month in that year.

But while all this excitement was fermenting on the exchanges, the legitimate manufacturing industries of the country were rising slowly and quietly, but mightily, and demanding money with which to meet the increased calls of expansion. In the winter of 1898 the West wanted money also to move its huge crops. In poor times the money of the country gathers in New York, but with new activities everywhere this money began to drain westward and southward. Many of the capitalists who had been playing with stock speculation withdrew for more substantial and not less promising enterprises, and Wall Street suddenly realized, in the spring of 1899, that the public was not biting at its "industrials" as eagerly as it had been. Moreover, the rates of money, owing to a sharper demand, had been creeping up. In the great speculation month of January, 1899, the lowest rate for call loans was two per cent., with six per cent. for the highest rate. By March the highest was nine per cent., in April sixteen per cent., and then came the first break of the season—a little rift in the lute—a warning to the wise ones that the pace set was too fast. During the summer of 1899 the rates were comparatively low, and still other millions of "industrials" were poured into the market, and still there were crazy buyers. In October, however, when there came considerable demands in the West for money to move the crops, and a demand for gold in England to conduct the Transvaal war, call money in New York reached forty per cent. In December, money demanded the extraordinary call loan interest of 186 per cent., and a panic followed. This high rate was only for speculation loans; mercantile paper at the same time ranged about 6 per cent. Speculators who had been carrying immense quantities of stock on margins could not get any more money to advance and were compelled to sell. Much selling reduces prices just as much buying advances them. As a result, down went the price of stocks. The "industrial" balloon was pricked, and in falling it carried with it the stocks of really stable and powerful corporations which were in a highly prosperous condition. It was that anomaly, a prosperity panic.

Perhaps the most notable thing about the recent upward wave is the manner in which it has swept the entire country, scarcely a single locality or a single industry having escaped its welcome stimulation. Nothing will give better proofs of this than the bank clearings of the various American cities. It was to be expected that New York, the national money center, would show enormous increases, although not such an increase as it really did show (from $42,000,000,000 to $60,000,000,000 in the single year from 1898 to 1899); but people were not prepared for the astonishing showing made all over the country. Only six cities in the Union showed losses from 1898, the highest of these being less than seven per cent.; and in the country as a whole there was an average gain of thirty-six per cent. over 1898 and sixty-three per cent. over 1897.

Another proof that the returning prosperity is general as well as great is found in the marvelous showing for 1899 of the savings and State banks of the country. The savings banks are patronized for the most part by the poorer classes of people—the working woman with her bankbook, the laborer, the miner, the manufacturing employé. On June 30, 1899, there were over 5,200,000 depositors in savings banks in the United States, compared with 4,800,000 in 1894, and 3,800,000 in 1889, a gain of 1,400,000 in ten years. And each of these depositors had, in the average, more money to his account than ever before, the average amount on deposit rising from $369 for each person in 1894 to $419 in 1899. The deposits in all the banks, national and State as well as savings, representing upward of 13,000,000 individual depositors, actually doubled in ten years, amounting in 1899 to the enormous sum of $7,514,000,000. Of this great total the savings banks and the State banks, the depositories of the poorer people, held nearly one-half of the total, leaving to the national banks and the trust companies the other half.

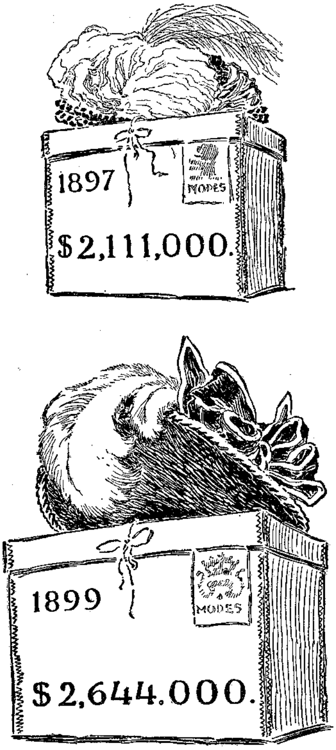

1897
$2,000,000.
1898
$7,000,000.
1899
$12,175,550.

Value of diamonds imported into the United States in 1897, 1898, and 1899.

If the laboring people have been prosperous, have been laying up money and paying off debts, we may be sure the business men, bankers, manufacturers, railroad owners, have not been less fortunate. More than fifty public companies in the United States declared their first dividend in 1899; a score increased their rate of dividend, and thirty made extra dividend payments to their stockholders. The banks of New York never had a more generally profitable year than 1899. The railroads of the country, mine-owners almost without exception, steel and iron men, many other manufacturers, and wholesale and retail merchants also have been large profit-earners. On the other hand, the number of commercial failures shrunk from over 15,000 in 1893, with total liabilities of nearly $347,000,000, to only 9,337 in 1899, with liabilities of less than $91,000,000. Remarkably enough, the average liability of the failed concerns also decreased sharply. In 1893 every failure meant liabilities of nearly $23,000, while in 1899 the average was only $9,733, which is much the lowest ever reported in this country.

An interesting feature of the situation, and one that furnishes an especially striking proof of the unusual volume of the home business—the business between the small buyers and the retail store—is the remarkable demand on the national Treasury for the smaller denominations of coins and bills. George E. Roberts, Director of the United States Mint, told me that never before was the demand for them so great. A few figures furnished by Mr. Roberts will show this condition exactly. In 1879, when specie payment was resumed by the Government, the vaults of the Treasury at Washington began to fill with dimes, quarters, and half dollars, some of which were sent back from foreign countries whither they had been driven in the paper-money days of the Civil War. The Government's store of these coins kept increasing until 1885, when many big vaults in the Treasury building were full of them, and they amounted to nearly $32,000,000. By September, 1899, there was only a little more than $2,000,000 of them remaining in the Treasury. That is, the working people of the United States were handling and using $11,000,000 more of dimes, quarters, and half dollars in September, 1899, than they had been using in September, 1897—two years—a most remarkable and quite unprecedented record. And the use of nickels and pennies increased in proportion.

Not only has the use of small currency thus greatly increased, but the postal business of the country, which also indicates much as to the financial condition of people at large, reached an unprecedented volume in the year 1899. The Government money-order department transacts the banking business of people who do not maintain accounts with banks and have no occasion to remit money frequently. Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith furnished me with a number of significant facts in regard to this business during the past few years. The increase of the money-order business for the year ended June 30, 1899, over that of the year 1895 was more than 7,000,000 orders issued; and the increase in amount was $55,000,000. Not only this, but the average amount of money sent by money orders was increased in the one year 1899 by forty cents. For some time previous to 1899 the average had been $7 to an order; in 1899 it was $7.40. The increased volume of the money orders sent to foreign countries indicates the increased prosperity of Americans of foreign birth, many of whom belong to the humblest class of day laborers. In a single week preceding Christmas, 1899, the aggregate amount of orders sent by Americans to their friends in Europe and elsewhere was over $2,500,000. And there was a remarkable increase in the amount of money sent from the United States in this manner in the three years ending in 1899. For the fiscal year of 1897, the total business done amounted to nearly $108,000,000; in 1899 the amount rose to over $122,000,000, an increase in two years of over $14,000,000.



Value of hats and bonnets imported into the United States in 1897 *and* 1899.

The general business revival showed a most notable effect in the rise of the prices of many commodities in 1899. The breadstuffs —wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, flour—which are the food of the poor, together with mutton, tea, eggs, rice, and tobacco, decreased in price, according to Bradstreet's report, although the decrease was small. With other food stuffs, such as beef, pork, butter, coffee, sugar, and vegetables, there was an advance, although so small, except in the case of beef and pork, that many consumers probably failed to notice it. But fuel and all kinds of clothing, including shoes, were considerably higher. Wages advanced and employment was steadier, however, in nearly all the great industries. The farmer, on the other hand, although his wheat and corn went down in price in 1899, was well able to stand the change, because the crops of 1896, 1897, and 1898, all of which had sold at high prices, had left him in excellent condition; and, besides, his cattle were bringing him more money than ever before. The greatest rise in prices was in the commodities for which the foreigner and the great corporations paid their money, notably in building materials, including iron and steel, in which the advance was about forty-four per cent. Metals came next, with a gain of forty per cent.; then coal and coke, with a gain of 39½ per cent.; then hides and leather, twenty-six per cent. Raw cotton and wool made specially noteworthy advances, and, from being among the most depressed of industries, the textile manufacturing trades are now among the busiest. It is significant that, while the average increase in the price of commodities in America in 1899 was seventeen per cent., the British gain in prices was only twelve per cent.—a conclusive showing that while England, and indeed the whole world, was extraordinarily prosperous in 1899, the United States was at the summit of the wave.

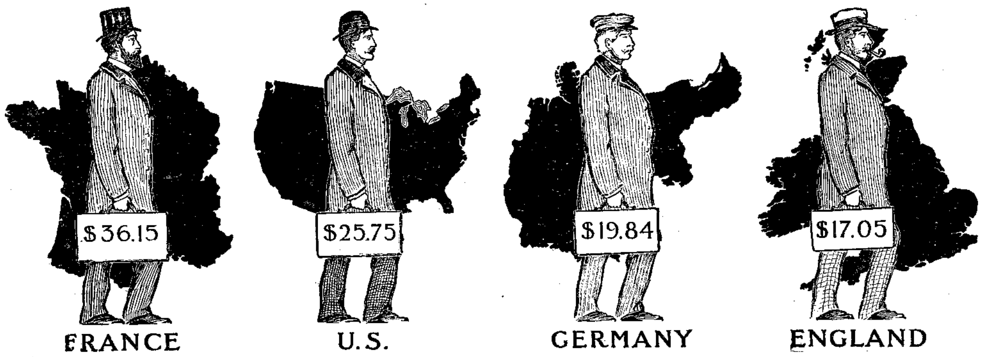
It is especially interesting and instructive to consider what may be called the moral, or rather collateral, effect of such an upward movement in the business of a great country. A nation is wondrously like a man. Adversity purifies it and hardens its character; a period of adversity is a time of good resolutions, economy, development. It was to be expected, therefore, that when expansion came again to business, it would also come to many other departments of human activity. And this, indeed, happened in 1899. Take, for example, the matter of donations and bequests for public causes and institutions. The year 1899 shows a record in this quite as extraordinary as in the bank clearings or the railroad earnings. While Wall Street was frantic with stock speculation and steel was doubling in price, the big, comfortable, benevolent American was giving away over $79,000,000, which exceeded the gifts of 1898 by the astounding sum of over $55,000,000, a gain of nearly fifty per cent., and gifts under $1,000 are not counted. In that single year Andrew Carnegie established no fewer than twenty-one libraries in various parts of the country, his donations exceeding $2,582,000. Thirty-four persons made donations ranging from $100,000 to $28,000,000. Indeed, it seemed as though every millionaire in the country, once good times had come again, opened his heart and purse-strings. To charities there was donated or bequeathed during the year a total of $13,036,676. Churches received $2,961,593. The museums and art galleries of the country were the gainers by the year's liberalities to the extent of $2,686,500. To the libraries was given a total of $5,012,400. The amount donated or bequeathed to universities, colleges, and academies surpasses all the other items combined, being $55,581,817. Moreover, never before was there such a tide of students to the colleges as in 1899, and the same tendency appeared even in the district schools.

More curious still, reports from various States show that crime everywhere decreased. Take, for instance, the showing in the single State of Illinois. For the year ending September 30, 1895, during the hard times, 927 convicts were sent to the State penitentiary. In the year ending September 30, 1899, the number was only 506, or hardly more than half. The decrease unquestionably is due to lessened idleness. The army of the unemployed is no longer an army and no longer unemployed; and there is, in consequence, less drunkenness and less tendency to crime. Prosperity also brings with it a feeling of hope. Things must improve, there is money to be made, and comforts to be gained. The legitimate means of acquiring fortune have suddenly become easier than thieving.

Prosperity is expansive; it loves its comforts, its fine china, its music, its theaters, its rich wines, its fine tobaccos, its jewelry, its silks, and its satins. After six years of pinching and saving, is it any wonder that the country takes a long breath and buys the new top-buggy, the necklace, the piano, upon which it has been building its desires? The year 1899 brought unexampled prosperity to all of those trades which lie just beyond the borders of hard necessity over against luxury. Last fall a railroad manager in St. Paul told me that more pianos had been transported to the Northwest during the six months ending July 1, 1899, than during the preceding six years.

Then there are the items of diamonds and top-buggies—diamonds being a standard of luxury to the East and top-buggies to the West. I haven't the exact figures on top-buggies, but I was told by a manufacturer that more business in buggies was done in 1899 than ever in any year before, twice over. As for diamonds, in the fiscal year of 1897 the total value imported into the country was only about $2,000,000; in 1898, the amount had increased to $7,000,000, whereas in 1899 the diamonds imported had a value of over $12,000,000. And, finally, in the supreme luxury of fine foreign bonnets and millinery materials, the value of the importations for 1899 was $2,644,000, an increase of $400,000 over 1898, and of $533,000 over 1897. Like increases appeared in the importation of pictures and works of art, the value for 1899 being $2,800,000, compared with only $2,300,000 in 1898.

In short, in almost every article of life, whether luxurious or essential, as in almost every way of life, the heightened prosperity shows itself decisively; and all the present indications are for its substantial continuance.



Per capita circulation of money in four leading nations in 1899.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE SUGGESTION CONTEST.

In McClure's Magazine for March, 1899, the following editorial announcement was made:

> One thousand dollars will be paid for subjects or ideas for twelve articles for McClure's Magazine. The suggestions may be for a series of articles or for single articles. The only condition is that they prove available to the editors of the Magazine and are not on subjects already under consideration. The prize-winners will be given the first opportunity to write the articles. For a smaller number of successful ideas a pro rata sum will be paid.
>
> S. S. McClure.

Perhaps no magazine ever made another offer of this kind to which there were so many responses, and the great number of the responses has caused an unavoidable delay in making and announcing the awards.

The offer of $1,000 was for the twelve best suggestions, and not, as some assumed, for the best twelve from any one person. Many persons sent a score or more each, and our task has been to select the best twelve from all the thousands submitted. In only one case did more than one of the suggestions submitted by the same person prove to be available. This was in the instance of Dr. W. C. Mitchell, two of whose suggestions share in the award. The award has been made on the basis of $83.34 for each suggestion accepted. The following are the names and addresses of the persons submitting the twelve finally accepted:

Dr. William C. Mitchell (2),	Denver.
Mr. H. H. Brimley,	Raleigh, N. C.
Mr. James Barnes,	New York City.
Rev. Cyrus T. Brady,	Philadelphia.
Mr. Samuel T. Clover,	Chicago.
Mr. Charles A. Dancy,	New Orleans.
Mr. Adachi Kinnosuké,	Los Angeles.
Mr. W. J. Lampton,	New York City.
Mr. Samuel E. Moffett,	New York City.
Mr. Chauncey Thomas,	Denver.
Mrs. Martha McCulloch Williams,	New York City.

We have worked for many months with the greatest care over the suggestions submitted, in order to be perfectly just to all concerned; and as, after all, the Magazine itself was to be the final gainer or loser by the choice, it will be seen that there was no partiality possible. For business reasons, it is thought best not to announce the suggestions themselves at present. As they are wrought out into completed articles, our readers will make due acquaintance with them in the pages of the Magazine.

Although this announcement completes the formal contest, we wish it known that there is a perpetual competition for good ideas, and that we will gladly pay any correspondent for original ideas available for magazine articles, according to their worth. It should be remembered, however, that articles are planned months and sometimes years ahead, and that consequently subjects may not always be new to us even when they are so to those who submit them.

THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY'S NEW BOOKS.

We have the privilege of announcing from our Book Department three attractive volumes for immediate publication.

CONAN DOYLE.

As shown by "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Dr. Doyle is at his best in short stories. "The Green Flag, and other Stories of War and Sport" will be published at once by the S. S. McClure Company in connection with the two books noted below. The collection includes the author's most important recent work.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

During a career which continued for nearly forty years, the late Dwight L. Moody brought a spiritual uplift to thousands of homes in this country and Great Britain. The consecration of strong common sense and organizing ability made him the greatest evangelist of his time. Such a man as Henry Drummond had no hesitancy in saying, "He is the biggest human I have ever met." Some little time before his own death, Professor Drummond wrote a series of articles which the closest friends of the evangelist characterized as "the best appreciation of Mr. Moody ever written." As a young man Professor Drummond first met Mr. Moody during the wonderful revival in Great Britain in 1873-75, and from that time remained in close touch with him. The words of the distinguished Scotchman concerning his contemporary and friend are a product of rare insight and fine sympathy. The S. S. McClure Company is glad to be able to give to the public in book form Professor Drummond's appreciation of Mr. Moody.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

The name of Mr. Tarkington is well known to readers of McClure's Magazine, for this magazine published serially "The Gentleman from Indiana," the first of this author's books to meet the public eye. "Monsieur Beaucaire" has also appeared serially in McClure's, but there is a wide demand for it in individual shape, just as there was for the former book. The S. S. McClure Company will therefore put the story out in book form, handsomely printed, and illustrated in two colors. "Monsieur Beaucaire" differs widely in conception and treatment from "The Gentleman from Indiana," but the author seems as much at home in the resorts of London fashion during the eighteenth century as he has shown himself to be in the county-seats of Indiana. The old friends of the story will welcome it in its permanent form, while new friends will certainly not be slow to find it out.

In the near future announcement will be made of books by many other well-known writers.

DEATH IN BATTLE.

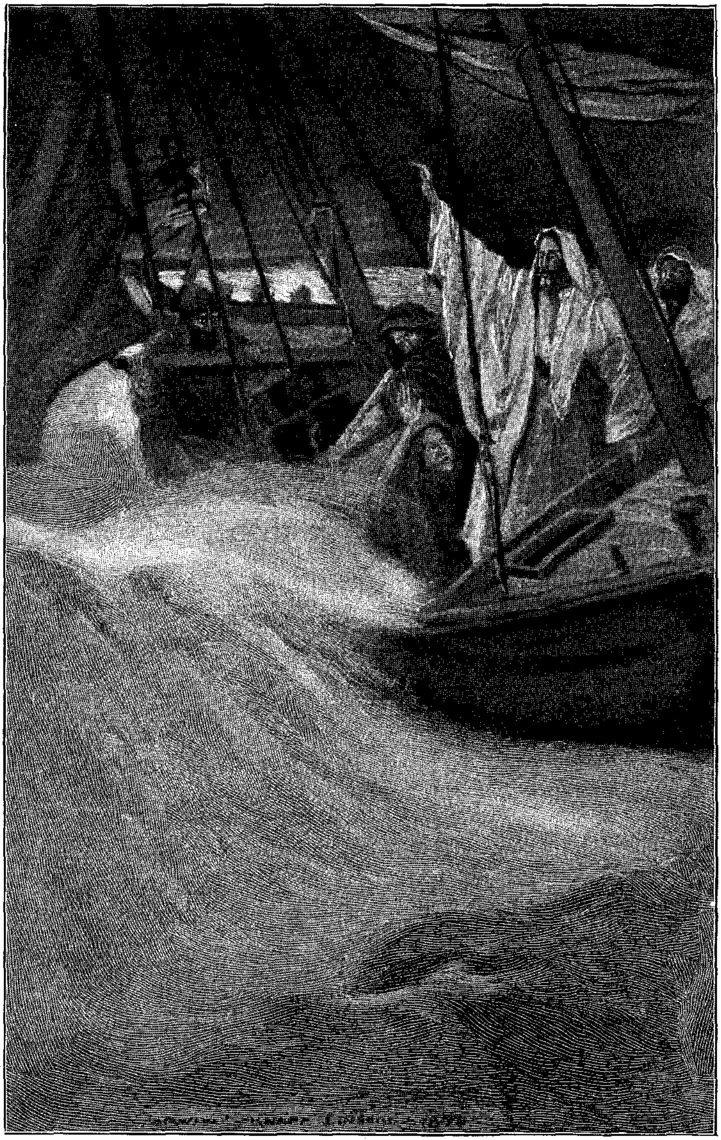
By Alfred Ollivant,

Author of "Bob, Son of Battle."

HIS hand upon th' Impregnable, he blunders
Headlong in the Cataract of War,
Blasted on by flaming-throated thunders,
Founders in the Deluge; sinks to soar,
Hugely borne upon Jehovah-handed surges,
Whose crests out-tower the bulwarks far of Mars,
Thro' bellowing abysses, till he emerges
In the still sweet silence of the stars.
From the roar of ruin'd firmaments and riot,
He slides into his sleep,
As a ship into the haven's sudden quiet
From the clamor of the hungering outer deep.

Peace from th' intolerable jangling,
Tumult, and drunken din of War;
In place of petty worlds' perpetual wrangling,
The Majesty of Peace for Evermore.

He lies in the hush of hallowed places,
Sleeping; and ever, as he sleeps,
Drifts through the silent starry spaces,
Upward across the tranquil deeps
Of Night and High Heaven; nor aught awakes him,
Drifting, the Peace upon his brow,
To the lattice whence the Lord leans and takes him
Gently, lest He wake him; whispering low—
"Come, Weary Warrior! Art thou sleeping,
Worn with thy faring o'er the deep?
Sleep on until the time of reaping:
Deep be thy sleep, deep be thy sleep."



SEE PAGE 177.

STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water.—LUKE, viii. 24. Jesus and His disciples, desiring to reach the other side of the Sea of Galilee, " went into a ship ; " and as they sailed, " He fell asleep : and there came down a storm of wind." Such storms are common to the region, especially in the autumn, when this event probably took place. During the night I spent by the Sea of Galilee a hard east wind came up, and sleep was out of the question. My tent swayed and flapped ; the thrumming of the stays mingled with the sound of the men pounding in the tent-pegs, their whacking blows accenting the noise of the tempest, while their voices were blown about most oddly, now reaching my ears in full volume, and now seeming to come faint from various far-away quarters. I breakfasted early in the morning, three hours before sunrise, the waning moon shining in a cloudless, starry sky. From the cooking-tent I could hear heated argument, fierce outbursts, sounding in that wild turmoil like the quarreling of goblins. It was well in harmony with the moment. By dawn, the tempest subsided into a zephyr.—ARTIST'S NOTE.